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AUG •

TRUE BOOK BONUS:

THE AMAZING SURVIVORS

(MEN AND WOMEN MAROONED IN THE LAND OF DIAMONDS)

YANKEE KING OF THE ISLANDS

(TRUE STORY OF DAVID WHIPPEY'S 40-YEAR PACIFIC PARADISE)

THE FANTASTIC SAGA OF MAJOR WERMUTH

(WORLD WAR TWO'S TOUGHEST SOLDIER)

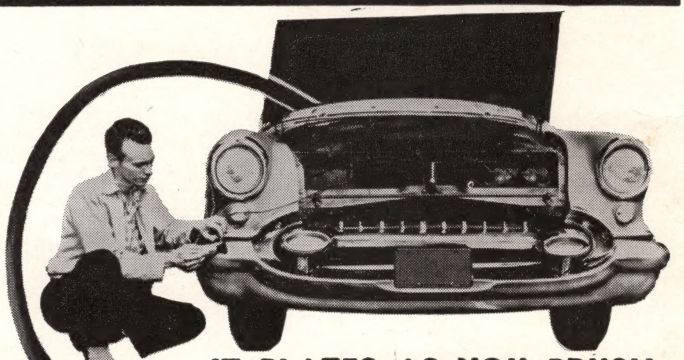
Now- AMAZING NEW SPEED PLATER REPLATES AUTO CHROME right on YOUR CAR with PERMANENT PLATING!

BRING BACK NEW-CAR BRILLIANCE

Here at last is the car-owner's answer to all chrome problems . . . a way that you can do actual ELECTROPLATING right on your own car. You put a brand-new, shiny plating on bumpers, grille, all auto trim. You bring back new beauty and sparkle to your car . . . INCREASE ITS VALUE . . . make yourself proud to own and drive it. With SPEEDPLATER you put on new metal as you brush! And the plating you apply becomes an INDESTRUCTIBLE PART of the metal you plate . . . bonds itself on — forms a hard, sparkling, metal surface that defies all elements!

BUMPERS - GRILLWORK - ALL CAR TRIM RESTORED TO NEW BRILLIANCE

Here is how easily you REPLATE your car . . . you simply clamp SPEEDPLATER'S wires to your car's battery, then dip SPEEDPLATE Brush into the miracle plating solution and plate anywhere around your car — without removing any parts. Safe, mild current works FAST — yet uses less battery juice than the tiniest light on your car.



IT PLATES AS YOU BRUSH
Brings New, Gleaming Beauty to Worn, Dull, even Blistered Chrome Areas of Your Car.

YOU QUICKLY BUILD UP A THICK, NEW PLATING WITH EACH APPLICATION

MAKE BIG MONEY PLATING

Now you can add to your income during spare-time hours . . . because 8 out of 10 cars on the road today NEED REPLATING. You can charge $5.00 for touching-up to $50.00 for replating an entire car.

Plating is fun, too! You'll get a kick out of taking rusted, pitted, worn metal and bringing it back to shining smoothness. When neighbors see the brilliant plating on your car, they'll want you to do the job for them.

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PRAISE FOR SPEEDPLATER!

AMAZING NEW SPEEDPLATER has already plated thousands of cars with Extraordinary Results. Here's what users say: "To say I am pleased is putting it very mild. I have got more work than two of us can do . . . we have to start Booking Jobs ahead like the family Doctor . . . " F. S., Kokomo, Ind. "The Speedplater is certainly one of the most useful devices ever placed within the motorist's reach. It does everything stated for it and does it exceptionally well. There's no poor chrome on my car now." D. C., Elmhurst, N. Y.

YOU CAN GET THE SAME RESULTS
Remember, we guarantee YOUR SpeedPlater, will perform for you as it has for hundreds of other satisfied users, or your money back!

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If you want to put new, permanent, gleaming plating on your own car, you can do it right away and not risk a dime. If you are not COMPLETELY satisfied with great results, just return your outfit in 10 days in good condition and get FULL CASH REFUND ACT NOW! Here's what you get: SPEEDPLATER Brush, with permanent Anode for life-time plating; Wires and Clamps for battery hook-up; enough solutions to plate several cars; Special Buffing Wheels and Buffing Compound, Special Metal Polish, Full simple instructions. Just mail coupon with only $1 deposit, then pay postman $13.95 plus postage when SPEEDPLATER arrives, or send $14.95 with order and we pay all postage charges. SAME GUARANTEE EITHER WAY. CASH REFUND IF NOT COMPLETELY SATISFIED.

CAR DEALERS & SERVICE STATIONS
Make BIG PROFITS with Special HEAVY-DUTY OUTFIT

Now you can make TERRIFIC PROFITS plating right in your own shop — without removing bumpers, grille, etc. Increase value of your used cars! Touch up new cars! Restore worn chrome areas to bright, new sparkle! Buick Dealer says: "Wonderful. We had excellent results". Heavy Duty Outfit electroplates on current from standard 12 volt battery. Entire Outfit, COMPLETE, only $34.95. Includes Plating Brush with Permanent Anode, Wires and Clips for Battery Connection, Special Buffing Wheels and Compound, Special Grinding Wheel, Stripping Solution to remove old chromium, Rust Remover, Special Polish, enough Plating Solutions for dozens of cars! You quickly make back entire cost on your very first job! Additional supplies always available from us at rock-bottom prices. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Order now. IF COD, send $5 deposit.

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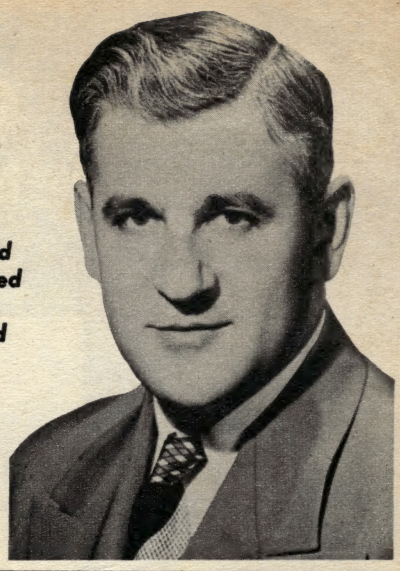

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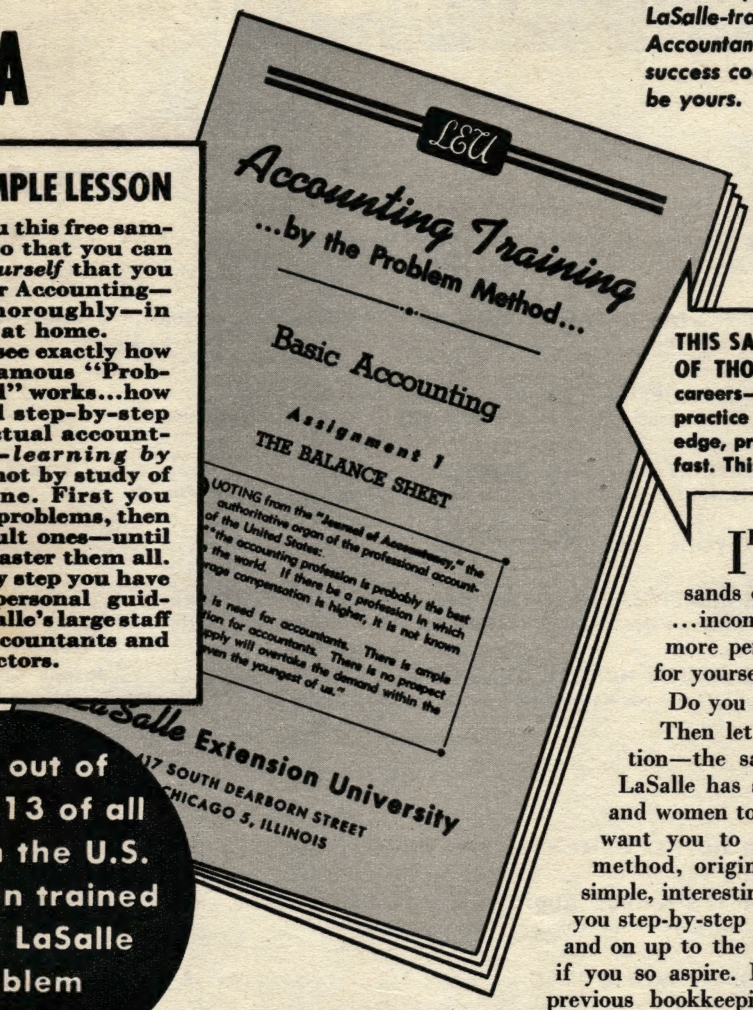
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...by the Problem Method...
Basic Accounting
Assignment 1
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AUGUST, 1958
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TRUE BOOK BONUS

THE AMAZING SURVIVORS.....John Marsh and Lyman Anson.....12
Shipwrecked on a 500-mile strip of desert, they battled to stay alive—and sane.

STAG is published MONTHLY by ATLAS MAGAZINES, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 655 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 21, N. Y. SECOND-CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES AUTHORIZED AT NEW YORK, N. Y. Additional entry at CHICAGO, ILL. Copyright 1958 by ATLAS MAGAZINES, INC., 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Vol. 9, No. 8, AUGUST 1958 issue. Subscription rate $3.25 for 12 issues including postage. Canadian subscription rate $4.50 for 12 issues including postage. Not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and all manuscripts must be accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes. NATIONAL ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: Kalish, Quigley & Rosen Associates, 667 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.; Loyd Chappell, West Coast, 8693 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. Printed in the U.S.A.

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Just Check the Kind of Body You Want In the Coupon —And I'll Show You How Easily You Can Have It!

WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR do you feel proud of yourself? Or does it reflect the kind of picture you'd rather "keep to yourself"? Well, I promise you'll be mighty pleased with the brand-new HE-MAN body I can put in that mirror for you. And you'll begin to see this new "you" in no time flat—JUST 7 DAYS. If I'm wrong, you pay me absolutely nothing. Best of all, I need only *15 minutes a day* to do this for you!

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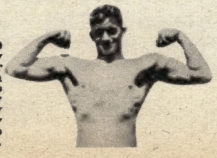
Here Are Just a Few of the Thousands Who Have Become HE-MAN My Way:

Proud of His Build Now

Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you."—P.V., Va.



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"I am grateful for the wonderful improvements you have worked on me. Your course has reformed my soft flesh into solid, power-packed muscles. I am now more than ten times stronger and healthier than before."—E. W. Donovan, New Orleans, La.

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- ☐ More Weight—Solid in the Right Places
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Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man. 32 pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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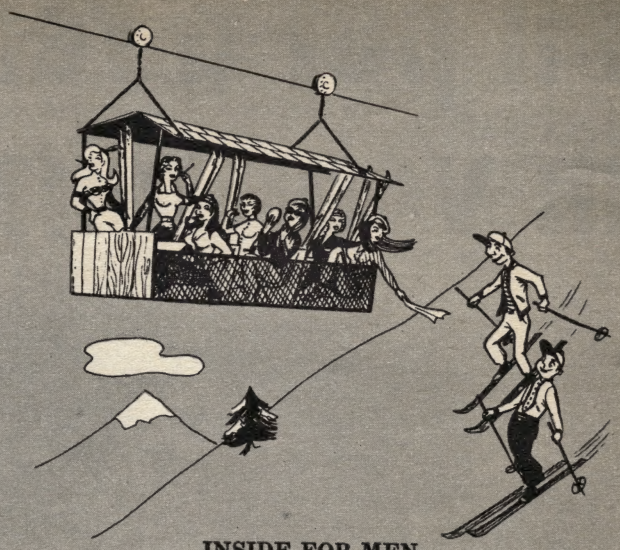
MEN IN CRIME



INSIDE FOR MEN

STAG CONFIDENTIAL

MEN IN CRIME

MOST GRISLY WAY TO WIN A FREE RIFLE is to be a member of a Utah firing squad execution team. Utah is the only state that still uses this method of carrying out death penalty. An old bullet-pocked straight office chair (same one for years) is set up in shed in the prison yard and a heart-shaped target pinned on the condemned man's chest. Five secretly selected riflemen are handed .30-caliber rifles, one with a blank cartridge. They fire from 25 feet, then get to take home and keep their rifles as souvenirs . . . "Diaper racketeers" plaguing the Midwest. THEY KEEP THEIR FACES COVERED WITH DIAPERS during jobs. . . .

FBI PINS DOWN MOST LADY CRIMINALS on the basis of hair. All women leave at least a hair or two around as evidence when they commit murder, etc. . . . FAVORITE NEW WEAPON OF THE YOUNG HOOD GROUP is the automobile-radio aerial. Nothing cuts skin better, they've found out . . . Gas chamber gaining in popularity as a favorite means of turning out lights on condemned criminals. Since Nevada discovered it, 10 states have followed suit . . . PROOF THAT MOST MURDERERS DIE IN BED: only one out of 100 murderers is put to death in this country . . . And the average life term ends after eight years in the can. . . .

INSIDE FOR MEN

Wild Hamburg strippers getting around the nudity ban by wearing shoes . . . A 17-girl rendezvous ring was recently busted up in the Swiss Alps. HEAVILY BUNDLED JOY GIRLS MET "DATES" ON SKI RUNS, made transactions in the snow. . . .

White hunters report many of their clients are women who can be sexually fulfilled only by having a charging rhino lined up in their sights and their fingers on the trigger . . . Survey showed that big ambition of FRAULEIN CALL GIRLS WAS TO MARRY A DENTIST . . . Japanese streetwalkers get away with it now by telling police they are "in love" with the client they're caught with . . . ONE OF ITALY'S BIGGEST CLUBS IS FOR MEN WHOSE WIVES WON'T LET THEM INTO BED. . . .

A pelvis-to-pelvis dance called "The Fish" spreading like wildfire among the switchblade set . . . Sons of old Ireland insist they're at their most passionate when they reach age of 70. . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

TWO MONEY-SAVING SMOKING TRICKS: 1) Roll-your-own cigarettes. For a nickel, you get enough tobacco and papers to roll up to 20 butts. 2) Pipe-smoking. Half pound can last you a good two weeks and you'll spend four times less than on cigarettes. . . .

BIG TRIP FOR TIGHTWADS: Flying Tiger Airline running group charter trips to Europe FOR UNDER $300 . . . Some used-car dealers taking jewelry, real estate, or your services as a carpenter, landscaper, etc., AS A TRADE-IN ON YOUR CAR . . . HORSES EARNING $10 A DAY ON THOSE TV WESTERNS. . . .

Private eyes now allow you to pay them on the installment plan. . . .

In the Midwest IT'LL COST YOU AROUND TWO AND A HALF BUCKS EVERY TIME YOU FILL A 20,000

Continued on page 42

PUZZLE: FIND AL

Al's got himself lost in his job.

He does his work. He draws his pay. He gripes, and hopes, and waits. But the big breaks never seem to come.

You have to hunt hard for Al. He's in a rut!

Then, who's the figure standing out in the picture? That's Tom. Tom grew tired of waiting. He decided to act. He took three important steps:

1. Wrote to I.C.S. for their three famous career books.
2. Enrolled for an I.C.S. job-related course.
3. Started to apply—on the spot—what he was learning.

The others began to say, "Ask Tom, he knows." The supervisor began to take notice. The boss began to receive reports on Tom's progress. *And Tom began to move!*

It's a fact worth remembering: An I.C.S. student always stands out!

P.S.—You'll find men like Al everywhere—griping, hoping, waiting—reading this and skipping on. But forward-looking fellows like Tom will take time to investigate, will mark and mail the coupon and get the three valuable career books free. They're men of action. And a few short months from now, you'll see them start to move!

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! **I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.** **Accredited Member, National Home Study Council**

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- ☐ Building Contractor
- ☐ Building Estimator
- ☐ Carpentry and Millwork
- ☐ Carpenter Foreman
- ☐ Heating
- ☐ Interior Decoration
- ☐ Painting Contractor
- ☐ Plumbing
- ☐ Reading Arch. Blueprints

ART
- ☐ Commercial Art
- ☐ Magazine & Book Illus.
- ☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
- ☐ Sketching and Painting

AUTOMOTIVE
- ☐ Automobiles
- ☐ Auto Body Rebuilding and Refinishing
- ☐ Auto Engine Tuneup
- ☐ Auto Technician

AVIATION
- ☐ Aero-Engineering Technology
- ☐ Aircraft & Engine Mechanic

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- ☐ Accounting
- ☐ Advertising
- ☐ Business Administration
- ☐ Business Management
- ☐ Cost Accounting
- ☐ Creative Salesmanship
- ☐ Managing a Small Business
- ☐ Professional Secretary
- ☐ Public Accounting
- ☐ Purchasing Agent
- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Salesmanship and Management
- ☐ Traffic Management

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- ☐ Chemical Engineering
- ☐ Chem. Lab. Technician
- ☐ Elements of Nuclear Energy
- ☐ General Chemistry
- ☐ Natural Gas Prod. and Trans.
- ☐ Petroleum Prod. and Engr.
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Chem)
- ☐ Pulp and Paper Making

CIVIL ENGINEERING
- ☐ Civil Engineering
- ☐ Construction Engineering
- ☐ Highway Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Civil)
- ☐ Reading Struc. Blueprints
- ☐ Structural Engineering
- ☐ Surveying and Mapping

DRAFTING
- ☐ Aircraft Drafting
- ☐ Architectural Drafting
- ☐ Drafting Machine Design
- ☐ Electrical Drafting
- ☐ Mechanical Drafting
- ☐ Sheet Metal Drafting
- ☐ Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL
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- ☐ Industrial Metallurgy
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- ☐ Machine Design
- ☐ Machine Shop Practice
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering
- ☐ Professional Engineer (Mech)
- ☐ Quality Control
- ☐ Reading Shop Blueprints
- ☐ Refrigeration and Air Conditioning
- ☐ Tool Design ☐ Tool Making

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- ☐ Diesel Electrician
- ☐ Diesel Engr. and Fireman
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- ☐ Combustion Engineering
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- ☐ Stationary Diesel Engr.
- ☐ Stationary Fireman

TEXTILE
- ☐ Carding and Spinning
- ☐ Cotton Manufacture
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- ☐ Loom Fixing Technician
- ☐ Textile Designing
- ☐ Textile Finishing & Dyeing
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Occupation_____

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OUT OF THIS WORLD

AN ANT IN TIME SAVES NINE—From Smyrna, where barbers sometimes double as surgeons, comes an eyewitness account of one of the most amazing operations ever performed. The surgical technique described involves the use of ants to close incisions. "The barber presses together the lips of the wound with his left hand and applies each ant by means of forceps held in his right hand. The mandibles of the ant are wide open and the insect is in a defensive attitude when

it is slowly brought to the wound. It seizes the outstanding surfaces as soon as it can reach them, sinks its mandibles into the flesh on both sides of the wound, and remains in this position, closing each mandible against the other vigorously, consequently holding the two edges tightly to each other. Then the barber separates the head from the thorax by a snip of the scissors, and the head with its mandibles remains in place, though the body has fallen to the ground. The same operation is continued with other ants until there are some 10 pairs of mandibles placed at regular intervals, and so the skin is stitched together by this ingenious process throughout the whole length of the incision." The mandibles of the ants are allowed to remain in position for three days, by which time the lips of the wound have begun to grow together and the ants are removed. The use of ants to close wounds was in great vogue in Southern France and Northern Italy hundreds of years ago, and is still in use in Bali, where the insects are used to repair the damages to rooster handlers during cockfights.

♦♦♦

LAKEFUL OF GOLD—A rough estimate has it that there are several hundred thousand dollars worth of treasure at the bottom of a lake in Muhammadpur, Bengal, India. It all started when a ruling Rajah of the neighborhood—whose pet hobby was robbing his constituents—decided that the best hiding place for his wealth was in a special spot at the bottom of a great artificial lake on his grounds. He used his underwater safety deposit vault for both money and jewels, keeping a special squad of divers as his bank messengers. The Rajah ruled from 1699 to 1712, the year he was executed by a ranking war lord. He took the precaution, however, of killing off his corps of divers before he was captured, so that the secret of his waterlogged treasure went to the grave. Although many salvage attempts have been made to locate the gold and jewels, all that has ever been recovered was a chest filled with 500 golden mohurs in 1841, and a goblet loaded with rupees in 1861. Desperate tries at emptying the lake have failed because of underground springs, which feed the water back in as fast as it is siphoned out.

♦♦♦

THE HAND THAT RULED IRELAND—Probably the strangest boat race in the world took place in 1014 A.D. Two Norsemen set their courses for the "new land"—which, at that time, was the northern coast of Ireland. It was agreed in advance that the first one to touch land would be crowned king of the new territory. As the two fleets came within sight of land, Heremon O'Neill, leader of one of the expeditions, saw that his Viking rival had put on a sudden burst of speed and looked like a sure bet to reach the beach first. With a kingdom at stake, O'Neill unhesitatingly chopped off his right hand and threw it onto the shore from his boat—a few seconds before the other chieftain landed. His fantastic feat of courage paid off, and

he became first of a long line of O'Neills to rule Ulster.

MEN FROM OUTER SPACE—In our own galaxy, there are approximately 30,000,000,000 stars. Scattered throughout all the galaxies in the universe, there must

be hundreds of billions more. Since most stars have planets, chances are that intelligent life, as we know it here on earth, must be duplicated elsewhere. Science's latest guessing game revolves around the question: What will space people look like? According to Willy Ley, top expert in the field of space travel, the man from Planet X will pretty much resemble your next-door neighbor. At least, he will be an air-breathing animal; will eat both plants and meat; will probably be not much larger than the largest human being on earth; will have a skull of some kind; will have two eyes and ears placed near the brain; and will most certainly have hands and feet. All this, Mr. Ley deduces from his belief that Planet X will almost have to be about the size of ours. If it were bigger, gravity would be too great for life to get a start; and if it were smaller, it wouldn't have enough gravitational pull to hold on to its gasses and therefore there would be no air.

♦♦♦

HATCHETMAN WEDDING — You'll never catch a love-sick East Javanese getting down on his knees to propose to his girl. He has a routine all his own. He loads himself down with the four walls of his future home, then makes his way to the young lady's doorstep, where he dumps his burden. Now the object of his affection has 24 hours to make up her mind. If her answer is yes, she takes an ax and chops two holes in the Javanese equivalent of a pre-fab house. These will be windows in their bridal cottage. If she decides to turn thumbs down on the young man's offer, she leaves the house untouched. ♦♦♦

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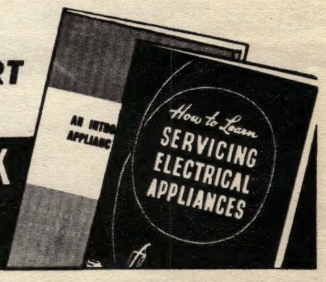

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LAST LAUGHS

A recent bridegroom wrote to one of his creditors: "Sorry that this bill has not been paid. I've been on my honeymoon and will take care of it as soon as I get on my feet."

"I detest drinking, but it's part of my job here, you understand."

Alarmed by the prospect of being drafted, a young inductee waited in line for his physical exam. And as he was waiting a cheerful 4 F came out of the examining room. The scared young man took him to one side and asked. "How come they rejected you?"

"Because," replied the 4 F, "I've worn a truss for 12 years."

For a five dollar bill the 4 F agreed to lend his truss to the young man.

When the examining doctor saw the truss, he asked the inductee, "How long have you worn the truss, young man?"

"Twelve years," answered the young man.

"Send him to the Near East," ordered the doctor as he turned to the next man.

"The Near East?" screamed the young man.

"Yes, the Near East," replied the doctor. "Anyone who can wear a truss upside down for 12 years ought to make a swell camel driver."

♦♦♦

"Your feet are cold," he complained to his new bride. "Keep them on your side of the bed."

"You're cruel," she whimpered. "You never used to say that before we were married."

An anti-labor efficiency expert died and was given a lavish funeral by his company. Six pallbearers carried the casket from the church. Suddenly the lid snapped open and the efficiency expert sat bolt upright and glared at those around him. "If you had put this thing on wheels," he shouted, "you could lay off four men."

♦♦♦

"I'm not wealthy and I don't have a yacht and a convertible like Jerome Green," apologized the lovesick swain. "But darling, I love you truly."

"I love you, too, she replied. "But tell me more about Jerome Green."

♦♦♦

The Department of Internal Revenue received a typed income tax return from a bachelor who listed one dependent son. The examiner returned the blank with a penciled notation: "This must be a stenographic error."

The blank came back promptly with the notation: "You're telling me!"

A Mexican mother heard her 17-year-old daughter crying and went in to ask her what was bothering her. "I want a man," the girl wailed.

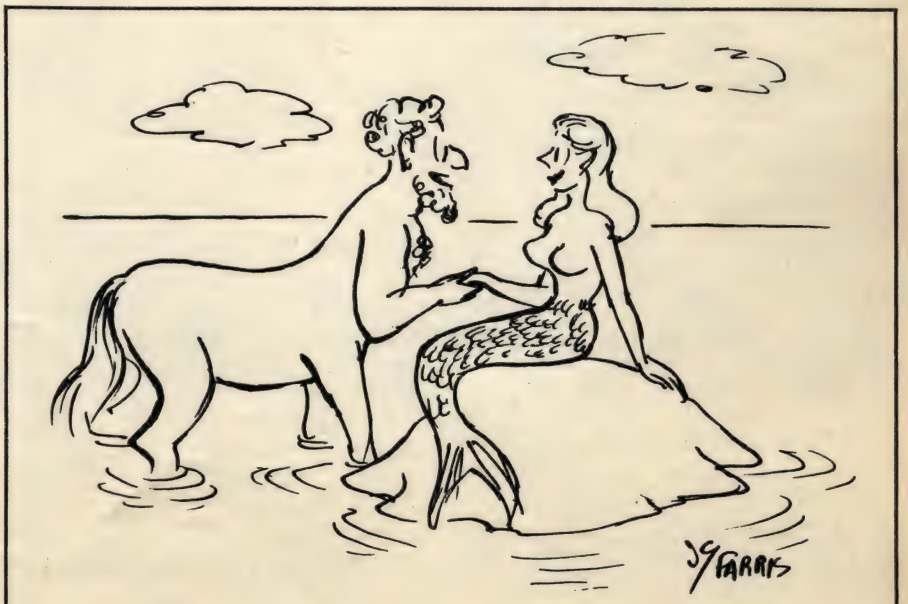
"Stop crying, daughter," consoled the mother. "Why don't you place an ad in the Lonely Hearts Magazine. That's the way I met your father."

The daughter took her mother's advice and in due time received an answer; a beautiful letter from a man who said he had a great deal of money and was very interested in meeting a lovely virgin with a passionate disposition. She was to go to a certain café, to table No. 10 which was in a secluded corner under a group of potted palms. He would be waiting there for her.

The daughter dressed in her best clothes and went to meet this unknown suitor. But she returned earlier than her mother had anticipated, ran to her bedroom and fell, crying, across her bed.

"What's the matter, child?" asked the mother. "Did you go to the café to meet the man?"

"Yes," sobbed the daughter. "And, just like you, I caught Papa."



"Do your folks have any objections to mixed marriages?"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 655 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

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True Book
BONUS

The AMAZING

Almost at the lifeboat, the flimsy craft was upended by a giant wave, its passengers flung into the surf.
Art by Tom Ryan

SURVIVORS

by JOHN MARSH and LYMAN ANSON

Reprinted by permission of Dodd Mead & Co. from "Skeleton Coast" by John Marsh and Lyman Anson, copyright 1938 by Dodd Mead & Co.

Marooned on a 500-mile strip of desert, broiled by the sun, chilled by the sea wind at night, 63 castaways, including women and babies, battled to keep alive—and sane.

The *Dunedin Star* crashed—reeled back—shuddered! Two lesser jolts followed. The whole thing was over in 10 agonizing seconds.

The ship started listing to starboard. Seamen in the engine room heard her plates scraping bottom. She slowed down almost to a stop—but not quite. Before losing headway completely, she slid off into deep water and righted slowly, then her racing propellers bit into the sea and she tore ahead again at full speed.

Captain Lee shot out of his cabin and up the bridge ladder in two leaps. There he collided with Mr. Hammill, the third officer.

"What'd she hit?"

"Couldn't see a thing, sir. A U-boat, d'y think?"

The possibility was not lost on Captain Lee. U-boats *were* about. Otherwise he wouldn't have been ordered to take the *Dunedin Star* so close to the African coast. In a way, he hoped it was a U-boat. That would dispose of any chance of its being the lethal Clan Alpine Shoal. But he had set his course so far outside where the shoal was supposed to be that reason pointed clearly to a U-boat. The thing to do, then, was to run for the open sea.

"Swing her hard a'starboard, Mr. Hammill, and hold her at full speed!"

"Full speed and away from the coast. Yessir."

Once clear of land, he could shake the U-boat off his trail with the whole ocean to maneuver in, make repairs at leisure and reach Cape Town perhaps only a day or so late.

But when officers began reporting on the amount

PLEASE TURN PAGE

Beached to make a lee so the lifeboats could be lowered, the liner was slowly being pounded to pieces by the breaking seas.

THE AMAZING SURVIVORS

of damage and it became apparent that the ship was taking water at an alarming rate, the captain was forced to change his mind.

Water rising in Holds 2 and 3!—shaft tunnel leaking!—duct keel torn away under engine room—steel hull ripped open! Only a flintlike obstacle, it seemed, could have done that damage. A pinnacle rock, perhaps, just below the surface—or—Clan Alpine Shoal!

He swayed slightly in the dark as the truth flashed over him—the truth he had wanted so much to deny. Then he stepped to the speaking tube and called down, sharply, "Change course 180 degrees, Quartermaster! *Make for the nearest land!*"

It was Sunday night, November 29, 1942. The holds of the *Dunedin Star* were jam-packed with invaluable munitions for the Near East theater of war. She showed no lights, even after threading her way without convoy through 5,000 miles of U-boat-infested waters. Only a few days more and the 13,000-ton liner would be putting in at Cape Town.

Ordinarily, a vessel of her class carried 12 passengers. As a special concession to war, the *Dunedin Star* had been permitted to double-bunk her accomodations. Result: her passenger list totaled 21. There were several woman and three babies among them.

Five minutes after reaching the engine room in pajamas and slippers, following the crash, Chief Engineer Tomlinson was sure the *Dunedin Star* was doomed. He hurried to the bridge and described the growing damage below to the captain.

"How long do you figure she'll float?" Captain Lee asked.

"Another three hours, sir. Four at the most."

Captain Lee knew the time had come to summon help, even if it attracted prowling U-boats as well.

He went to the wireless room and told the chief operator to send out an SOS at once. "At *once*, Mr. Kilpatrick."

The SOS crackled out into the blackness. For some minutes Kilpatrick sat on the edge of his chair, hardly breathing for fear of missing a possible reply.

It came at last—a faint QSL from Walvis Bay, the letters standing for "I have received your SOS."

He rushed exultantly to the bridge. Captain Lee acknowledged his news with a toneless, "Very good, mister. Now get your emergency set in order. We may possibly need it."

The harassed shipmaster now faced a new dilemma. How far was he from shore? His ship was ploughing ahead through so black a night that its position could only be approximated. How soon they would hit the coast he didn't know—nor whether it would be a sandy beach or jagged rocks that would grind them to pieces. The echo-sounding gear had been torn away in the crash.

One thing he did know. His ship was sinking fast and would have to be beached somewhere soon, or founder at sea.

A little knot of silent officers followed him as he walked across the bridge to the starboard engine-room indicator. He gripped the handle himself and stared into the dark—waiting.

Forty minutes of nerve-racking tension brought the captain a bright spot. It came from the crow's nest with a sudden shout of voices: "*Break*-ers-a-*ahead!*"

He jerked the engine-room indicator to half speed. The men on the bridge braced themselves, half-expecting a jolting landing that would fling them to the deck. When it came, it felt more like a giant canoe sliding up onto a shelving beach.

When the *Dunedin Star* made her unconventional landfall an unknown distance from the beach, she was low down and listing well to starboard, with water freely washing over her engine-room floor plates. That was when Captain Lee showed some of the fine seamanship that had earned him the command of the *Dunedin Star*.

He maneuvered her with great skill in the dark. It was largely a matter of "feel." First, he forced her farther up into the sand. Then, by manipulating both her engines and rudder, he gradually worked her around broadside to the surf, so that her bow pointed south, down the coast. She formed a sort of breakwater, in the lee of which there would be a better chance to get the lifeboats away.

"Come up—all of you!" the captain called down to the engine room.

The last engineer and greaser climbed up on deck, dripping wet and choking with oily fumes. The men, shivering, joined the passengers who, wakened by the first jolt,

The survivors were hopeful—relief was promised by sea, air and land. But the land convoy had 700 miles of hell to cover.

had come up on deck. All eyes strained into the blackness for a glimpse of the unknown coast into which their captain had rammed them purposely.

When they found themselves aground instead of sinking in the Atlantic, the passengers' first alarm had turned to relief. Some made light of the whole adventure.

"So *this* is Africa! I have always wondered—"

"—and demand a refund unless—"

"But Captain Lee had no *right*—"

"Do you think he'll keep us here long? I'm due at Cape Town—"

"We'll be on our way again by daylight, likely."

"No immediate danger," the officers had told everyone. "Our SOS was picked up, and we're getting the emergency equipment ready to send out another call. Please stand by and keep calm. Nothing can be done until daylight."

"Have you any idea where we are?" one of the passengers asked Captain Lee.

"I'd say we're somewhere off the Kaokoveld."

"The what?"

"Kaokoveld. It's a 500-mile stretch of coast that runs from the southern boundary of Portuguese Angola clear down to the little settlement of Walvis Bay."

"Is that near Cape Town?"

"Cape Town is about a thousand miles farther south."

"Are there any hostile natives?" one of the women asked.

"No. As a matter of fact, right along the coast it's completely uninhabited desert. The name means Coast of Loneliness; sailors call it Skeleton Coast."

The lady looked sorry she'd asked.

As the hours dragged on and the liner settled more and more firmly into her bed of sand, doubts of her early release began to circulate among the passengers. But about all they could do was stare into the darkness, and shiver, and wait for the first glimmer of daylight to break over Africa.

Up in the radio room the operators, working on the emergency equipment by flashlights and lamps, were twisting dials, throwing switches, listening tensely for word that help was on the way.

At half-past four in the morning a second message came through from Walvis Bay:

"Two ships leaving harbor. (*Continued on page* 86)

The plane came down out of sight of the shipwrecked party, its wheels hopelessly trapped in the sand.

Searching for some trace of water, they stumbled on an ancient wreck, surrounded by bleached skeletons.

THE MAN

Every girl had the same identifying mark—she had been carved by a surgically trained hand. And after the seventh body turned up, all London's East End locked its doors.

by LEWIS THOMPSON

IT WAS no unusual sight to see a woman sprawled on any of the crowded, fetid, poverty-pitted streets of London's East End. These streets were the last port-of-call for the human waste of London life. To them came the dregs: the hunted, the broken, the desperately poor, among them the aged, often disease-ridden prostitutes who gladly sold themselves for the price of a gin.

Constable Peter Gray was hardened to it, and when he bent in the midnight blackness over the huddled, shabby form stretched out grotesquely on the pavement of Osborne Street, his self-righteous disgust took over. The woman smelled of liquor, and her breathing whistled in her windpipe. "Get along with you now," he ordered, and gave her a prod with his thick, round-toed boot. The woman groaned, but did not move.

Constable Gray straightened, then walked on. If she was still there on his next round, he'd deal with her sharply.

She was still there. Again Gray prodded and gave his order. Then he looked more closely. The woman's clothes were soaking in her own blood. Her throat had been cut.

She died 24 hours later in a hospital, without regaining consciousness, and a few bare facts were put down in the official records. Her name was Emma Smith, she was 40, a recent widow, whisky-sodden, who had taken to prostitution to keep herself in drink.

The press ignored the murder, and nobody seemed to get excited about it—with one possible exception. This was a coroner's physician, who performed the autopsy. In his report he remarked: "Whoever killed her knows something of anatomy. I am afraid we have not seen the last of him."

These were prophetic words, for Emma Smith was the first victim of Jack the Ripper.

Emma Smith died on April 4, 1888. At three o'clock on the morning of August 6th, a police constable roused Dr. T. T. Kileen out of bed in his respectable home on respectable Colherne Road, and hustled him off in a carriage. "It's a murder, sir," the constable explained. "A woman found on the pavement at Grove-Yard Buildings, Whitechapel. She's been cut up bad, she 'as."

Out of the nooks and crannies of the East End, a crowd had gathered at the scene in spite of the hour. They respectfully made way for Dr. Kileen when he arrived, and observed his professional gestures with the fascinated awe of the ignorant. A few even sensed that the physician was shaken by what he had come to examine. Martha Tabram's throat had been cut, she had been stabbed 39 times—in the lungs, heart, liver, spleen, and stomach—and Dr. Kileen observed that a preliminary abdominal incision had been attempted. When the doctor finally returned home, his wife observed that he was ashen. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"After 23 years of practice," the doctor replied, "I thought I'd seen a lot. But never anything as revolting as tonight."

The murder got a few paragraphs in the next day's papers, but caused only a slight stir in the East End. Martha Tabram was a worn-out prostitute, and there were a thousand others to take her place. A few who had known her shook their heads sadly and went about their business.

Around 11 on the night of August 30th, a work-worn char named Helen Burnside sidled up to the bar of a modest pub in the East End and called for a pint. From a table in the shadows, a draggle-haired woman called out: "And 'ow about a drop for your old friend, Mary Nichols? I'm that parched I can 'ardly speak!"

Helen Burnside signaled to the barkeep, and presently the two women were clinking their glasses. Mary, Helen later recalled, was already "much the worse for drink," and full of complaints about her bitter lot in life. "It's eight years since 'Erbert left me," Mary wailed, "and me as good a wife as a man could 'ave. All I ever took was a drop now and again, and 'im callin' me a drunkard. 'E drove me to being a tart, 'e did." She sighed, then turned to her friend and whined out a plea. "Could you let me 'ave five shillin's, dearie? I'm without tuppence in me purse."

Helen shook her head emphatically. "I don't 'ave it," she said, "and if I did, you're a poor risk."

Mary Nichols got to her feet with unsteady dignity, and stumbled toward the door. Over her shoulder she called out: "There's plenty of gentle- (*Continued on page* 44)

One witness testified that as he hurried past the couple, he heard Mary ask, "Are you lookin' for a bit of fun, dearie?"

Art by Samson Pollen

WHO HATED STREETWALKERS

Upped to major while in Jap camp, Wermuth is now a Colorado county sheriff.

At dusk, he edged through the dug-in US troops toward the enemy positions.

When the gas-soaked Jap headquarters burst into flame, the 155s zeroed in.

THE FANTASTIC SAGA OF MAJOR WERMUTH

as told to CHARLES GOODMAN

I waited for darkness to settle over the jungles of Bataan. Then I set out for the enemy lines.

The night was silent except for the *ping* of a sniper's probing bullet. No monkey screeched and no wild hog grunted—we'd long since eaten every one we could catch.

My advance scouts (I was captain of a reconnaissance company in the 57th Philippine Scout Regiment) watched like wary ghosts as I slipped past them into the shadowed land infested with the soldiers of Lieutenant General Masaharu Homma, where every rice paddy could be an enemy outpost, every camgan and palm tree a silent sniper's roost, every canal a bayonet-lined trench.

It was the night of January 7, 1942. My lone-wolf mission was to set fire to Kalignan, a bamboo town six miles behind enemy lines. Unless I succeeded, Bataan could fall before the week was out.

It wasn't easy to move silently. I toted dynamite sticks around my neck, hand grenades on my belt, two revolvers (I didn't trust automatics) strapped to my thighs with leather thongs, a Garand rifle on my back and two five-gallon cans of gasoline.

Behind me on Mount Sumat our gunners rammed shells into their 155-mm cannons and waited for the first flicker of fire in Kalignan on which they could zero their aim—if I got through. . . .

That afternoon, the Filipino spy had slipped into our camp, bayonetted and bleeding at the mouth. Before he died, he gave our regimental commander, Colonel (*Continued on page* 64)

They call him a one-man army—the toughest soldier that ever battled for the United States. Here is his own exclusive report of the fantastic mission that won his reputation.

DAVID WHIPPEY—

YANKEE KING of the ISLANDS

BLACK hands drew back from sandalwood drums, muting them. All chanting ended. In the jungle clearing, on the Fiji island of Viti Levu, torches threw a flickering pattern of light and shadows upon trees so tightly matted that not a trace of sky could be seen. Hundreds of Mbau tribesmen squatted on the ground, ebony features without expression, eyes focussed on the glowing pit before them.

PLEASE TURN NEXT PAGE

Art by James Bama

The only way Whippey could hold onto the lithe, grease-covered Mbau girl was by rubbing his hands in the dust.

For 40 years the New England runaway had a Pacific empire in the palm of his hand. As war counselor to the Fijis and son-in-law to the chief, his word was law.

by ROBERT J. LEVIN

YANKEE KING OF THE ISLANDS

Without hesitation, the barefoot sailor started to walk across the red-hot stones.

A lone figure emerged from the shadows. This was Thakombau, destined within a decade to become Fiji's first king. Tall and muscular, he strode to the rim of the pit and stood there, enduring the fierce heat stoically. In one hand he gripped green ti-palm leaves and twigs which, abruptly, he flung onto the hot coals. They smoldered for a few seconds, smoke curling upward, and then burst into darting tongues of flame.

"Now," said Thakombau.

From the opposite end of the clearing, three men advanced. Two were devil doctors, and their jet black bodies, naked except for small pouches that hung from strings around their waists, glistened with coconut oil. Ornaments of bone, shell and wood had been thrust through their ears; and as they approached the glowing stones, they wailed a weird incantation.

The third man, though also dark, could not be mistaken for a native. The underpart of his wiry arms revealed paler flesh, and the sun that had darkened the rest of his skin, almost concealing a livid birthmark, had also bleached his blond hair white. Among the Mbau, he had the name of Santawa, "Son of the Sun." But his real name was David Whippey, and he was a 23-year-old Nantucket-born Yank.

Whippey had left home at the age of 21. Like most New England boys, he sailed aboard a whaler, but he wasn't seeking adventure on the high seas. He shipped on the *Ann Bunker,* and he readily admitted to shipmates that his chief goal was to get away from his father, who ruled the Whippey family with a Puritan's iron hand.

Life on the *Ann Bunker* proved not much more agreeable. Young Whippey, an industrious fellow, nevertheless hated discipline, and he soon decided that he was not cut out to be a sailor. Not until he reached the Fiji Islands, however, did he find what he was seeking: a warm, sunny land, unspoiled by other white men, where the natives proved to be friendly traders.

It was hard to believe they were cannibals. Much later, the paradox became clear to Whippey. To the Mbau tribe, white men who came with gifts and acted as peaceful traders had the status of "honored guests." All others were invaders, to be slain and eaten.

For three days, the *Ann Bunker* remained anchored off Viti Levu. Officially the reason for such a prolonged stay was to allow several seamen to recover from attacks of dysentery. But the captain had another reason, one that was far more pleasant to contemplate; and this particular reason willingly remained in his cabin for three straight days and nights.

David Whippey had gone ashore each day. His amazing facility with languages enabled him to communicate with the Mbau people on simple terms, and he found that this alone gave him considerable importance in their eyes. When he sat down with them and ate wild birds' intestines and drank the brew they call kava, he earned their admiration.

When the *Ann Bunker* sailed off, Whippey remained behind. He made his intentions clear to Thakombau, the tribal leader. He wanted to live among the natives as one of them. If he offended them in any way, he would leave with the first ship that came to Viti Levu.

Now the time had come for him to face the ritual the natives called "the ordeal of the heart." In the 24 hours to follow, Whippey would undergo a triple test; he would have to prove his manhood by fire, by woman and by war.

Whippey covered the last 10 yards to the pit alone. The fire had been well prepared: dry coconut bast and wood logs, fed constantly with fresh fuel until the bed of cherry-red embers stood three feet deep, ready to receive a layer of stones and lava rock. Now that these were hot, David Whippey would have to cross the pit, some 500 feet in diameter, barefoot.

Without hesitation the bronzed young man stepped onto the searing stones, He moved forward unhurriedly. Crouched on the perimeter of the clearing, the Mbau warriors began a low chant, which grew louder as Whippey traversed the pit. He gained the far side, then doubled back over the hot rock, and the chant swelled to a triumphant roar. When he left the pit and knelt before Thakombau, devil doctors anointed his unburned feet; and the tribesmen howled and danced like lunatics.

The Son of the Sun had been proved by fire.

From the night-shrouded jungle, Mbau women materialized. They were generally lighter in color than the males and where the warrior was tall, lean and massively muscled, the Mbau maiden was full-fleshed and rounded. All that covered their oiled bodies were plaited straw skirts which concealed nothing, bouncing high as the girls leaped and whirled.

Shepherding the dancers were women who might have been their great-grandmothers, whose thin, bony bodies foreshadowed imminent death. These were slaves. Rare was the female who lived in captivity longer than five years; and in that span she would age 50 years.

But wars were not waged to capture women. They occurred periodically, in a ritualized way, when the moon decreed that the time had come for the Mbau tribe to feast once again on human flesh. Then the warriors attacked natives on another island, and they ate the dead and took the strongest women prisoner.

Close by the fire pit, the Mbau virgins danced. Bodies twisting lasciviously, they uttered the short, fierce, accelerating sounds of love, as though possessed by invisible males; and a few fell to the ground, where their writhing fulfilled immemorial motions.

Converging on them, like hunters stalking their prey, were the warriors, with young Whippey in their midst. At a signal from Thakombau, they sprang at the girls. But this encounter was no mock battle. By tradition, any female who succumbed to male attack and was therefore no longer a virgin, officially, was forced to live for three months in total isolation, until her flesh was purified. For in their

savage simplicity, the Mbau nevertheless understood that no man could rape a woman in a normal struggle, so that if a mating occurred, this had to mean that the female desired it.

The girls' bodies had been oiled, thus making their conquest almost impossible. They slipped through the hands of the lunging warriors and fled into the night.

Whippey, however, had rubbed his hands in the dust to improve his grip, and he did not charge to the attack. He watched the girl he wanted as she eluded a warrior, and when she raced off, he tripped her and then seized her long black hair. With her hands, knees and head, she fought back, for this was Ramalei, the 17-year-old daughter of Thakombau himself, a girl who could outrace and outswim any of the young men, and whose ripening body tantalized them beyond endurance.

They struggled in silence. Each time Whippey tried to pin her to the ground, her oiled body escaped him, and only his unrelenting grip on her hair kept Ramalei from flight. Blood leaked from scratches where the girl had raked his chest and shoulders, but the American boy did not attempt to punish her with a blow. He made it a conflict of endurance.

When he felt her weakening, he suddenly let her go. Springing to his feet, he said, "After I have hunted with your father, I will eat alone with you. Will you prepare my food?"

The girl arose without a word and took him by the hand, leading him back to the clearing. Thakombau watched them approach, aware that his daughter would not have returned unless she had been subdued, yet puzzled to see her leading the way.

"My father," said Ramalei, "the Son of the Sun returns me to you and asks only whether I will prepare his food upon his return from the hunt. And I answer with these words, for all to hear: 'I will prepare your food, Santawa, and I will prepare your bed.' "

In this manner, David Whippey and Ramalei accepted one another as mates. Marriage, for Fiji Islanders, is not an exchange of vows of love. It is an exchange of services. A man and woman remain united as long as each provides the other with what custom calls for: food, shelter, sexual satisfaction and protection against danger.

Romantics have claimed that Whippey became Thakombau's chief counselor because he married Ramalei. Such a theory ignores certain hard facts, including the point that, among Fijians, a woman doesn't count for much. The truth is that young Whippey had an excellent strategic sense, enabling Thakombau to conquer all neighboring tribes, and he instructed warriors in the use of the musket—which, of course, practically guaranteed that his strategy would triumph.

Whippey himself, if judged by letters he wrote to his parents, had a keen appreciation of the relative importance of his tactical ability and his marksmanship. "My superiority over the islanders," he wrote, "can be measured with considerable precision. Start at the point where a man can be slain by casting a spear. Continue to the point where a man can be slain by a musket ball. What you have measured is my 'superiority.' "

The man's New England shrewdness stood him in good stead. In mentioning that he had walked on red-hot stones, Whippey revealed the secret of his success. "The soles of my feet," he explained, "are thickly calloused, as they must be if I am to walk about as the natives do, over coral reefs and the like. Furthermore, it is like putting out a candle with your fingertips—if you walk briskly, the heat is not transferred fast enough to burn. Finally, the stones they use are of vesicular basalt, which is a porous lava rock that conducts heat poorly. It looks hotter than it is. Have I disillusioned you?"

David Whippey did not write many letters. The opportunity to mail them was limited, since few ships stopped at Viti Levu in the 1830s, and none remained any longer than necessary. But stories about this strange American spread slowly around the globe, relayed by those whalers and traders who had had the chance to meet him.

"Before you run into him in the flesh," the skipper of a whaleship remarked, "it's hard to figure why he'd stay among those heathens. But just a glance explains it. The man's got one of those strawberry birthmarks that covers the entire side of his face. To those Fiji natives, that's beautiful. For a person like Whippey—and remember, he was still a kid of 22 when he first landed there—after being stared at and pitied by his own kind, I guess it seemed like heaven to be among people who worshipped the way he looked."

There were other reasons, too. Prime among them was the fact that Whippey had a role to play that added greatly to his prestige. Young as he was, he succeeded in saving the lives of many of his fellow white men, who would otherwise have gone the way of all flesh—literally speaking—as the main dish of a Fiji menu. According to native tradition, shipwrecked sailors were gifts from the gods. They were referred to as "those with salt in their eyes," and they were invariably eaten.

Whippey, however, convinced the islanders to give up this practice. He showed them that they gained more by "trading" these mariners to the next ship that put into port, for such valued wealth as beads, trinkets, tobacco and snuff.

"Even so," he wrote to his parents, "I doubt that these savages would yield up their prisoners, if it were not for one thing. They do not greatly enjoy the taste of white meat. They tell me it tastes bitter."

David Whippey, however, was (*Continued on page* 50)

The drunken seamen dragged the native girls across the beach and into the jungle.

As Father Jean began to intone the service, far above the village the plane's motors droned in rhythm with his voice.

Art by Joe Little

ESCAPE BY SHOTGUN WEDDING

It was the strangest group ever collected in any church: a pregnant bride, a reluctant groom, an impatient Nazi major and the firing squad that sweated out the ceremony.

by JERRARD TICKELL

The special duty squadrons supplied men, women and weapons to every country in Europe that knew the dint of a Nazi heel. As has been written, they operated a shopping service for those in the field. They played the role of Father Christmas. Once, in the darkest days of conflict, they played another part, one which in its essentials belonged to peace rather than to war. The names of those involved, the date and the place have all been altered. But the story is true. It is the story of Pierre, Nicole and Nicolette.

Pierre was a farmer. His farm stood on the outskirts of a village—let us call it Fleuris—in the first foothills of the Jura mountains. A year before, he had married Nicole, daughter of another farmer. The wedding had taken place among subdued rejoicings for it was hard indeed to celebrate when the German occupation lay heavy on the brows of the French and a company of the Wehrmacht was stationed in the big house on the hill. Within a week or two of the wedding, that company moved out and a new company moved in. This was under the command of Major Otto von Klingen, a firm, not unkindly man who, in his heart, regretted the grim necessities of war. As far as it was within his power, he made the occupation less rigorous and he came to believe that a measure of friendship between him and the villagers was not impossible. In this belief, he was wholly mistaken.

It was the early spring of 1944 and, for the French, a time of mounting hope. The Maquis, hidden in the thick woods of the mountains, were increasing in numbers. Arms, ammunition and supplies were being parachuted in from England and acts of sabotage becoming more and more frequent. As he took his morning march through the seemingly tranquil streets of Fleuris exchanging a formal *Bonjour* with those whom he recognized, Major von Klingen was completely unaware that there was hardly a house in the village that had not hidden somewhere within its walls weapons that were kept oiled and bright and ready.

During the first months of their marriage, Nicole worked with her husband about the farm. She drove the cows to the uplands in the mornings, taking great pleasure in the sight of the blossom as spring flowed down the hills and came to the apple and cherry orchards. During the day, she worked in the dairy, separating and churning, forever washing down. In the evenings, she helped with the milking, stripping the cows' udders with sensitive fingers. (*Continued on page* 74)

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HER MOTHER

CAME FROM IRELAND

Jeannie Patrick has freckles all over her, but she feels they're an asset. She's a serious dancer and figures someday she'll be the world's only freckled prima ballerina.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

HER MOTHER CAME FROM IRELAND

She was born in Hollywood, but you can hardly blame the California sun for her spotty condition. Since her mother was a colleen, just as sure as Erin has shamrocks, Jeannie was bound to have freckles.

FOR YOUR

BORROWED TIME—Javier Pereira, a leather-skinned little Indian from the mountains of Colombia, once stated his formula for a long, happy life: "Don't worry, drink a lot of coffee, and smoke a good cigar."

Pereira had every right to say it. When he came to New York in the fall of 1956, he was 167, or so he claimed.

The reason for the spry, four-foot-four, 75-pound Indian's

visit was to let doubting doctors at New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center examine him to see if he was really so old, and if so, to learn what made him so.

For more than a week, while doctors probed, took blood samples and X-rayed him, the ancient man lived it up with the press. They loved him. He loved them, particularly one girl reporter. He pinched her backside so hard that she wouldn't go back to work until someone spoke to him about it.

In one interview he was asked about children. "Yes," he said via interpreter. "I have children." How many? He couldn't remember. Who could keep track in 167 years?

Finally the doctors gave their verdict on his age. It was a cautious one, but startling nonetheless: "Mr. Pereira is indeed very old, possibly more than 150 years of age."

Pereira left and went back to the good life. But even coffee, cigars, freedom from worry and girl-pinching couldn't keep life in his old frame forever, however. Recently in his village near the Colombian town of Montería, Javier Pereira finally died at (as closely as anyone could figure) 169.

SLIPPERY HEEL

"They seek him here, they seek him there,
The Frenchies seek him everywhere.
Is he in heaven, is he in hell,
That damned elusive Pimpernel?"

A professional cop-baiter like the Baroness Orczy's fictional crusader, the Scarlet Pimpernel, a man named Guillermo Kelly, is being sought here, there and everywhere by the police of every country in South America. The reason: Kelly is the man who ran the secret police for ex-Dictator Juan Peron of Argentina. He is wanted by the new Argentine government for murder, among other things. As long as he is at large, he is a potential international incident that could happen within the borders of any country where he might be hiding.

The latest on the dark, handsome Guillermo is that he has smuggled himself back into Buenos Aires to see what can be done about restoring his former boss to power. Peron is now living easily, reading books and chasing girls in the Dominican Republic.

Like the damned elusive Pimpernel, Guillermo is used to smuggling himself in and out of places. Example: the Santiago incident. He escaped from an Argentine prison and fled to Chile last year. There he was rearrested. In September, a few hours before he was to be sent back to Argentina, a Uruguayan poetess was allowed a last visit. Her call was more than social. She brought him a blond wig, dress, red shoes and lipstick. "When the guard changed," Guillermo said, "we walked out together with a few other friends who had visited me. The new guard assumed I was one of my own woman visitors."

His escape almost caused a revolution. The press accused officials of being in on the deal. Meanwhile, Guillermo was heading toward the Chile-Argentine border in a truck, hidden in a crate. He had a small pocket radio with him,

and at one point, tuned in the news. He heard a bulletin announcing that he had been captured with the help of a truck driver. This meant his driver was about to sell him out. He leaped from the truck, got into another car that was following, and returned to Santiago.

He slept in cemeteries, switched apartments three times, and one day, dressed as a chimney sweep, he entered the home of the judge in charge of the investigation of his escape. There he stole all the records.

His final insult to the police came a few days later. He took injections that swelled his face, forged the papers of

INFORMATION

a Chilean doctor, and brazenly boarded an airliner to see Peron in Caracas, Venezuela.

How does he feel about Peron's chances of some day being restored to power? "I am a fighter," he said, "a fighter who never loses."

THE MONEY MACHINE—One day in 1805, a Dr. Stephen Emmens entered his laboratory in New York, put a Mexican silver dollar into a strange-looking machine, and threw a switch. A hammer pounded the dollar slowly, and cooling coils prevented the coin from getting too hot. Later, Emmens shut his machine down, took the dollar out, examined it, and smiled at those watching. They gasped. He had done something that alchemists and kings had tried for centuries to do.

He had turned silver into almost pure gold.

When the story broke in the New York *Herald Tribune*, scientists of the day called Emmens everything from a harmless nut to a witch who should be pounded to death in his own machine. Emmens explained that witchcraft was not involved. His machine had simply duplicated a geological phenomenon he believed in, a phenomenon in which silver had turned to gold during formation of the earth. What were the details? He refused to tell.

Sir William Crookes, the noted British physicist, was more charitable toward Emmens, and tried the experiment himself. He succeeded in upping the silver content of a Mexican cartwheel by 21 per cent. However, probably because of personality differences, he too began to doubt, and was eventually denouncing Emmens himself.

Emmens died shortly after, still refusing to divulge his secret. The argument has lived on, however, and one authority has hinted that Emmens was really a fence, that the gold he claimed to have manufactured was melted-down jewelry, possibly stolen jewelry. Thus the argument still goes on: was Emmens a fraud or a genius?

The U.S. Mint, which has no time for money-making frauds, has indirectly settled the question, however. While Emmens was alive, it purchased thousands of dollars' worth of his homemade gold, which is now part of the wealth stored in Fort Knox.

THE MALE ANIMAL—When the boys came marching home after World War II, the boys with the best stories were the ex-fliers whose bombers had made forced landings in Sweden on the way back from raids over Germany. They told of free love, trial marriages and abortions for anyone who needed them. The thing that pleased the flyboys about it all was the attitude. They reported that the Swedes saw nothing dirty or shameful about unmarried men and women making love, that it was even encouraged as something as natural as breathing.

Many of these men mistook this openness for immorality, and they were wrong. The Scandinavians look at things differently than Americans, and their lovely actresses who have come to the U.S. since the war have done much to clear up the confusion.

"We are not immoral or sex-hungry," one blonde screen star said. "On the contrary. In my country boys and girls are often allowed to live together to see if they are suited to each other. In Sweden we know *before* we get married whether we'll be happy or not. There is hardly any divorce as you have it in America. Some of you feel our trial marriages, as you call them, are awful. Yet, American men and women marry while fully expecting to divorce each other if they are not happy. What is that but trial marriage?"

Sociologists on both sides of the ocean have more or less agreed that the Swedes have a point. They appear to be mentally healthy while Americans often are badly adjusted

maritally because of so many sex taboos. And they cite American divorce statistics to beef up their theories.

It would seem then, that the Scandinavians have it—a sure-fire formula for happiness that Americans might do well to copy.

But not all Swedish women think so.

Recently a prominent authoress, Elsie Marie Drierstroem, 52, stated that many of her sex think the things that American fliers, Swedish actresses and sociologists have been saying are bunk. She suggested that the idea that free love is healthy as whole wheat bread is nothing but a vicious bit of hokum Swedish males have pulled for years to seduce women, and take the pleasures of life, but not the responsibilities.

She openly urged the women of Sweden to put a stop to pre-marital sex and issued this warning about men: "They roam the world," she said, "devastating tender sprouts, little lilies and other wonderful things." She urged her countrywomen to go on a "love strike to punish men who are having fun without ever intending to pay for it."

Then, in a surprising endorsement of the taboo-ridden American way, she said Swedish women could learn a thing or two about handling men from American women.

Stated Mrs. Drierstroem: "They say no until they get the man to the altar." ♦♦♦

LIQUORS
BAKERY

The DISAPPEARING LOVERS of GALLOWS MAG MOORE

The first night he saw her, he nearly wrecked downtown Buffalo. But that was just in fun—when they really got down to business they almost choked the canal with corpses.

by GEORGE MANDEL

FIFTY years of vice had rioted to an incredible crest on the Erie Canal's west bank when a thieving cutthroat named Tanglefoot Jackson arrived at the most notorious hellspot in the East. It was as though the devil himself had blazed along to scrutinize one of his outposts and it was the perfect Devil's mistress Jackson spied when he laid eyes on Gallows Mag Moore.

Many a fugitive crook, come to lose himself in Buffalo's brawling Canal Street section, paid generously for some small share of Mag, as did many a freewheeling "canawler" and Great Lakes sailor, but Tanglefoot Jackson wanted her all to himself his first night in Pugnose Cora's gaudy clip-joint. The courtship was not a whirlwind but a tornado, a typhoon, and, before Tanglefoot got to his Gallows Mag, the sawdust floor sopped up a river of fresh blood. Yet this violence was child's play compared with the brutality and wholesale homicide their grotesque love affair spawned.

Gallows Mag was not just another song-and-dance hustler with a cubicle backstage in which to entertain paying admirers, not just another cigar-smoking, scratchy-voiced whiskey-shill bawd. Where the others brought a merely enticing womanhood to work, she brought a dazzling soft beauty and bodily dimensions that caught the breath short in a man's throat. And where the others were as unprincipled as the sucker-trade demanded, Gallows Mag Moore was downright savage, with carnally shameless ways of keeping the turnover of guests rapid in her room and a ready knockout drop for every drunken dawdler.

Nobody cared what she or those with her sang on stage, she could hardly be heard over the ribald racket of patrons and the bawling voices of waiters yelling across to the bar for drinks. The low-cut bodice of each dancer spilled luscious entertainment for the eye, and short skirts revealed the knees and half-bare thighs that were a lewd sight in 1879. The music blared and the gaslights blazed and, for the right price, waiters let men take drinks backstage to the cubicles of their choice. All the girls were voluptuous and none suffered for a night's business, but it was Gallows Mag who seldom returned to the stage after her first appearance of the night. It was this rush of backstage commerce that sparked the bloodshed of Tanglefoot Jackson's courtship.

"I want that one!" he roared at the waiter over the thump of music. "That high-stepping longlegs with the yeller hair."

Without a look behind him the waiter leaned over and yelled, "Gallows Mag, sure. Her drinks cost 10 big ones, mister."

Tanglefoot fished a tenspot off his roll and slapped it down. "Take the drink in and tell her old Tang Jackson's on his way!"

"Yeah? You got a big wait ahead of you, mister, a big wait."

The waiter hurried off, but Tanglefoot caught his coattail and held on, meanwhile bolting his three setups one after the other. Then he unwrapped himself from his chair, a long man of 30, burly above the waist but snake-hipped, with a head like an iron stove and a belligerent grin stamped as though permanently on a face mashed flat in many a brawl. "I can't wait, man! The others is all out for sport, but me," he bellowed, tapping his chest, "it's love here, pure and honest!"

"Even so," the impatient waiter snapped, "you got to wait your turn."

Letting up on the grin, Tanglefoot released the waiter and pulled his dandy-checked suit coat down at the hips.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

He plunged into the wings, dragging her by the wrist, until they got jammed in a screaming mass of half-stripped bawds.
Art by Bob Stanley

He sat his gray bowler on his head, patted it down, and muscled through the crowd until he reached the punching bag hung under a mural of wood nymphs. There he tapped the shoulder of a stocky man at work pummeling the bag and, when this honky-tonk athlete turned, Tanglefoot bowed.

"I beg your leave to let me at that bag a minute," he boomed. "There's this burning temper on me and it'll do this whole rookery good if I turn her loose on that leather sack."

At once men turned to witness this encounter, the atmosphere sensitive to any hint of conflict, and the stocky man's eyes darted from face to face in a swift appraisal of the moment. He bowed as delicately as Tanglefoot had, then said in a tender mocking tone, " Pray wait an hour, chump, until I'm good and ready to quit here."

Tanglefoot bent once more in a bow, but this time came up sharp with a hamlike fist that journeyed from the floor in a flash and lifted the hulk of the man a fraction off the ground as the blow cracked the surrounding din wide open. A cheer went up and the heavy man went down in a soundless heap directly under the punching bag, whereupon Tanglefoot Jackson planted one foot on the unconscious head and proceeded to dribble a fine rhythm on the bag with both fists.

His face was lit up once more by the grin and as he worked the bag a happy triumphant yowl escaped him. Soon he wheeled and raced across a space where the milling crowd had for an instant parted like the Biblical sea. With a vaulting leap, Tanglefoot was amid the chorus of girls on stage, showing the crowd the nimbleness that had long ago earned him his name. In a spin of long legs he reached Gallows Mag just as the orchestra blared the song's last notes,

Tanglefoot waited until Gallows Mag gave him the all clear, then he carried the body out and dropped it into the canal.

but he pulled her into his dance while the clapping and shrieking onlookers made adequate music to goad them on.

"Let up on me!" Mag bawled. "You crazy dude, I had enough!"

"You ain't had a thing," he laughed, "till you had this daddy, and that's right now!"

Into the wings he plunged, dragging her indelicately by a wrist, and together they got tangled up in the massed flesh of the other girls crowded there to watch. Then the girls were all screaming as two men built like boulders came charging through with small clubs they were paid to use on just such characters as Tanglefoot, who let out a laugh of high glee and ducked low to ram the first bouncer with his iron head. He caught a few blows to his back before he straightened up with something in hand that he brought down to fell the second bouncer.

"Man, I paid my money!" he cried as the first bouncer came up standing. "I want that girl bad!" he roared and brought his hand down in an arc again to crack a sickening sound through the yelping of girls and send the bouncer to rest bleeding with his partner. Tanglefoot found his hat and ran off after Gallows Mag, meanwhile returning his lead-filled leather sap to the inside pocket of his coat. "Wait up! Wait up! Ain't nothing stopping me, yeller-hair!"

On her dash around screaming girls, Gallows Mag screamed louder. "Keep away from me! Damn dude, I'll kill you!"

Tanglefoot ran laughing and two waiters loomed before him for a collision that sat them down as neat as lapdogs. One managed to grab a flying leg and the next instant caught it full in his face and fell back choking. Tanglefoot smashed a foot into the other man's face for good measure and threw himself at the door that Mag had pulled shut behind her, threw himself harder than he had to and went tumbling over the bed into the wall with a shattering thud.

Half-laughing and half in panic, Gallows Mag screamed, "You—I'll have your hide for this!"

"That's what I brung you!" Tanglefoot howled in a lunge for the dresser, which he swept around as a barrier that failed to bar the door only because a huge body came hurtling against it. Gallows Mag brought a bark out of Tanglefoot with nails dug deep into his neck and in came none other than the beefy man just fresh from his dreams under the punching bag.

He charged, raging insanely, "I'm gonna mangle you this time!" and hammered a fist squarely into the off-balance Tanglefoot's face.

Tanglefoot's back slapped the bed and he sprang up bloody and bellowing, charging like a bull to pound his head hard into the man's midriff and kill his breath. "You ain't gonna last!" he roared, his derby crammed down tight almost over his eyes. "You ain't gonna last!" he barked, driving a hail of quick fists deep into the target his head had just found while the man sucked wildly for air and Gallows Mag poured forth a fluttering banner of profanity.

He had a fist back to finish the sickened man off when glass crashed on his head and drenched, he sat down straight with a view of Mag spinning dizzily in her follow-through with the handle of a pitcher remaining in her grasp. Before he could gain his feet, the squat character kneed him a sharp hack in the eye and fell full on top of him, butting and punching with all his power. Tanglefoot, pounded everywhere, felt himself sinking away into a blaze of pain until a hollow sound of metal rang through Mag's shrieks and, as the lowering darkness disintegrated, the man's face hung poised above him with the trace of a stupid smile. Again Gallows Mag brought her shattered weapon

down on the thick head and, in the same instant, Tanglefoot pistoned all he could find of strength into the punch that had to count.

He pitched forward and caught the man under his armpits, hauled him up with a gigantic thrust just as the door flapped open, and threw him bodily at the pair of bouncers with enough force to make a heap of three battered men on the floor. He ducked just in time to take Mag's pot on the shoulder instead of the head and knock her into a corner with a slap.

His breath came in mighty gasps. "Whose side you on?" he panted, and kicked the door shut, swept the dresser against it, ran a sleeve smearing blood across his face. Leaning all his weight back to bolster the dresser against the pounding that began, he pushed the derby off his head and used it to brush the sawdust off himself. Then he plucked Mag up into his arms.

He jammed her face flat into the blood on his own while the dresser bucked with the angry strength of men trying to beat down the door. He kissed into her teeth as she gasped for air and he pulled at her costume in a few unceremonious yanks that took it down in shreds. The more she squirmed to escape, the harder he pressed against her until, with the dresser bucking and savage voices racketing outside, Gallows Mag's arms snaked around the neck of the animal who had fought and bled to get at her.

"Get out!" she shrieked when the two bouncers finally forced their way in. "Get the blazes out of here!"

Both sobbing for breath, they were left alone, and people in other cubicles heard them find each other, heard the weird cries of a celebration and a union that right then and there marked over 100 hapless men for murder.

Outside, the gaudy little harridan known as Pugnose Cora admonished her furious bouncers to give the couple their time. "He paid to visit her," she told them. "I'll see you get something extra for what he done to you. Go patch yourselves up."

Bejeweled and glittering, she went around the blaring orchestra pit to a table where two scantily dressed performers were leaning all that was bare of red velvet on the bull-shaped man who twice had lost consciousness in encounters with Tanglefoot Jackson. On orders from Pugnose Cora they were placating him with kisses and free drinks, but he continued to growl obscenities and swore to get murderous hands on his nemesis of a dandy-dressed ape.

"Ah, pipe down!" Cora yapped high over the crash of music. "I'm giving you the run of the place, ain't I? Why don't you repair to a private place with one of these charming ladies?"

"I ain't repairing nowheres," he said around a cigar while one of the girls lit it.

Around her own cigar, the other girl said, "How's about the whole three of us having a party?"

Pugnose Cora beamed like a proud grandmother. "What a charming idea!"

"I ain't going noplace! Not till I sink him in the canal!"

There was prophecy in those words, all right, but he had suggested the wrong victim and with the worst possible prospect for himself. Pugnose Cora took a hint from his remark and signaled a waiter with a gesture designed to put this man to sleep for the third time in one night. But when the knockout drink arrived, the character refused it with a sly laugh, insisting on a sealed bottle he could share with the two girls. For close to an hour Cora did her best to soothe him and spare her establishment the riot squad visit she had only barely missed a short while before. Then, finally, she came up with the one idea that engaged him—

Suddenly the wall panel opened and Tanglefoot had a perfect downward shot with his billy at the preoccupied customer.

and sent him, roaring with riotous laughter, to his doom.

"Get this!" she cried. "What do you say we throw him out of her room so's you can visit her yourself?"

He looked across the table at her obtusely for a moment, and then a grin spread slowly. "You mean he's so damn crazy for her and all? Yeah. Yeah, he'll go up in smoke over that."

"Like a volcano!" one of the girls barked.

But already Cora was sending a waiter off for her two bouncers, and presently Tanglefoot and Gallows Mag looked up from where she was bathing his bruised and battered face, looked up at Pugnose Cora and the grinning man and the two burly bouncers with patches on their heads and stubby pistols in their hands.

"What the hell is this?" Gallows Mag cried, pulling the robe tight around her.

"It's high time he got out of here," Pugnose Cora rasped. "You got a long line of guests waiting, and here's the first one."

"Him!" Tanglefoot hawked. He leaped up in a crouch, and got cold metal poked into his naked belly.

"Put your shirt on," a bouncer said, nudging him with the gun.

"I'm buying all her time!" Tanglefoot roared. "I'm taking her out of here for good!"

Gallows Mag laughed. "You crazy dude! Get out of here and let a lady work! I been losing money since you stormed in here!"

"You gonna be peaceful or not?" Pugnose Cora yapped. "I'm about to forget everything if you behave."

Tanglefoot gazed dumbfounded at Gallows Mag, then caught her quick wink and let the grin take over his face. He reached for his derby and put it on. As he moved about slinging on his shirt in the tiny room, the pistols covered him tight. He kept grinning while (*Continued on page* 54)

"There's a DRUG ADDICT ON MY

LINE!"

They're dialing Dr. Knox day and night—begging for the double-shot treatment that will make them "kick" their dope habit for good.

by GLENN D. KITTLER

THE young couple sat opposite me in the doctor's office. They were nervous and scared. The woman reached for the man's hand and held it tensely. "When does this stuff wear off?" she asked me.

"I don't know," I said. "When did you have your last fix?"

"At nine this morning," the man said. "Just before we left home."

Three hours. They should have been writhing on the floor in pain. I asked, "How much did you take?"

"We split a cap," the man said. "We always split them. We're not like a lot of couples who cheat on each other and sneak a fix. One of us never takes a fix without splitting with the other."

"That's right," the woman said. "We've always split."

They talked about their heroin addiction as if they were kids dividing candy. I asked, "How much have you been on?"

"About 80 caps a day," the man said.

Eight ounces. Enough to kill a horse. At the going rate, the eight ounces should have cost $200. "How can you afford it?" I asked.

"We've been working for some friends," the man said evasively.

After a week of interviewing dope addicts I had learned to understand what such answers meant: they were either pushing or smuggling the stuff. They were getting paid off in their own product—enough heroin to carry them until the next job. But now there would be no next job.

We were sitting in the Hollywood office of Dr. Stuart C. Knox, a prominent California (*Continued on page* 58)

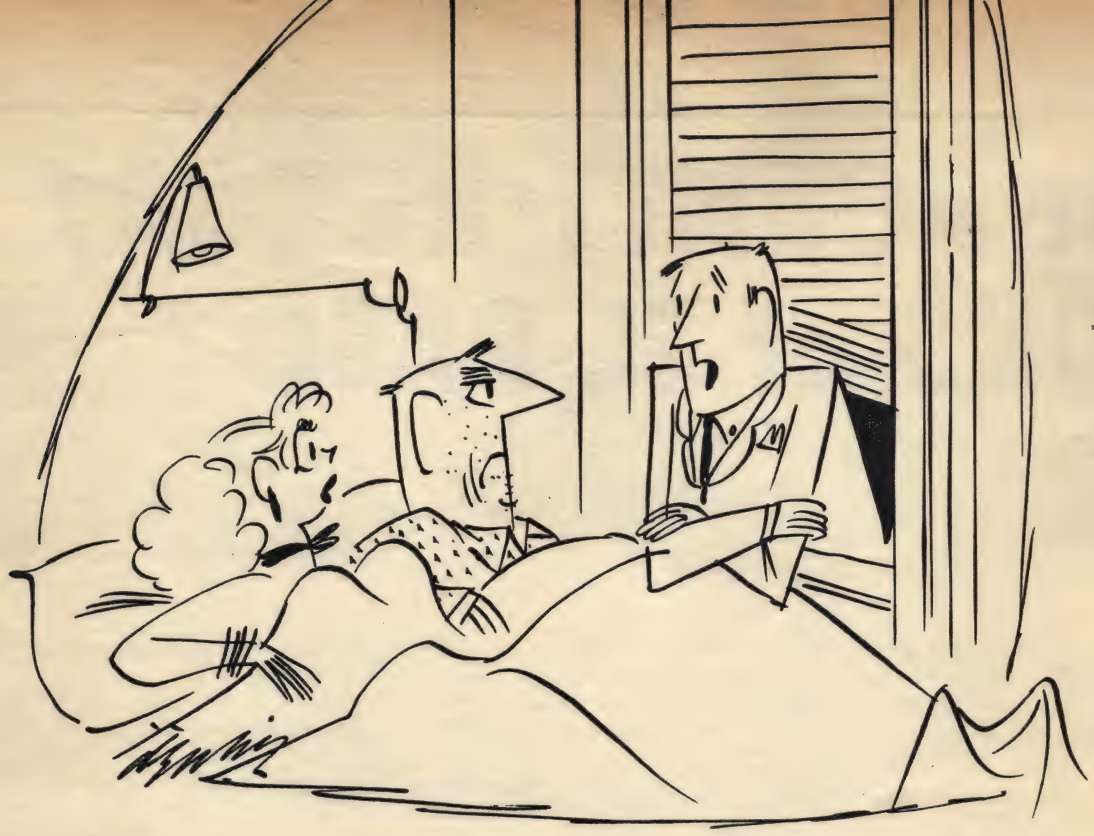
Even during the "easy cure" at the US federal hospital, addicts turn themselves inside out—and most of them go back to drugs.

trouble with women

Women aren't just a fad, they're here to stay. And as long as they're around, says cartoonist Dennis, some sad sack is going to wind up at the wrong end of the stick.

"Come in, SON."

"Sometimes I think that the romance has gone out of our marriage."



"Sally—I must tell you something that can't wait. May I speak freely, Sally?"

"Oh! Elrod was here and left a note while we were out."

the BOUNTY-HUNGRY GUNS of EL PASO

by JOSEPH CHADWICK

EXCEPT for the saloons in El Paso and the cantinas in Juarez, the two border towns facing each other across the Rio Grande were dark and quiet. A drunk staggered homeward through empty streets and a furtive figure prowled along the riverbank. Otherwise, the two men lying in ambush on the Texas end of the Mexican Central Railroad bridge, each with a cocked six-shooter in his hand, had the night to themselves.

"Think he'll show up, Jeff?" one whispered, sounding nervous.

"He'll show, Frank," the other whispered in reply. "He can't refuse the bait."

They were silent for a little while, peering uneasily toward the Mexican end of the bridge. Both were jumpy, on edge. Not that either would have admitted such a thing, however, for each had a reputation for fearlessness to maintain.

One was Texas Ranger Frank McMahon; the other was Jeff Milton, the Southwest's most famous lawman. They were experienced gun fighters, each with numerous killings to his credit, and not exactly novices at the grim business of setting up a mantrap. Besides, they wouldn't be alone when the showdown came. Another capable peace officer, a deputy United States marshal named George Scarborough, would be on hand when the trap was sprung.

But their knowledge of their intended victim was such as to make them edgy. He was no ordinary lawbreaker. He was unique, in fact, an outlaw with brains. His IQ was probably higher than that of any of the man hunters. It had made him rich, kept him safe for years, won him the protection of the Mexican authorities. Besides being something of an egghead, he was a fast man with a gun. It was only sensible to be wary of him.

"Must be past time," McMahon said. "I've a hunch he ain't coming." He seemed half hopeful that his hunch was right.

"The bait'll bring him," Milton replied confidently. "I already told you it can't fail."

"I ain't so sure."

"You ever seen the woman?"

"Sure, but——"

"Quiet," Milton cut in. "Here he comes!"

Not one but two shadowy figures loomed through the darkness at the opposite end of the high railroad trestle, coming from Juarez. The two officers took firmer grips on their six-shooters. They lay flat, since there was on the bridge no place for concealment. The other two came slowly, one hanging back as though reluctant—and suspicious.

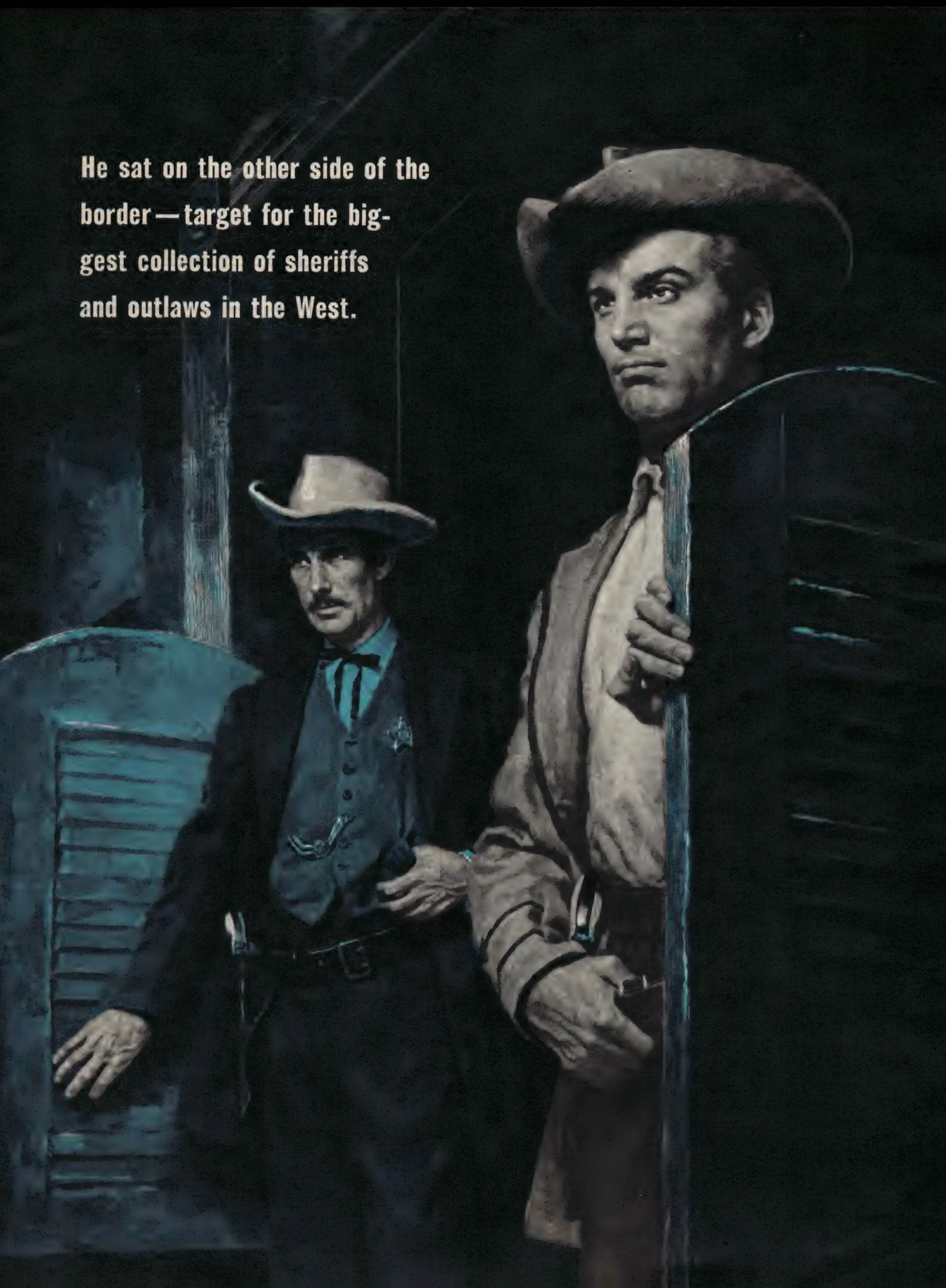
Milton whispered hoarsely, "That's him on the left. Be careful you don't hit Scarborough."

They were finally close enough, Deputy US Marshal Scarborough and the man he was leading into the trap. Milton heaved to his feet, shouted, "Throw up your hands, M'Rose!"

A moment of utter silence followed, then the victim roared an oath—and the ready guns began to bark.

The man whose name, M'Rose, seemed like a typographical error first appeared in the wild and woolly cattle country about 1880, and no man ever seemed less likely to make the grade as one of the West's most notorious badmen. Martin M'Rose hailed from a Polish settlement near Helena in south Texas, showing up at an Atascosa River ranch where he told the owners, the McGowan brothers, "Ya, a cowboy I vant to be. You hire me, no?" He always had trouble with the *th* and *w* sounds of the English language.

The McGowans possessed a cow-country sense of humor and were inclined to go along with a gag when given the chance. Grinning, they looked the Polander over and decided that he would do for a laugh. He was a husky blond character in clothes so disreputable a sharecropper's scarecrow wouldn't have been seen in them. As proof that he was a thirty-third degree tenderfoot, he wore brogans instead of boots. And he appeared so (*Continued on page* 68)


He sat on the other side of the border—target for the biggest collection of sheriffs and outlaws in the West.

STAG CONFIDENTIAL CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

GALLON POOL—for water alone . . . Newest trading stamps pay off in life insurance (for each $200 worth, you get $200 worth of life insurance). . . .

A QUICK LOOK AT THE VALUABLE GEM SITUATION: There are fair chances to find sapphire crystals in North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Montana; turquoise is all over the place in New Mexico and Nevada; Paris, Maine, is a good spot to hunt down tourmalines; little old Manhattan in New York is great, believe it or not, for valuable garnets (some beauts were found by engineers drilling the Hudson Tubes) . . . If you're shopping for a telescope or binocs, YOUR BEST BET IS EITHER A GERMAN OR AMERICAN JOB. You may get a fine Japanese one, but their work is spotty. . . .

A MAN'S WALLET

MEN OUTDOORS

MEN OUTDOORS

DON'T HOLD IT AGAINST A HIPPO if he charges your canoe and crushes it in half with his jaws. He thinks it's a crocodile and he can't stand the sight of them . . . Several white hunters have been BURPED OUT OF AFRICA. They had to quit because they were driven crazy by the sound of hippo burps . . . Crocodile is more of a drowner than a killer. His pleasure lies in holding you under water for a few hours. When he's had his fun, he'll "store" you away for a few weeks until you're good and rotten before partaking . . . In a 20-second charge, NO ANIMAL COMPARES IN SPEED TO THE LION. He's most often compared to a shell coming out of a cannon . . . A MONEY-IN-THE-BANK TIP FOR ANGLERS: Some 95 per cent of fishermen won't walk more than a half-mile from their cars to go fishing, 80 per cent won't even walk more than 100 yards. SO, IF YOU WALK A MILE FROM YOUR CAR, figure you've shut out 98 per cent of your competition. . . .

Alaskan safari, believe it or not, CAN SET YOU BACK MORE THAN AN AFRICAN SAFARI, especially when they start soaking you $100-$150 a day . . If you want to BOOT OUT SKUNK ODOR, rub in some tomato juice . . . IT ISN'T AS HOT AS YOU'D THINK ON ONE OF THOSE AFRICAN SAFARIS. Most hunting is on hills and high plains. Chances are you'll sleep under blankets at night . . . Bear paws a popular new delicacy, selling $12 a set for nice-sized offering (set is four paws) . . . OCTOPUS-WRESTLING taking over as the West Coast's newest outdoor craze. You need to be a good skin diver, with strong hands and forearms, and nerves that won't rattle when you face an octopus for the first time. The usual holds won't do. Trick is to grab beast near the eyes where the bag ends and the tentacles begin—otherwise he'll cover you with a giant spurt of ink. . . .

NEW FOR MEN

"Breathing" minnow buckets . . . JET BOAT BAILER that tosses out five gallons of water a minute. . . .

A new "wet" muffler for inboards that makes exhaust purr . . . Grass-growing mat you just roll on your lawn to give you a tough, just-about-permanent grass. . . .

Garden hose attachment that pumps water out of your cellar, swimming pool, etc. . . . NEW ALARM THAT'LL CUT IN ON A TELEPHONE LINE, MAKES CALLS TO POLICE, FIRE DEPARTMENT, HOSPITAL, playing a recorded message. . . .

A DEADER BALL FOR GOLFERS, so long-drive boys won't ruin courses . . . New Eastman Kodak enlarging paper that lets you make black and white prints from color negs—getting wonderful new tones. . . .

A FOUR-ROOM PREFAB BEACH HOUSE TO WITHSTAND HURRICANE AND HIGH WATER . . . An automatic car antenna that rises when you turn on the radio, retracts when you turn it off . . . FANTASTIC MACHINE that can reproduce any voice that's ever been recorded, and make it say or sing whatever is desired. Can have IKE saying, "Lay down your arms" . . . A GREAT NEW DO-IT-YOURSELF TELESCOPE KIT (six-inch reflecting). . . .

MEN IN UNIFORM

YOU WANT REAL BIG TROUBLE just tramp across the spit-shined jump boots of a paratrooper; five gets you 10 HE'LL TEAR YOU APART . . To be "Loxed Up" among missilemen means to be "stewed to the gills." . . .

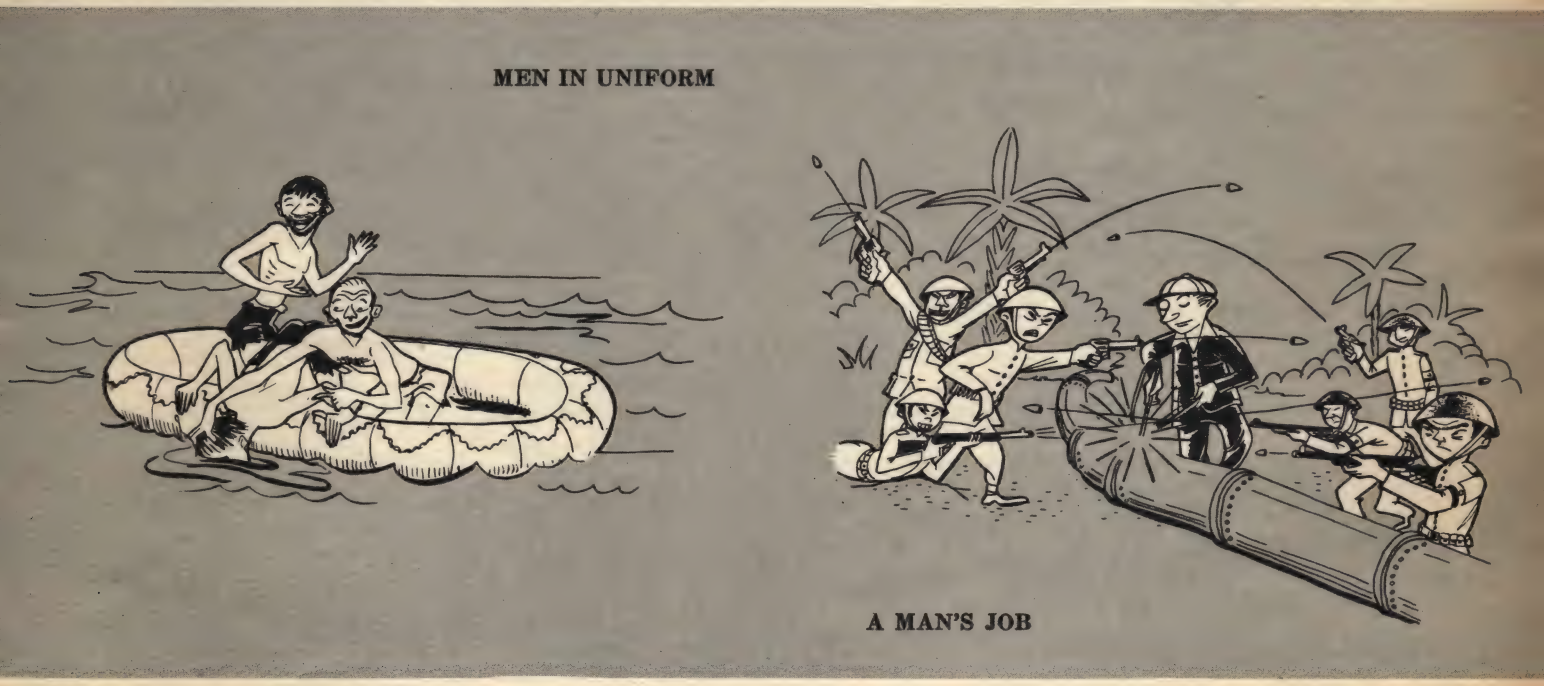
Most downed WW II airmen who lost limbs to sharks in the ocean claim they could feel bleeding to perk up their interest. . . .

Most harmful piece of survival information passed out to some troops during WW II: that urine, drunk in the first few days on a raft, is dilute enough to provide usable water. THAT'S A COMPLETE WRONGO. No matter how dilute, urine is still unusable as water . . . If a guy was going to lose any part of him to a shark, IT WAS USUALLY HIS HEEL. . . .

Survey showed that even on a one-month life-raft survival experience, GI WOULD NEVER THINK ONCE OF SEX. Thoughts of food drove out all passionate impulses. . . .

A MAN'S JOB

ONE QUICK WAY TO MAKE IT TO THE FAR EAST is through the American Red Cross which takes on plenty of help. They're at Spring



MEN IN UNIFORM

A MAN'S JOB

no pain at the time . . . BRITISH SURVIVORS, INCIDENTALLY, SEEMED THE WACKIEST. Their favorite game was holding each other's heads under water to see who could stay down the longest. . . .

Quick question: which service has more decorations for valor, per man, than any other? Answer: the sub service . . . GIs in Paris GETTING ROUGHED UP BY ALGERIAN SYMPATHIZERS, for some reason. . . .

STORIES COMING IN OF BRITISH SURVIVORS, pilots, WHO TRIED TO, BUT COULDN'T SURRENDER TO GERMANS, because Germans wouldn't have them. In the desert, they went to a German outpost near El Alamein, insisted that they be taken prisoners. But the Germans hadn't had water or communication for 36 hours and the last thing they wanted was prisoners. So they shooed off the British pilots toward Allied lines. . . .

WW II VETS GET MORE ROPED OFF ABOUT DIEPPE THAN ANY OTHER OPERATION. The bitter ones insist the British just thought the troops were getting bored and needed a little

St., Atlanta, Ga. . . . IF YOU THINK YOU CAN STICK IT OUT IN CIVIL-WAR-TORN INDONESIA, there are flocks of jobs going begging for lube mechanics, pipeline welders and security officers in Sumatra. . . .

OIL COPS are in the ruggedest line you can find. They're hired by oil companies for work on overseas refineries. The job is to protect installations from rough treatment and to tussle with local guerrillas who attempt sabotage. Only tough boys need apply (ex-rangers, paratroopers, etc.) . . .

PROFITS RUNNING HIGH THESE DAYS FOR EXPERT WHITTLERS—in the New England area . . . HEAVY-DUTY MECHANICS WHO SAVVY SPANISH getting the breaks on construction jobs in Peru . . . "MUTTS EXCLUSIVE" is the neat racket being pulled off by smart operators around the country. They round up a bunch of ordinary old hound dogs and sell them to people just that way, no false pretenses. Amazing number of people around with a yen for a plain old mutt with no pedigree. . . .

THE MAN WHO HATED STREETWALKERS

Continued from page 17

men'll give me five bob—and more—so I'm on my way. Good night, dearie."

Mary Nichols maneuvered out the door, turned a corner and headed north on heavily populated Bucks Row. Tipsy as she was, she still had her mind on business. That was why, in the middle of the block, her eye lit on a cloaked figure huddled in the shadows of a brick wall. She paused, then approached the figure. A passing pedestrian observed her shaky progress, overheard her croaked question: "Are you lookin' for a bit of fun, dearie?" and hurried on his way.

Approximately five minutes later, Police Constable James Neill came along and found Mary Nichols. She was lying on her back, a position she apparently had assumed voluntarily, and her throat was cut almost from ear to ear. And when a doctor was summoned, he discovered, as *The Times* reported it the next day, "additional and terrible wounds in the abdomen."

BY daylight, news of the murder had spread throughout the East End, and the district felt the chilly fingers of terror clutching at its vitals. People now recalled Emma Smith's death in April, and Martha Tabram's three weeks before. They marked that a slasher's knife had killed all three, and they whispered about the reputed mutilations he had visited on his victims. Was there a madman on the loose? they asked. In the pubs, and in the shops, and on the streets, they wondered: What are the police doing to catch the killer?

Newspaper reporters, full of the same question, besieged Scotland Yard that afternoon, and demanded an answer in person from Sir Charles Warren, the commissioner. Sir Charles would not answer directly, but, after huddling with his subordinates, he permitted them to issue a statement, which seemed strangely at odds with the known facts. "We have no theory with respect to the matter," the statement ran, "except that a gang of ruffians exists in the neighborhood which, blackmailing women of the 'unfortunate' class, takes vengeance on those who do not find money for them."

On Friday, September 7th, Annie Chapman, one of the "unfortunate" class, awoke in her pay-by-the-night lodginghouse with a terrible hangover. But she had one source of consolation. Her hustling of the night before had proved unusually successful, and in her pocketbook reposed almost a pound. She got into her clothes, adorned herself with a moth-eaten fur piece, and stepped out into the East End streets. The fur piece was a ridiculous elegancy; that day London was sweltering in a sweaty, humid blanket of late-summer heat.

Like a bird dog after grouse, Annie headed for the nearest pub, and downed a couple of quick ones. That set the pattern for her day and, by evening, she had slipped her modest riches over half a dozen East End bars, and had got herself tight—and broke.

Shortly after midnight, Annie pounded on the door of her lodginghouse. The proprietor, an unshaven, gimlet-eyed rascal named Bates, allowed her to step into the hallway, and then he thrust a grimy hand before her face. "You know the rules, Annie," he reminded her. "No money, no bed."

Annie summoned an arch smile. "Be a good lad, Bert, and let me stay this once. I'll pay you tomorrow, I swear."

"Outside with you! You've ways to get money. So be off to your work." He grabbed her by the arm, swung her through the door, and slammed it behind her. Making faint sounds of outraged dignity, Annie smoothed down her dress and sauntered up the block.

Around 20 minutes later, at 12:30, Mrs. Elizabeth Long passed No. 29 Hanbury Street. The address was a cheap rooming house, with a front door that was never locked and which gave on a passageway leading directly to a rear courtyard. Mrs. Long observed a couple standing in front of the building, apparently in intimate conversation. About to pass them, she observed the ratty fur piece around the woman's neck, and recognized it as belonging to Annie Chapman, whom she knew. Mrs. Long thought to call out good evening to Annie, and altered her course slightly to approach her. But she remained silent when she heard the man ask Annie, "Will you?" and Annie reply, "Yes."

Precisely 10 minutes later, a roomer in No. 29 Hanbury Street walked into the rear courtyard to deposit some trash. He emerged from it bellowing, "Police! Police!" In the courtyard, he had stumbled over Annie's murdered corpse.

According to the coroner's reconstruction of the crime, "the deceased entered the yard in full possession of her faculties, although with a different object to her companion's. Once in the yard, the wretch must then have seized the deceased, perhaps with Judas-like approaches. He seized her by the chin. He pressed her throat, and while thus preventing the slightest cry, he at the same time produced insensibility and suffocation. There was no evidence of any struggle. The clothes were not torn. The deceased was then lowered to the ground and laid on her back. Her throat was then cut in two places with savage determination, and injuries to the abdomen commenced, including the removal of the uterus. The injuries were made by someone with considerable anatomical skill. The organ was taken by someone who knew where to find it. No mere slaughterer of animals could have carried out this operation. It must have been someone accustomed to the post-mortem room. The amount missing would go into a breakfast cup, and had not the medical examination been of a thorough character, it might easily have been left unnoticed that any portion of the body was missing. The conclusion seems overwhelming that the motive was to possess the missing abdominal organ."

Beginning at daybreak, only a few hours after the murder, Scotland Yard Commissioner Sir Charles Warren put in a busy day. He was now willing to concede that the former theory of a gang behind the killings needed revision. He caused the quaking and greatly impressed Mrs. Long to be summoned into his august presence, and when he was through with her, he issued orders for a wanted poster to be distributed, with this description: "Man, Age 37; height, 5 feet 7 inches; rather dark beard and mustache. Dress—shirt, dark jacket, dark vest and trousers, black scarf and black felt hat. Speaks with foreign accent."

SIR Charles then called in Inspector Winston McKee. "A bad show, this," said Sir Charles. "What do you suggest we do to stop the fellow?"

McKee thought long and hard, until his eyes brightened. He snapped his fingers. "I've got it, sir! Let's pick out our smallest men, dress them up in women's clothes, and set them to walking around the East End. Maybe this bloke will have a go at one of them. He'll get more than he bargained for."

"Splendid idea!" said Sir Charles. "See to it right away, Inspector!" That night, the "regular" streetwalkers of the East End observed that a strange influx of competition had joined their ranks.

The "regulars" were not so much resentful of the new faces as they were puzzled. For, throughout the day, sentiment among the ladies of the evening had fast swung toward cringing fear at being abroad in pursuit of a livelihood. The women had been gathering in small groups throughout the section, and panic had put its stamp on them. Four were dead by the slasher's knife—and all four had been prostitutes.

"It's the risk of murder to go on the streets at night," they cried in protest. "How are we going to make a living?"

Within a few days, a committee of the sisterhood called at the district police station, and faced the officer in charge with their problem. Their spokesman was one Elizabeth Stride, known as Long Liz. She was considered a cut above the others in the sisterhood; she had had some education, and she was the object of much sympathy. Ten years before, her husband and two children had been drowned in an excursion-boat sinking; the

tragedy had driven her to drink and the streets.

The officer found himself in a dilemma. Technically, he knew, soliciting could not exist under the law. But he was aware of the realities of East End life. He scratched his head, and came up with a suggestion which he offered in all seriousness. "I'll tell you what," he said. "You're afraid to walk the streets alone. Very well. But if you go in pairs, and *stay with each other every minute of the time,* no slasher would dare raise his hand."

Terror in the East End was not confined to the bawds. Every household felt the imminence of sudden and horrible murder, and the infection, indeed, spread throughout the city. At night, doors were doubly barred, to protect the women who would not set foot on the streets after sundown. Householders brought out firearms that had long lain untouched and slept with them at arm's reach. Along with this ocean of fear arose a general public outcry, most of it directed at the unhappy head of Sir Charles Warren.

The commissioner did not enjoy the unsolicited attention. The Ripper seemed astute enough to ignore the plain-clothes "women" who were sashaying around the East End, and Warren did not know which way to turn. On the basis of the wanted poster, suspects by the hundreds were arrested in the city and outside it, but there was not even a whisper of a case against any of them. In his desperation, Sir Charles grasped at straws, some of them ludicrous. For instance, he remembered having read in a work of fiction the theory that when a person dies, the last thing he has seen in life will be photographed on the pupils of his eyes.

With great solemnity—and expectation of success—the test was made on the dissected eyes of poor Annie Chapman. But no portrait of Jack the Ripper was thus provided by his victim.

THE day after Annie Chapman's murder was reported in the papers a young music critic and writer sat in his Bloomsbury garret and got off an indignant letter to the press. He was a young man full of social zeal and social protest, and it was his notion that perhaps the Ripper killings were intended to call to the attention of the world the appalling slum conditions of the East End.

"If," he wrote, "the habits of duchesses only admitted of their being decoyed into East End backyards, a single experience in slaughterhouse anatomy might fetch in a round half million pounds for improving the area and save the necessity of sacrificing four women of the people." At the end of the letter, the writer appended his signature. It was George Bernard Shaw.

For almost three weeks after the killing of Annie Chapman, London shivered in its collective boots, and then began to find some small hope in the fact that the murderer seemed quiescent. But on Thursday, September 27th, the city plunged again into a quagmire of fear when it learned of a letter received that day at the offices of the Central News Agency, a London press syndicate. The letter was signed "Jack the Ripper," and it contained a flip confession of guilt of the four murders attributed to him. "In my next job," he wrote, "I'll clip the lady's ears off and send them to the police. Just wait!"

For reasons of their own, Scotland Yard officials were convinced that the letter was genuine. Word went out to the heavily reinforced police patrols of the East End to be doubly alert. The Ripper had threatened to strike again.

That Saturday night the members of the International Education Club, a workingmen's group, held their usual weekly meeting at their East End clubhouse on Berner Street. The assemblage of 40 sat solemnly through a lecture on economics, but when it was over they loosened up with beer, while they sang around a piano. At 1:05 A.M. Collin Doremus, a club member, felt oppressed by the smoke and the sticky heat of the crowded room. He wanted a breath of fresh air, and he decided to step out into a narrow courtyard which adjoined the clubroom. He opened a side door, and as he did so he observed a horse and cart draw up to the pavement before the courtyard. The horse shied and whinnied, and the driver began to climb down from his seat. At about the same instant, Doremus glimpsed a shadowy figure scuttle from the courtyard, dart around the back of the wagon, and disappear into the shadows of Berner Street.

As the drayman began to advance into the yard, Doremus, whose eyes were now more accustomed to the darkness, looked about him. He and the drayman spotted the supine figure at the same time, and they bent over it together—long enough to observe that the figure was a woman's, and that her throat had been cut. They did not know it, but her name was Elizabeth Stride; she was the Long Liz Stride who had acted as spokeswoman for the prostitutes in their futile appeal for protection to the police. Long Liz had not taken the advice to travel in pairs; she had gone on the streets alone. The Ripper had cut her throat, to be sure, but he had spared her the indignity of any further mutilation, an involuntary act of consideration, undoubtedly explained by the unexpected appearance of Doremus and the drayman.

BY 1:30 that morning, the courtyard on Berner Street was alive with police and representatives of officialdom. At that very hour, Constable Ben Whiteson was making his rounds in the vicinity of Mitre Square, which lay only a quarter of an hour's walk from Berner Street. At precisely 1:30, Whiteson carefully scrutinized the square and was satisfied that it was empty. Normally, he would not reach it again for a half hour, but since the advent of the Ripper, his beat had been shortened and he knew he would complete his round in 15 minutes. On the dot of 1:45, the constable again flashed his torch around the darkened benches and cobblestones of Mitre Square. The Ripper had been there ahead of him, to despatch his second victim of the night—Catherine Eddowes.

As *The Times* reported it: "The deceased was found lying on her back with her head inclined to one side. The throat was terribly cut, and there were other mutilations, among them the removal of the left kidney. . . . The police theory is that the man and woman had watched the policeman pass

"Just once, I'd like to spend an afternoon like that."

round the square and then entered it for immoral purposes. Five minutes would have sufficed for the completion of the work."

On Monday morning, while Sir Charles Warren was in the midst of thundering instructions to his harassed subordinates concerning the Ripper murders, Inspector McKee hurried into his office, holding a postcard which he thrust before the Commissioner's eyes. "This just came in," said McKee. "I've compared it with the letter sent to the Central News Agency. The handwritings are the same." Addressed to "The Commissioner, Scotland Yard," the card bore this message: "I was not coddling, Dear Old Boss, when I gave you the tip. You've heard about Saucy Jack's work. Double event this time. Number One squealed a bit; couldn't finish straight off. Had no time to get ears for police."

WHEN George Lusk, respectable East End shopkeeper, awoke on the morning of October 4th, he decided to take action on certain ideas he had been brooding over during most of the night. Lusk had a wife and two adult daughters, and since the Ripper had walked abroad his household had been swathed in the twin sheets of terror and tension. Lusk was concerned for the safety of his womenfolk; he was also alarmed at the horrendous publicity the district had acquired. His business had fallen off, and he feared the decline might get worse. It was time, he believed, that the landlords and merchants of the East End did something to protect their own interests.

During that and succeeding days, George Lusk busied himself monumentally, calling on tradespeople, getting signatures and commitments of support. When he was through, he had formed a Vigilance Committee, and he found himself its chairman. The committee went through some admirable—and ineffectual—posturings. Its members called on the police, on members of Parliament, passed a good many resolutions, all impeccable in their intent, but of no practical value. As a consequence, though, George Lusk got his name in the papers liberally. He regretted it.

On October 12th, Lusk received a package in the mail, accompanied by a letter. The package contained what appeared to be a portion of a human kidney, and the letter, signed "Jack the Ripper," contained this message: "Sir: I send you half the kidney I took from one woman. The other piece, I fried and ate it. It was very nice. I may send you the bloody knife that took it out if you can only wait a while longer."

The horrified Lusk rushed with the package to Scotland Yard, and thence the horrified Inspector McKee rushed with it to the pathological curator of the London Hospital Museum. The curator took the specimen and retired with it to his laboratory. When he emerged, his researches completed, he reported to McKee, in horrified tones: "The exhibit is unquestionably a portion of a human kidney. Its possessor, in life, I can say with assurance, was heavily addicted to gin."

Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria, was not expected to read the tremendous output of mail directed to her by her humble, loyal, and occasionally complaining subjects. Secretaries were employed to cull each day's intake, and to place before the sovereign those matters deemed worthy of her attention. It was therefore significant that a petition, certified to have come from "Women of the Respectable Labouring Classes of East London," was placed on Her Majesty's desk on the afternoon of October 17th. Apparently, the instigators of the petition, like the Vigilance Committee, were concerned that their neighborhood was getting a bad name, for it ran: "Our Most Gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria. Madam: We, the women of East London, feel horror at the dreadful sins that have been lately in our midst, and grief because of the shame that has befallen the neighbourhood. By the facts which have come out at the inquests, we have learned much of the lives of those of our sisters who have lost a firm hold on goodness and who are living sad and degraded lives. We call on your servants in authority and bid them put the law which already exists in motion to close bad places within whose walls such wickedness is done, and men and women ruined in body and soul. We are, Madam, your loyal and humble subjects."

In a much more belligerent mood, the great Parnell rose in the House of Commons on October 22nd, to relate the butchery of Jack the Ripper to the momentous question of Home Rule for Ireland. Her Majesty's Government, he thundered, were unfit to sit as overlords of the embattled population of the Emerald Isle. Indeed, he charged, the government was unable to cope with such a relatively simple matter as the apprehension of the Ripper, and every woman in London walked in the shadow of his murderous knife. Parnell possessed no small talent as an orator, and before he was through, members of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition rose en masse to shout a demand. It was a call for Sir Charles Warren to resign.

THE morning mist threw a wintry chill over the landscape of London's Regent's Park. Nonetheless, on that morning of October 29th, the small group of men and beasts set about their projected business with an air of determination. The men were two: a Mr. Edwin Brough and Sir Charles Warren. The beasts were four: bloodhounds belonging to Mr. Brough. In what must have been a mood of pure desperation, Sir Charles had been persuaded that the animals might be effective in sniffing out Jack the Ripper in the crowded East End streets. But a lingering doubt had prompted Sir Charles to call for a demonstration of the bloodhounds' efficacy. He, the dogs, and their owner had rendezvoused in Regent's Park for a test run.

Sir Charles appointed himself the quarry. The bloodhounds sniffed various articles of his clothing, and then were held in leash while Sir Charles got a head start. He shot off into the brush, and a half hour later the hounds were loosed—and off they went, too.

Mr. Brough waited and waited. After two hours, Sir Charles reappeared, without the dogs. They hadn't come within miles of him, and he sadly concluded that bloodhounds, after all, would not solve the problem of Jack the Ripper.

For Mr. Brough, the day was a complete debacle. In the papers the next morning, there appeared this classified notice: "Lost, in Regent's Park or vicinity, four bloodhounds. Owner will reward person or persons aiding in their return. Edwin Brough."

(*Continued on page* 48)

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(*Continued from page* 46)

On November 8th an austere communiqué was issued from the office of the Home Secretary. It read: "The Home Secretary has today accepted the resignation of Sir Charles Warren as Chief Commissioner of Scotland Yard." Sir Charles had had enough.

AT the Five Bells on Dorset Street, Mary Jane Kelly was a favored customer. Only 25, she was darkly pretty, the fees she commanded for her bedroom services were consequently high, and she was quite willing to stand a drink all around more than her share of the time. Moreover, a certain glamor hovered over Mary Jane; she had only recently become a professional, and it was generally believed that she had had an extensive history as the mistress of a succession of wealthy men. Many who observed her in the Five Bells wondered how she had come to be living in the East End, and they predicted that she soon would return to better surroundings.

Mary Jane Kelly appeared at the Five Bells around ten on the night of November 8th. She spent a couple of sociable hours there, and when she left, alone, she may have been enjoying a pleasant alcoholic glow, but she was by no means drunk.

Mary Jane lived at No. 13 Miller's Court, in one of a row of two-story houses, each floor of which constituted a large, one-room apartment. Her flat was on the ground floor, with an entrance to it leading directly from a courtyard. The floor above her was occupied by a young woman named Mary Ann Cox, who, returning home at one o'clock on the morning of November 9th, noticed that the lights were on in Mary Jane Kelly's place. While Mary Ann was preparing for bed, she heard from below the familiar tones of her neighbor raised in song. She recognized the tune at "Sweet Violets." "Only a violet I plucked from my mother's grave," sang Mary Jane, and Mary Ann got the impression that all was well below.

At around 3:30 or four that morning, Mrs. Elizabeth Prater, who lived at 20 Miller's Court, across from Mary Jane Kelly, was awakened by a frolicsome kitten in her room. As she lay for a moment in the dark, she heard, from the direction of the courtyard, a woman's voice cry out in a low tone: "Oh, murder!" Mrs. Prater rolled over and went to sleep. She later explained that she had ignored the outcry because "we were continually hearing cries of murder in the court."

At 11:15 that morning, the owner of the group of buildings instructed John Bowyer, an employee: "Go over to Number 13 and ask Mary Jane Kelly for some rent. She owes 35 shillings." Bowyer complied, and knocked on Mary Jane's door. He got no answer. He tried the door and found it locked, and when he peeked through the keyhole, he observed that the key was missing. Then he obtained a short ladder, climbed up a few steps, and looked into the room through a parting in the curtains. He saw Mary Jane Kelly lying on her bed entirely naked and covered with blood.

When the police arrived, they removed a window and trooped into the room. "A horrible and sickening sight presented itself," reported *The Times*. "The poor girl lay on her back on the bed. Her throat was cut from ear to ear, right down to the spinal column. The ears and nose had been cut clean off. The breasts had also been cleanly cut off and placed on a table which was by the side of the bed. The stomach and abdomen had been ripped open while the face was slashed beyond all recognition. The kidneys and heart had also been removed from the body and placed on the table by the side of the breasts. The liver had likewise been removed and laid on the right thigh. The lower portion of the body and the uterus had been cut out, and these were missing. The thighs had been cut. A more horrible or sickening sight could not be imagined."

The murder of Mary Jane Kelly constituted an inglorious blaze of glory for Jack the Ripper. Possibly, its very savagery finally satisfied the compulsion which had driven him to his dirty work. Or possibly other circumstances explained his retirement from the East End Streets. In any case, after the Kelly murder, the Ripper was heard from no more. At least not in that guise. But who *was* Jack the Ripper?

IN 1903, 15 years after Jack had cut his swath of terror, a certain George Chapman, accused of murdering three women by poison, was tried for the death of one of them in London's Old Bailey. He was found guilty, and hanged. On the day after the execution, *The Times* ran an intriguing story, which said in part: "Although Scotland Yard will make no official pronouncement on the matter, highly placed officers there are said to strongly believe that George Chapman was also the notorious, fiendish Jack the Ripper. Their reasons are persuasive, and are based largely on the following facts.

"Chapman, whose real name was Severin Klosowski, was born in Poland, and had once been a surgeon in a Warsaw hospital. The Ripper obviously had a professional acquaintance with anatomy.

"Chapman arrived in London early in the spring of 1888, and went to live in the East End. The Ripper murders began immediately after his arrival.

"The police have talked with the woman with whom he was living at the time, and she clearly recalls that when the name of Jack the Ripper was on everyone's tongue, Chapman often came home at four or five in the morning, without offering any explanation of where he had been.

"Within a few weeks of the murder of Mary Jane Kelly, the last Ripper victim, Chapman went to America, where he remained for some years.

"The description of the Ripper, which the police accepted at the time as probably accurate, fits in every detail the description of Chapman—age, weight, height, and the fact that the Ripper spoke with a foreign accent.

"Finally, the Scotland Yard officials referred to are impressed with the basic resemblance in the nature of the Ripper and Chapman crimes. In both instances, helpless women were killed to no discernible end. The murders gained nothing and accomplished nothing.

"If George Chapman were really Jack the Ripper, the possibility of corroborative certainty vanished forever yesterday when the trap was sprung at Wandsworth Prison. But in the opinion of seasoned police authorities, the execution also marked the close of the mysterious, fascinating case of Jack the Ripper." ◆◆◆

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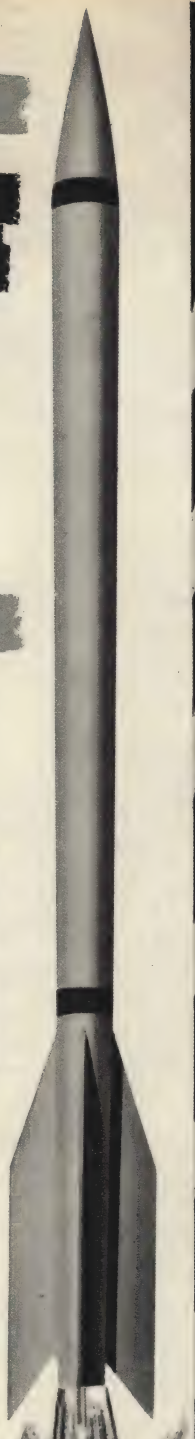

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DAVID WHIPPEY—YANKEE KING OF THE ISLANDS

Continued from page 23

not merely a good Samaritan. He was also a good businessman. For his services as go-between and translator, he was rewarded by the natives with food and shelter; and, enterprisingly enough, he was repaid by the seamen he rescued, as well as the ships that took them aboard. He later referred to this dryly as his "triangle trade."

ALTHOUGH Whippey was accepted by the islanders from the start, he knew that one day he would have to prove his manhood according to the rites of the Mbau tribe. Until then, he had to remain an outsider, who might find himself winding up in the pot. Once initiated, though, he would be safe.

Yet he dreaded the "ordeal of the heart," for this involved cannibalism. The idea of eating human flesh paralyzed him with horror. On a desperate gamble, he told Thakombau that the religion of the land he came from forbade such a practise. That would not prevent him, Whippey hastened to add, from helping the Mbau tribe in its hunt for *bokolo* or "long pig," as human flesh is called.

Thakombau accepted the excuse. Yet Whippey realized that no matter how horrifying the hunt might prove to be, if the expression on his face should betray his true feelings, he too might be put to death.

Before dawn, Thakombau and his warriors climbed into their huge war canoes. These craft, hundreds of feet in length and with 30-foot steering oars, were beautiful in design. Hollowed out of giant logs, they could survive violent storms; and when the wind caught their rattan sails, they skimmed over the sea swiftly. On this day, however, the air stood still.

In the dim morning light, with all colors softened and the sky a smooth vault of pale blue, the cannibals bent to their paddles. With flawless rhythm, they sent the war canoes knifing through the water. The Mbau fleet followed the shoreline a while and then veered south into the Pacific.

After hours of paddling at an unbroken pace, they caught sight of the island they planned to attack. Like most in the Fiji group, this one had had a volcanic birth, and so its 2,000-foot peak could be seen at a considerable distance, long before the invaders themselves could be discerned. In accordance with Whippey's tactics, the Mbau fleet split into three groups. One, with Thakombau at the head, would attack from the north. The second would attack from the south. The third would not attack at all. It would lie in wait, far enough offshore to be unseen, to the east of the island—for there were sheer cliffs on the western end, so that this had to be the direction the fleeing enemy would take, when squeezed by the Mbau pincers.

There was not much of a battle. As Whippey himself commented in a letter: "Cannibals are reputed to be bloodthirsty, but this is not true. They are remarkably peaceful. They rarely fight among themselves, and even with the children, physical struggles are frowned on. When they go hunting 'long pig,' the struggle is of brief duration. Once the enemy chief has been slain, his men flee or surrender. Since they know they will be slaughtered and eaten, this passiveness may seem puzzling. The answer is that they see it as the 'will of the gods,' and they accept it fatalistically."

Under these conditions, Whippey's rifle and his own marksmanship served Thakombau's purpose to perfection. With a single bullet, he could kill the enemy leader and demoralize his followers. After that, little remained for the Mbau warriors to do except round up the panic-stricken fugitives.

On this occasion, Whippey was initiated into cannibalistic rites. He saw the captured islanders divided into groups of men, women and children. The faces of these people "forever haunted me, for they were without fear, without anger, truly without feeling." Only the little children cried, when they were taken from their mothers; and their tears were ended by swift strokes with a spear.

With swift efficiency, the Mbau tribesmen prepared for the coming feast. In the center of the village, pits were dug, five feet deep, five feet wide, and eight feet long. Fires were started and fed constantly; and, as before, stones made the final layer.

When the cooking pits were judged hot enough, Mbau warriors led in enemy males, one at a time. There was no torture. A man, hands lashed behind his back, simply kneeled on the ground. From the rear, a warrior swung a heavy war club and crushed the man's skull. His body was dragged off and piled with others like cordwood, while the next victim entered.

THE bodies were then carefully prepared for roasting, stuffed with breadfruit and yams and wrapped in banana leaves. The severed heads were wrapped separately, packed in seaweed.

Next, some of the hot stones were removed from the pits so that the bodies and heads could be deposited there, and then the stones were replaced on top, with still another fire lit on the surface. The "long pig" would be roasted to perfection.

Meanwhile some of the captive females had been assigned to make kava, which Whippey described as "moldy fruit juice." These women took the kava root, which looks like a giant, gnarled potato, and scraped it into wooden bowls. After that, they chewed away at mouthfuls like cows with cuds, spitting the liquid they extracted from the pulp into other bowls. Fresh coconut milk was then added, and through this concoction they passed a sieve-like piece of hibiscus fiber, straining it of all remaining kava pulp.

Night had fallen, and fires were lit. Mbau warriors, drinking kava, started working themselves into a dancing frenzy, and their bodies changed colors weirdly—black in the shadows of the night, tinged red in the light of the fire. Whippey, coconut shell filled with kava in one hand, watched them cavort like wild men.

The time had come for the eating of the *bokolo*. The top layers of stones were removed, and Mbau tribesmen, using long green tree limbs, lifted the roasts out of the pits, placing them on banana leaves that had been spread on the ground.

WHEN the Mbau warriors had had all they could eat and all they could drink, they went to the hut where the captive women waited, chose mates and engaged in a kind of ceremonial copulation. Whippey could not refuse to join; but in recounting the event in later years, he insisted that none of the tribesmen paid him much attention, so that his participation was a sham.

"The fact that the women were helpless and had no choice was not the thing that disturbed me," Whippey explained. "Fiji women rarely do. But these females were like the living dead. They did what they were told, but their eyes seemed vacant and their very bodies were numb. I saw one warrior accidentally step on a woman he did not see. Her face remained a mask, and not a muscle quivered. I cannot understand the phenomenon, but the fact remains that these women were no longer human."

The Mbau tribesmen sailed the next dawn. With them went the captured women. When Whippey asked Thakombau why the children had been left behind to die, the Mbau chief shook his head. "They will not die," he replied. "Among them are young hunters and girls who will bear children. If we did not leave them to breed, our children would grow up and have no *bokolo* to hunt."

David Whippey was not a missionary. Yet in the long run he achieved more success than any clergyman in educating Fiji Islanders along less barbaric lines. It is a matter of record that by the time of his death in 1887, cannibalism had vanished. In part this can be attributed to the determined opposition of all civilized men who made the Fijis a port of call. But in larger part it was due to a more practical reason. David Whippey taught the islanders how to find better food.

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The world's first Sub-dermal Research Project HAS PROVED that hair roots MAY BE ALIVE even on totally bald people! Look at the pictures above AND SEE FOR YOURSELF THE ACTUAL RESULTS of the Brandenfels Home System. Former Army Sergeant Don Nagle (above left) of Seattle, Washington, is shown holding two pictures. One, before using Brandenfels' and the second showing his progress 24 weeks after following the Brandenfels Home System of Scientific Hair Care. Mr. Nagle was a member of the volunteer group participating in Carl Brandenfels' research project who used Brandenfels' Formulas and Massage under medical observation. Mr. Nagle says, "Just to have stopped losing ground and to have a little more hair is wonderful. My hair is filled in where it had been spare for years."

Next is Eldon Beerbower, of 2905 N. Portland Blvd., Portland, Oregon, employed by one of the big banks in that city. He is holding his picture showing exactly how he looked 8 weeks after beginning use of the Brandenfels Formulas and Massage. What a wonderful change he accomplished in getting a full head of hair!

Third in line is the Seattle, Washington, overseas radio/telephone operator, Mrs. Frances M. Harris. The first picture shows her as she appeared before using Brandenfels'. The second shows regrowth of her hair. She REALLY has a lot to smile about today, and proves the Brandenfels System is successfully used by women.

At the far right above stands Mr. Al Liefson, a Tacoma, Washington, grocery store owner displaying a picture showing how bald his scalp was before he used Brandenfels'. Mr. Liefson says, "My wife says I look years younger since my hair grew again."

MEDICAL RECORDS CONFIRM WHAT THESE PEOPLE SAY ABOUT THE BRANDENFELS' SYSTEM

Carl Brandenfels has almost 24,000 certified letters from men and women reporting from ONE to ALL of the following results with Brandenfels' formulas and unique system of pressure massage:

✓ RENEWED HAIR GROWTH ✓ RELIEF FROM DANDRUFF SCALE
✓ LESS EXCESSIVELY FALLING HAIR ✓ IMPROVED SCALP CONDITIONS

Brandenfels' Home Course of Scientific Hair and Scalp Care was SPECIALLY DESIGNED to soften the scalp tissue. The *completely different* pressure massage helps increase the vital supply of blood to the entire scalp area, producing a more healthy scalp condition and in turn, helps nature grow hair.

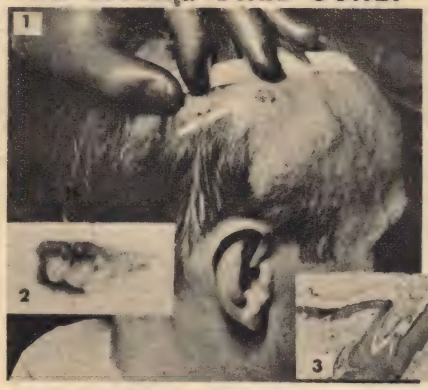
CALIFORNIA FOOD BROKER REJOICES

"I was threatened with the complete loss of my hair, but Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications came into my life and today I have hair "good and solid," and a strong scalp. It's young looking and with only a few gray hairs showing." Louis Wilenchek, 323 West 6th St., Los Angeles, Calif. (Wholesale foods and Kivo-Etts).

NEW JERSEY HACKLEMAKER STARTED IN TIME

"I lost all my hair in less than a year and was completely bald, but today you'd never guess it. I feel sure one of the reasons I was able to regain my hair was because I began the Brandenfels System before the hair roots were completely gone." John Wilgar, 102 Hedden Terrace, North Arlington, N. J. (Mr. Wilgar is a "hacklemaker", which is one of the skilled positions in the textile industry).

FIRST PICTURES INSIDE THE LIVING BALD SCALP



PROOF THAT HAIR ROOTS MAY BE ALIVE!

For several years people have volunteered to participate in Brandenfels' Clinical research project conducted by medical doctors and technicians. A phase in this project was the study of tissue from "beneath the scalp" where hair actually grows.

SURGICAL INCISION

Picture No. 1 shows incision after tissue had been surgically removed from the bald area of the scalp.

ACTUAL SCALP SECTION

Picture No. 2 shows actual biopsy section (1"x⅛", skull deep), surgically removed from the scalp.

UNPRODUCTIVE HAIR FOLLICLE

Picture No. 3. Thin slices of scalp sections were mounted onto slides and viewed under a powerful microscope. This examination of tissue from bald areas revealed in many cases, follicles (hair roots) were alive YET NOT PRODUCING HAIR! Medical transcripts from this research indicate the use of the Brandenfels System offers bald people wonderful new hope. (Surgery on the scalp was performed on the test group only, TO GIVE YOU POSITIVE PROOF that hair roots may still be alive!)

ACT NOW . . . BALDNESS MAY BEGIN TWO YEARS BEFORE YOUR FRIENDS NOTICE!

★ DON'T PUT IT OFF! ★

If you have excessively falling hair, ugly dandruff scale, a tight, itching scalp, a rapidly receding hair line, or any unhealthy scalp condition which is not conducive to growing hair, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions RIGHT IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME without expensive office calls. The Brandenfels Formulas and Massage are not "magic" but they do offer a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial portion of cases. While results may vary (as with any remedy), this is because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions. YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF . . . YOUR BUSINESS ACQUAINTANCES . . . AND YOUR FAMILY to give the Brandenfels System a thorough trial. Brandenfels' wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use. Enclose $18 (includes Federal Tax, postage, mailing). For US, APO or FPO air shipment add $2 (total $20). Send your order to Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon.

If you—or anyone in your family—have already become bald, or are losing hair rapidly, SEND TODAY, for a five-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage, with complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use. Send the coupon below RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, *every day you wait* may make your problem much more difficult. ACT NOW!

WORLD-FAMOUS
Brandenfels
SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE
ST. HELENS, OREGON

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME

IF YOU DO NOT HAVE THIS PROBLEM, PASS THIS IMPORTANT MESSAGE ON TO A FRIEND

— MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY BEFORE YOU MISPLACE IT! —

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon: Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

SG-88

☐ I enclose $18 (includes Federal tax, postage and mailing). Ship postpaid.
☐ I enclose $20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
☐ C.O.D. — I agree to pay postman the $18.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

Town _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid. C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

☐ Excessively Falling Hair
☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
☐ Alopecia

(*Continued from page 50*)

He did this, characteristically, not with words but actions. For his services as war counselor to Thakombau, Whippey was given an island for himself, Motambo, which lies a few miles off Viti Levu. Here, with the chief's daughter, Ramalei, he grew his own crops, bred pigs and rigged fishing nets. Although he had limited land for cultivation, he terraced small hills, artificially irrigated the soil and produced excellent taro crops. His yams grew five feet long, a foot in diameter and weighed as much as 60 pounds.

As foresighted in planning business as he was in planning war raids, Whippey soon had a flourishing trade with all ships that put into Viti Levu. To transport bananas and breadfruit, he simply lashed together bamboo rafts, for these shoots can be found everywhere in the islands, and ferried his crops to where the visiting craft lay anchored. The system is in use to this day, and natives refer to these rafts as "no come back" boats.

HIS one conflict with Thakombau occurred shortly after his initiation as a tribesman. It concerned sex. Whippey's wife gave birth to a boy, and there was great rejoicing among the natives. But the devil doctor took the occasion to instruct the Son of the Sun in the ways of the Fiji people. After a woman had borne a child, her husband was forbidden to have intercourse with her for a minimum of three years.

"You will come with us at the next full moon," the devil doctor added, "and choose two virgins for your bed."

Whippey refused. He had made his decision to live the rest of his life on Motambo, but he had stubbornly decided, too, that he would live much as he might have at home. The idea of two or three wives, a privilege accorded only to chiefs, appalled him.

"Don't go blaming it on my Puritan blood," he once told an incredulous seaman, who visited Whippey's island home. "I have had my share of females, believe me. But a man quickly learns, out here, that what he really wants is affection—and you have to teach that to these women. They are treated as animals, and so they think of themselves as animals. To educate them differently takes a long time. I had educated Ramalei, and I did not intend to start all over again.

"Besides," he added thriftily, "one wife and one family costs enough."

In 1838, six ships set sail from Norfolk, Virginia, and the event was ultimately to affect David Whippey's destiny. Under command of Captain Charles Wilkes, this squadron carried trained scientists whose task it was to chart the Antarctic and South Pacific oceans. In 1840 the Wilkes expedition reached Fiji. Few things astonished them more than to find on hand an American-born interpreter.

"Mr. Whippey," reported Captain Wilkes to the press on his return to America, "firmly declared that he had no wish to leave the Fiji Islands, and I cannot say that I blame him. He has raised a magnificent family, to whom he is profoundly attached, and he is prospering on his little island. Further, he is educating the natives so that they are rapidly discarding their savage ways and adopting those of the white man. I shall accordingly recommend to Secretary of State Daniel Webster that David Whippey be appointed our vice consul in the Fiji area."

This was done; and thus began a career that was to last for 34 years, until the islands were ceded to Great Britain. With the official recognition of his own country, Whippey's influence became more strongly felt. His American blood asserted itself, soon after, with his campaign to unite the many Fiji tribes behind Thakombau. Eventually this was accomplished, and King Thakombau appointed Whippey his formal advisor.

By 1845, the island of Ovalau had become the central port of call for all ships arriving in the Fijis. Ovalau is shaped like a huge basin, rimmed with mountains of coarse volcanic rock; and the town of Levuka soon swarmed with human driftwood. Because trade was centered here, Levuka was the logical spot for the location of consulates. Although David Whippey would not move his family from Motambo, he did set up quarters on Ovalau, and he could be found there on Tuesdays and Fridays, weather permitting.

Over the years, his fame spread. The leathery-skinned American with the livid birthmark on his face became the trusted adviser of fellow citizens who set up trading outposts in the Fijis. But he found it hard to deal with the cruder element—the men saturated in alcohol, the sex-crazy, the gamblers and beachcombers and outright thieves.

"They are polluting the air we breathe," he wrote in 1857, "and I am hard pressed to explain to my good and loyal native friends that these renegades do not represent my country. Because they are white-skinned, these evil men feel themselves free to break every code of human decency, and their abuse of Fiji girls defies description. I fear that I am living on a volcano, which one day must surely erupt."

Erupt it did, in 1861. When a group of drunken seamen kidnaped and raped four young Fijian girls, the islanders tracked them down and killed them. The bodies were butchered for cannibal rites; but cooler heads prevailed, and the dismembered corpses were delivered for burial.

The US government protested and sued King Thakombau for reparations. For David Whippey, duty-bound to represent his country in this matter, the situation was intolerable. He resigned his commission.

Over the years that followed, additional American claims were made against the Mbau Confederacy, as it was called, until they reached a total of $45,000. In 1874, an aging and desperate King Thakombau unconditionally offered his islands to Great Britain, and on October 10th of that year, a formal deed of cession was signed.

It read: "We, King of Fiji, together with other high chiefs of Fiji, hereby give our country, Fiji, unreservedly to her Britannic Majesty, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland. And we trust and fully repose in her that she will rule Fiji justly and affectionately, that we may continue to live in peace and prosperity."

NO ONE can say what effect this had on David Whippey. There is reason to suspect that it broke his heart; and it probably was one of the two factors that led to his death. The other precipitating event was the loss of Ramalei, his wife, who drowned in a sudden squall.

Shortly afterward, David Whippey disappeared from the face of the earth. The lips of his children remained sealed; but according to the legend that is still repeated by Fiji Islanders today, the Son of the Sun did not wait for death to find him. He sought it out himself.

As evidence, they refer to the fact that Whippey's favorite canoe was found offshore, stained with blood. "You want to know what happened to the Son of the Sun?" they say. "Ask the sharks." ◆◆◆

"I take it you're in show biz?"

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MAKE HOME YOUR TRAINING SHOP

BUILD A REFRIGERATOR, AIR CONDITIONER, FREEZER or MILK COOLER

You Practice with 25 Kits

You learn fast because CTI sends you 25 kits. Illustration shows heavy-duty ¼ h.p. refrigeration high-side which you will build—and keep. *Only CTI sends these kits.*

You Get Professional Tools

Here are tools included in just one kit. You get other tools, tubing, much equipment. Tools develop your interest and skill, speed up training.

You Learn in Easy Stages

Another kit, which includes motor, fan, pulley, service tools. Kits are sent on a planned schedule to help you learn in easy stages. There's no other training like this!

R. C. Anderson
President CTI

A GOOD JOB, MORE MONEY, BRIGHT FUTURE—all three can be yours in the Air Conditioning & Refrigeration field! *Thousands of mechanics are needed* to repair and service the 150 million units in use—and the six million air conditioners, freezers and refrigerators that are produced each year. You can earn up to $125 a week—and more—if you are trained. For information on how to get this training, *just fill out and mail coupon below.* No obligation!

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CTI training is quick and effective because it is *practical.* You learn by doing. During the course of your training, you receive 25 big kits, including tools. You practice with these kits, get valuable experience. For instance, *you do 10 complete service and trouble-shooting jobs with CTI kits.* You assemble a heavy-duty, commercial type, ¼ h.p. high side (illustrated at left). You build an air conditioner, refrigerator, freezer or milk cooler—and you keep and use this valuable unit! Only CTI sends you these fine tools and kits—helps you get real *on-the-job* training! And all this fine equipment is yours at *no extra cost!* With CTI training you can *start out* as a mechanic and avoid years of work as a lower-paid apprentice.

Earn Good Income as You Train, too

CTI training is so practical that students often work in spare time repairing air conditioners and refrigerators. *They add to their income this way.* Some get jobs with local dealers; others work on their own. Many students go in business on graduation. A number get full-time jobs while they're students.

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If you want to own a business, Refrigeration offers you opportunity for success. Since most jobs are service calls, you can build up a list of potential customers. Very little capital is needed to start.

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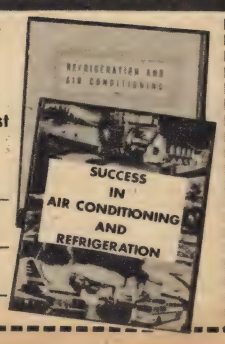

GALLOWS MAG MOORE

Continued from page 35

the new guest laughed in a roar through his split and swollen lips, and put his suit coat on with a flourish. Without a word, even of farewell, to Gallows Mag, he allowed himself to be escorted out of the room, down a hallway, and out into a black alley under the stars.

"No hard feelings," Pugnose Cora laughed. "Come back and see us again."

Tanglefoot Jackson took the invitation up much sooner than the hostess expected. He spent 10 minutes or so looking the back alley over, listening to the remote music from Pugnose Cora's and two dozen similar joints down the strip, listening to the crazy yodels of joy that rocked the night. Then for a little while he stared at the silent canal gurgling at alley's end, at the thick oily scum oozing in the moonlight. All of it was a matter of timing. At length he pushed open the back door through which he had departed, stepped inside gingerly, and peered down the shadowy hall in which one single gaslight flickered. A girl came dragging her guest out of a room, and Tanglefoot fell back flat against the wall.

THE hallway was deserted again. Swiftly, he darted to the door of Gallows Mag's room. He listened at it, meanwhile slipping out his leaden sap, and heard the sounds that told him his usurper was in an indefensible position. In he slipped like a cat, and Gallows Mag let out one stifled yelp before the blackjack struck a sickening sound much like that of an apple splitting.

Tanglefoot clapped a hand over her mouth to cram back her cry of disgust. Then he yanked the corpse away with a mighty heave and said, "Go play lookout for me in the hall!"

She rolled to the floor in panic and turned to see Tanglefoot rifling the dead man's pockets while properly arranging his clothes. "Crazy!" she gasped. "You killed him?"

"One-crack Jackson they used to call me. I done it for you, Mag. No man's ever gonna get what's mine and live to tell about it again. Get out in the hall."

She was up on her long legs, pulling the robe tight as though against a terrible chill. "I'll get out!" she hissed. "And Cora, she'll turn you over to the cops, too, you damn lunatic!"

He sprang after her as she darted for the door and he pinned it with a flat hand, laying the other one hard on her shoulder. He turned her to face him, slipping his hand up to cradle her fragile neck. "Mag, that ain't a healthy way to act."

"Let go, Jackson, or I scream. You don't scare me none."

Grinning, he brought her close and kissed the words of her protest into a choked garble. Soon she quit trying to break loose. Then her arms crept up to enfold his neck. "You damn crazy dude," she whispered.

There was a sudden flurry of traffic in the hall, and it took some time before Tanglefoot could drag the body outside. But once in the darkness of night it was the simplest task to drop the corpse with a muted splash where the canal's surface scum oozed in to hide it forever.

The first thing Gallows Mag said on Tanglefoot's return was, "Hand over half of what you took off that stiff."

With a laugh Tanglefoot handed her a roll that contained a fair amount of cash, and at the same time he took off his derby. "It's all yours, Mag. Trot out there and give it to Pugnose Cora. Tell the little lady you're bought up for the night."

Gallows Mag's laughter burst like a scream. "Oh, are you the fool! And what am I supposed to say about the man you killed?"

"You ain't supposed to say nothing like that." His face had grown abruptly solemn. "You say he left a happy man, which he did. And you say . . . you tell her you're leaving here tomorrow for keeps."

"A fool! A real damn fool! You expect me to quit a high-class job for you?"

"I ain't any fool, Mag, and you'll find that out. I got a plan I'll tell you when you get back."

"You tell it now or get the hell out, Jackson! I already got an idea what it is and I ain't going on my lonesome for no two-dollar sports!"

Tanglefoot went for the door, and this time it was Gallows Mag who pinned it shut with a swift hand. "Step aside," he said. "I guess I can find a gamer woman along in these here cribs."

"Give me some idea," she groaned. "I hardly know you."

Grinning again, he said, "You know plenty."

"You . . . you don't have to be sore. You could drop in on a girl now and then."

"Likely I'll be too busy." He shoved her aside with a forearm and got a hand on the doorknob when she caught him around the neck from behind and held tight.

"Wait here for me," she whispered.

At the foot of Canal Street, where Main ran east over a bridge and up the Terrace out of hell's district to the respectable part of Buffalo, Tanglefoot Jackson rented a canal-side house somewhat less a shack than others built like it with piles holding the rear portions high over the water. This he did while Gallows Mag slept the daylight hours away for the last time at Pugnose Cora's, and during these same hours he went deep into respectable Main Street to make hardware purchases where nobody would ever see him again. He bought a drill and a saw and a screwdriver, a length of chain and some nails and screws, took this equipment, along with the trunk of clothes he had at his hotel, all to the house at the foot of Canal.

All day he worked. Late in the afternoon he rode the wagon of a furniture man who supplied him a bed and mattress, a table, and a few chairs. As well as a stove, an icebox came with the house, and Tanglefoot filled it with food, a good-sized lump of ice and some bottles of wine he bought when he went for a case of whiskey. The last things he brought in from Main Street were bedclothes and a threadbare rug with which to cover the best part of his carpentry.

AT sunset he showed Gallows Mag into the place he had fixed with funds he had collected during his few short days in Buffalo. And together they laughed, growing drunk at their feast, as he described the business he had pursued along the canal.

"I just stand at any concert hall bar," he said, burlesquing all his actions with exaggerated little dance steps. "Any old saloon—Choppy Fix's, the Only Theater's a good touch. So I see some dude stagger out, and I figure he's a gawker, come to town for a big wild time."

He took his whiskey in a gulp and left the table again while Mag lit her cigar and laughed at his gyrations. "Pssst. Hey. Come here. You ever hear of the old dog act? You know about the three man-hating sisters? Costs only four bits to see it."

Gallows Mag screamed in laughter, and Tanglefoot whirled around all the merrier. "So I takes the chump down an alley. Noise all around the place, music, all that hollering, he thinks that's where we're bound. Then—" Tanglefoot swung his blackjack to demonstrate, went through the motions of rifling pockets, pulling off jewelry and holding it up for an excited look. "Then there's a little splash. A night's work done."

"Like you done that sucker in my room," Mag laughed drunkenly. "Oh, you come a long way for an Alabama boy, Tang."

Suddenly his grin vanished and, gravely, he rushed to kneel before her, leaning close with forearms on her lap. "Like I done him and like I mean to do every sucker that visits you."

Gallows Mag leaped up so fast she threw him over almost on his back. Standing over him, she screamed, "You never told me that!"

"I did too, but you wasn't listening!" Sitting there on the floor, he let out a mighty roar of laughter.

"You said just four a night at high stakes! You didn't say a blessed word about more killing!"

He sprang up saying, "Lower your damn voice!" When he reached out for her she twisted away and ran across the rug to the far wall. Tanglefoot stooped and yanked the rug away. He scrambled to the center of the floor and whipped open the trapdoor he had cut there. "Look down at the dirty water, Mag. It's a grave forever."

She stayed flat against the wall, terror in her face. He got up and approached her, but stopped short at the bed and knelt on it. "Look what else I built here." At his shove a whole wall panel swung away like a minia-

(*Continued on page* 56)

GAIN WEIGHT stop being SKINNY!

LOOK AT
SKINNY!
I wouldn't be seen with him!
LATER
...AND HE USED TO BE SO SKINNY!
AM I PROUD OF THE WAY THE GIRLS LOOK AT YOU!
WHAT A MAN!

Now at last—QUICKLY—EASILY put firm, attractive pounds and inches on your body, chest, arms and legs.

DON'T STAY SKINNY! GO FROM THIS TO THIS!

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Amazing New Way developed by modern medical science to put on weight on lean bodies. **Guaranteed** to give you up to an **extra pound a day! Or your money back!** Why should you dread going to parties and socials, simply because you look scrawny and spindly? Why ever feel self-conscious about your body again? If you're **underweight*** . . . or just a little on the thin side, due to faulty appetite, or bad dietary habits, you can **put on up to a pound a day** of **attractive weight** without exercise . . . dangerous drugs . . . or special diet . . . and more quickly, more easily than you ever dreamed possible . . . with MORE-WATE. MORE-WATE contains no dangerous drugs . . . you **eat it like candy!** Yet . . . if you were to have this same prescription compounded to your order, it would cost you many times more. However, through this introductory offer, you can obtain **quick-acting** MORE-WATE tablets . . . a 30 day supply for only $2.98, with an absolute money-back guarantee! Yes, try MORE-WATE for TEN DAYS . . . and if not entirely delighted with weight gained, return the unused supply for full refund! You've nothing to lose . . . and **weight to gain!** Act now! Stop being the guy or the gal that everyone calls "skinny." Stop being the guy or the gal who dreads summer and going to parties and socials because it means everyone will enjoy themselves and you won't. Don't be a wallflower, because you have a figure like a broomstick! **Gain more weight!**

IN JUST 24 HOURS START GAINING WEIGHT
The fast acting MORE-WATE tablets are **unconditionally guaranteed** to put on weight . . . or it doesn't cost you a penny! MORE-WATE is a **delicious,** full strength, fast acting tablet . . . that combines not just one . . . or two . . . but 4 of the most amazing aids for **gaining weight** known to medical science. MORE-WATE is not a liquid . . . not a powder. It's a delicious, **pleasant-tasting tablet!** It contains vitamin **B-12** . . . the **amazing red vitamin doctors** give many **underweight patients** in **hospitals** . . . It contains Iron that helps correct iron deficiency, anemia and builds rich, red blood. It contains appetite-building vitamin B-1 . . . and it contains nutritious easily assimilated malt, the amazing ingredient that helps your body turn much of the food you eat into **well rounded flesh** instead of being wasted. **That's the secret of putting on weight.** Now you can help your food to **add new pounds** to your **arms, chest, hips, thighs,** and **legs.** Now you don't have to be skinny . . . or afraid to be seen socially and be ashamed of your figure! **You must achieve the figure you want . . . or don't pay anything** Act now!

MORE-WATE is the newest discovery of medical science—entirely safe! Not a drug—not a medicine . . . Instead, a delicious weight-adding tablet that helps your body build new pounds of HEALTHY, ATTRACTIVE body weight! You gain SOLID good-looking flesh AUTOMATICALLY wherever you need it—on face, neck, bust, arms, legs, ankles, etc. (all over!)

START GAINING WEIGHT in 24 HOURS! Amazing new MORE-WATE puts on weight FASTER THAN ANYTHING KNOWN TO MEDICAL SCIENCE! If you LOSE APPETITE QUICKLY. . . . If you fill up at meals and lose your appetite, take MORE-WATE, the amazing concentrated **fast acting** tablet that tastes delicious and works **weight-gaining** wonders.

CHILDREN LOVE IT!

WHY BE SKINNY?
Now you can quickly put on 10 to 20 pounds or more of well-rounded pounds so fast it will amaze you! Like MAGIC skinny, broom-stick figures fill out all over the body into a beautiful new "LOOK" that wins popularity! MORE-WATE promotes appetite, new pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality. DON'T BE SKINNY! SEND FOR MORE-WATE delicious tasting, fast acting tablets TODAY!

TEST AT OUR RISK

Mail the coupon below for your generous supply of MORE-WATE! Only $2.98 for full generous supply or $6 for the triple generous large economy size on the guarantee if the first package doesn't increase your weight to your satisfaction, return the empty package for full money-back refund. MAIL THE COUPON NOW! CHILDREN—get mom or dad to order for you!

MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!

MORE-WATE CO., Dept. 318
403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

☐ SEND ONE large generous supply of MORE-WATE. I enclose $2.98 cash, check or M.O., on GUARANTEE I must be delighted with first package or money-back when I return empty package. (I save up to 90c by sending payment with order.

☐ CHECK HERE IF YOU WANT 3 for $6. (Save $3.)

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

SENT ON APPROVAL — MAKE AMAZING 10-DAY TEST

(*Continued from page* 54)

ture door. "You never noticed a sign of this in the kitchen, did you? That's where I'll be waiting when you bring your sucker in here. One a night, Mag, not any four. And not for no lousy 25—what you calls high stakes—for the whole roll these suckers bring to Canal Street."

He pulled the panel shut and stretched out on the bed. "One a night, for just a little minute. And then it's us two. Worth an easy grand a week. Come here and let me give you the lay of the land. And then we'll get to work."

Slowly she went to him and descended like the sinking sun outside. He taught her to steer clear of the sailors and canalmen who might be too well-known and troublesome, once missed by friends. "Just pick out your gawkers with their fancy mustaches and shirt studs. Make them spend on you so's you can see if they're holding enough to make it count. And treat them sweet. Smoke cigarettes, not cigars."

She asked for more professional advice and he answered her as night fell thicker, and in the darkness they grew murmurous, whispering in the passion for plunder that flowed from him to her, who at bottom had all the lust the adventure required.

Late that night Gallows Mag Moore went north on Canal Street in a scarlet gown cut low to reveal a swell of creamy flesh, and in a big blood-red hat, with a great blue feather that waved like a beckoning hand. She found her first mark, as she was to find her last, in Choppy Fix's saloon, a short couple of blocks away from where Tanglefoot sat smoking his cigar in a darkened kitchen. The man was a huge loudmouth just fresh from New York where, he bragged to every reveler within earshot, Wall Street was at his feet.

That announcement was the verdict of his doom, and he sealed it when he flashed a roll like a head of cabbage to pay for 10 unescorted women's drinks. At sight of Mag he pushed open a space at the bar, which she refused to take in a haughty walk right past him. That sobered him enough to lower his tone in instinct as he followed her, still muttering drunkenly, to the tiny table she took in the rear.

He bowed low. In his best modulated voice he said, "May I be permitted to introduce myself?"

Mag contrived to shock him into the quickest possible liaison with soft but pointed words. "Sit down and put your money where your mouth is. I come expensive."

He fell openmouthed into a chair opposite, rubbed a hand across his mustache, saying, "Why, I never dreamed . . . I mean I never took you for—"

"Did you want to invite me to Sunday school or something? My dear man, I'm a professional woman and not just another one of these laundresses with a dirty little closet out back."

The man leaned back with a soft embarrassed chuckle, then suddenly remembered to remove his hat. "I—you leave me speechless."

"Nothing much to say. If you have the sum of $25 on your person, I'll be glad to let you light a cigarette for me to smoke. Then, perhaps you'll be kind enough to escort a lady home." Coyly, she lowered her eyelids with a flutter.

THE transaction was prompt and, everyone in Choppy Fix's saw Gallows Mag Moore walk off with the most freehanded tourist of the night. The man strode with his chest thrown out proudly while the loud Canal Street throngs ogled the beauty on his arm. Into that arm she pressed a soft invitation that prepared him well for the paradise he imagined in the offing. Once inside the house he pulled her into his burly grasp and, like a romantic schoolboy, painted her with kisses before he found his reserve again. With one hospitable drink Mag made him fully at home, and it took one cigarette that she smoked at great leisure to burn his patience to a crisp.

Gallows Mag cut off the gaslight, and let the man she was already calling "Harry" help unbind her to a state of perfect comfort. In a moment he came searching where she rested, slowly found her, and sank deep into a comfort of his own while distantly the district rang out its mad merrymaking noises.

The wall panel stood suddenly framed in a thin rectangular line of light. Then it fell away and light spilled cold on the arena into which Tanglefoot Jackson struck the blow that spattered bone like wet paper. Mag yelped in spite of herself and scrambled away with a frenzied twist. The kitchen door opened and more light burst in with Tanglefoot, who yanked the rug away, then made his swift exploration through the corpse's pockets.

"Cut off that light!" he barked. "I don't want no light hitting that water!"

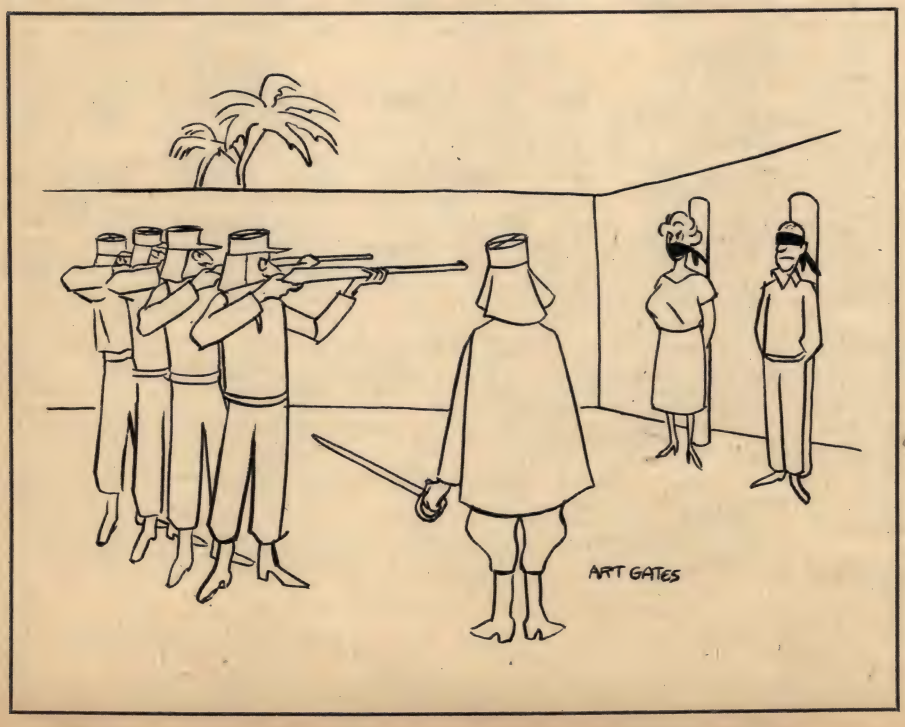
While Mag sprang to obey, he did the handiwork of an undertaker with the dead man's clothes, got him attired as splendidly as he'd been on walking in, save for the stickpin he had worn, his ruby cuff links and two large rings. The trapdoor creaked open. A heavy weight scraped along the floor. Then there was a splash and the trapdoor creaked shut.

Tanglefoot heard Mag fall sobbing in hysterical terror. He went to her and, with degenerate resourcefulness, turned her outburst into another kind of vehemence under the remote and deathless sounds of neighborhood joy.

And that was the pattern the lovers followed throughout the remainder of springtime and on past the summer months. Gallows Mag, requiring no more than a glance and a few remarks to capture her escort for the night, chose them young and old, refined and raucous, strictly on the standard of the wealth they made evident, and she never had to work the same concert hall or saloon more than once every two weeks, there were so many emporiums of sin at her disposal. For eight months men went to their death in a state of bliss, with no sign of conscience disrupting the enjoyment of the bloody couple beyond the terrified sobbing that overtook Mag at each black episode of murder—the panic that Tanglefoot always harnessed into hysterical ecstasy as each new corpse drifted off in its enshrouding layer of scum.

It all became an open secret and even something of a joke on the suckers, there in the depraved Canal Street society, for it soon was obvious that the tourist who walked off with Mag would never be seen again. The loving pair of slaughterers always laughed at the innuendoes made by the friends they gathered along the way, friends who were to pass on the details city officials could only guess at later on. The din and clatter of constant carousing shielded Tanglefoot and Mag in the same confusion of vice that had kept the police powerless for five decades. To them Gallows Mag seemed just another harlot in a district that sported hundreds—apparently lovelier than the others, far more elegant in her stylish clothes, but just one more hustler nonetheless.

Yet all things come to an end. This atrocious rampage might well have ended in complete impunity for the murderers if Gallows Mag had been allowed her way. When a November flurry of snow threatened frost and a possible icing over of the canal, Mag suggested an immediate voyage to Europe as a well-earned vacation for them both. But it was Tanglefoot who ran the roost, and he postponed the trip for a month, planning to fatten their profits to a round $25,000. On went the sin and slaughter—though not quite



for the month Tanglefoot had counted on.

From Choppy Fix's saloon, about a week later, Mag brought home a man calling himself Joe Dakota. Under his derby he wore his hair somewhat long. He was a gaunt, gruff man with large mustaches and squeaking Western boots. He spoke casually of silver mines and described Indian wars against Sioux Nation tribes with names like Brûlé and Miniconjou. He spoke and he spoke. He drank a bottle of Mag's whiskey dry while Tanglefoot Jackson sat beyond the wall, listening in darkness and dressed so sparingly for his work that he was cold in the unheated room.

Finally a loud war-whoop sounded and Tanglefoot heard the man cry, "Douse the light, Gallows Mag, you been a plain heifer till now!"

From that point the night's work went according to schedule—the single blackjack stroke, Mag's stifled cry and her sobbing, the plunder of stuffed pockets, the dispatch of the body through the trapdoor, the degenerate killers' orgy.

Halfway through the last scene there was a creak that the preoccupied assassins never noticed. In the hazy glow of the heating stove that made blood-red highlights in the room, the center of rug rose slowly like a fat ghost. Noises natural to the moment put to silence the shuffling of the rug, and it fell away from the bloody face and scum-drenched mustaches of Joe Dakota as that hardy Westerner hoisted himself into the room. In the feeble light he traced the sounds to his butchers, and caught up a chair to lunge at them.

Joe Dakota struck again and again and again, and during it all Gallows Mag screamed only once. While the muted blare of music drifted, he smashed at the couple many more times than it took to kill them until he spent himself of rage. Then he dragged them, one limp sack of skin following the other, to the trapdoor and their splashing plunge to the grave they had meant for him.

Before he found his money (and no doubt a considerable amount that had never been his), he doused himself with kitchen water, but only in a token way because he was still reeking of the malodorous canal when he stormed into Choppy Fix's saloon.

THE most grotesque sight in that lewd den's experience, he was drenched to the skin, adorned with oily blobs of scum, and running blood from the brim of a derby crammed tight on his head as though by some prankster. Up on a table he bellowed an announcement for the edification of every ear in the place.

"Gallows Mag and her daddy has quit this town for good!"

Like some 100 short-stop tourists before him, and like the deadly lovers themselves, Joe Dakota vanished forever beyond the reach of the authorities who, lacking any communication with the close-mouthed Canal Street denizens, were left with only a deserted house stuffed with hidden currency. There was the blood-drenched bed, the removable wall panel, and the telltale trapdoor that had swallowed more bodies than the records ever counted.

Eventually, even the old canal was filled in, to make an earthen grave at last for the victims of Mag and Tang and many another corpse their gentle neighbors created in the devil's stronghold on the Erie shore. ◆◆◆

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"THERE'S A DRUG ADDICT ON MY LINE!"

Continued from page 37

psychiatrist. Minutes before we had started to talk, Doctor Knox had given the couple their first dose of a double-shot treatment that was about to work a miracle for them. Because of it, they would be able to kick their habit in just a few days—without pain, without sickness, without fear.

Addicts fear nothing more than trying to kick their habit. After years of addiction, their bodies grow so dependent on a steadily increasing supply of dope that it becomes as essential to their existence as the air they breathe. Without it, they go through hell. In severe cases, they die.

But all that is over now. Because of the new treatment, thousands of American addicts will soon be able to turn their backs on their bleak years as dope fiends and start a new life.

THE young couple were typical of such addicts. Jim had gone to California from Memphis and Myrna from Atlanta, both hoping to find better jobs in the huge plane factories on the Coast. They met through friends and started dating. At work, Jim got to know a man who admitted that he was using marijuana. Jim hadn't seen the weed since the night of a wild teen-age party back home.

The stuff didn't scare him. He remembered the feelings it produced: the tangle in the feet, the chill then sudden warmth in the groin, the lightheadedness that made everything seem so terribly funny, and the nerve—actually the excuse—to adventure into his first hefty necking session. And marijuana wasn't habit-forming: Jim hadn't used it since and never felt the yen . . . . until it became available again. He thought it would be fun to buy a few sticks and put Myrna on some night. The stuff was cheap; it seemed harmless; what the hell—why not?

A few nights later, Myrna found herself nervously taking a burning marijuana cigarette from Jim's fingers. He had taught her how to inhale deeply and hold it, allowing the blood system to carry heavy doses from her lungs to every inch of her body. The sensations began to come: the giddy laziness. The expectant look on Jim's face struck her as hilariously funny and she started to laugh. Jim moved to her, held her in his arms as she giggled, and even when he kissed her there was still laughter deep in her throat.

Their affair began that night. In a few weeks they found it more convenient to live together, and they took a room in a neighborhood where nobody asked questions. They lit up often; it was lots of laughs.

One night Jim's contact invited them to a party which they rather suspected would turn into a mob marijuana session, and this was all right with them. But they were somewhat startled when the talk switched to heroin. Out came the paraphernalia: the needle, the spoon, the candle, the small bottle of distilled water, and the thin packets of the white powder. The others went ahead with it.

"We didn't want to," Jim told me. "I guess we were scared. But the others kept razzing us, calling us chicken, telling us what we were missing. So finally we took the kit and went into a bedroom and did it. But I was so shaky that I must have missed the vein because nothing happened to me. Myrna got as sick as a dog."

Instead of learning better, they were back at Jim's friend's house in a week and tried it again. This time they both got hit. They experienced the inner blast of lightning that made them feel as if every pore had slit wide open, then came the weary comfort of not having a care in the world. It was great. They returned the next night to try it again. Before the week was out they were hooked.

That was 13 years ago. Since then, Jim has spent eight years in prisons and federal hospitals for addiction and smuggling; Myrna has spent five. They married 10 years ago, when Myrna's mother and sister moved to California and insisted that they all share a surburban house, but their home life has been constant war. Neither of them could hold a job: working meant going without a fix too long and they were unable to do so. To support their habit, they started making regular trips to Mexico to buy heroin supplies for their "connection." Being caught twice was what sent them to jail.

Both of them went to the federal hospital at Lexington, Kentucky, for the cure, which was effected by putting them on less gripping drugs and gradually decreasing the daily dosage over the course of weeks until they could go without any. Both of them also underwent controlled withdrawals in prisons, but by the time one of them got home "clean," the other was already hooked, and off they went again.

Once, in self-disgust, they locked themselves in a seaside motel, determined to kick the habit cold simply by depriving themselves of drugs. For 10 days they suffered severe stomach cramps, crushing pains in every muscle, cold sweats, vomiting, diarrhea, running eyes and nose. They wanted to die and were afraid they would. When the torture finally stopped, they were too weak to move. They knew there was only one thing that could help them. Jim was able to crawl to his car and drive to his connection. In an hour they were both hooked again.

They might have gone on like that for the rest of their lives, lives shortened by their habit. But one day a fellow addict told them about Doctor Knox.

For addicts to receive medical aid without landing in jail is practically impossible in this country. In Los Angeles, the plight is greater. Vagrancy laws empower policemen to stop any suspected addict on the street and order him to roll up his sleeves. Telltale scars send him off to jail. In many localities, doctors who discover addicts among their patients are obliged by law to turn them over to the police. Addicts, therefore, are extremely reluctant to consult a doctor no matter what else might be wrong with them, and for them to go to a doctor for assistance in kicking their habit is unheard-of. Furthermore, most addicts have tried to kick the habit on their own at least once and the memories of the horrible experience are so vivid that they are terrified to try it again, even under a doctor's care.

FOR 20 years, Knox has been trying to overcome those fears with addicts he has met in his various fields of activity. Besides his own thriving practice, he is associate clinical professor of psychiatry at his alma mater, the College of Medical Evangelists, a top Los Angeles school. He is also director of outpatient clinics at White Memorial Hospital and Presbyterian Hospital, and has served on many professional committees interested in helping addicts.

Contacting addicts was the main problem Knox faced. Constantly afraid of arrest, addicts don't mix easily with outsiders. They live in their own little world, associating only with their own kind, talking, thinking, plotting only about how they are going to get their next fix. Contrary to popular belief, the addict's life is not spent up on Cloud 7. Once hooked, he must have regular fixes or he quickly goes into withdrawal symptoms. The dread of this is what constantly keeps him tense and afraid. Addicts told me: "You hope that you will get a 'flash' or at least a glow, but after a while you never do—and you don't care. All you want is to be able to feel normal, like other people."

That, too, was Knox's hope for addicts. He knew he could get them off drugs, either by controlled withdrawal—an ordeal for both patient and doctor, or shock treatments. But something more had to be done. All addicts needed psychiatric therapy to overcome the problems which put them on addiction or grew out of it. Only in that way could he hope to keep them off. How he was to do this was the puzzle that troubled him for years.

One day last year, Knox received a telephone call—and suddenly he had the answer to his problem.

The call was from Charles Wylie, formerly a Tennessee lawyer who once had to give up his practice because acute chronic asthma

had made it almost impossible for him to breathe, let alone work. Then in 1941 he read a news item about a substance called Ethylene Disulphonate (E.D.), which seemed to promise him some relief. The preparation was manufactured by Spicer-Gerhart Company of Sunland, California, commencing late in 1940, and the extent to which it has been used by doctors in the treatment of their allergic patients is attested by an impressive series of publications in the medical literature in the intervening years.

Wylie gave up his practice, drove out to California, investigated early reports on E.D., then acquired a supply for his doctor. After three months of injections, he was well enough to qualify for the merchant marine and he spent World War II on duty in the Pacific Understandably, Wylie became a big E.D. booster.

AFTER the war, Wylie settled in California where, in 1951, he met Marcia Malsman, a young, attractive and brilliant research chemist. Out of that meeting grew the treatment for addiction withdrawal that led Wylie to Doctor Knox.

That Knox should have had trouble finding enough addicts to take the treatment in order to evaluate it properly is no surprise. Made criminals by their habit, they take no chances with doctors who, by law, must notify the police about them. And too many addicts have enough other criminal activities to make them wary of authorities. One girl of about 23 told me:

"I was scared to death to come here. Besides my habit, I was doing some part-time prostitution to get money for heroin. The cops aren't easy on my kind."

Prostitution in Los Angeles, she said, is a rough racket. "With these new vagrancy laws," she explained, "a policeman can stop any girl who seems to be walking the streets too slowly. I could have lied my way out of prostitution charges, but all the cops had to do was look at my arms to discover the truth about me."

To play safe, she worked bars. "But that was too slow," she said. "Just when some man would start to show interest in me, I'd get the shakes and I'd have to go home and take a fix. By the time I got back to the bar, some other woman had him, or he was gone."

She told me that she had had her first fix when she was 17 years old. A girl friend had taken her along on a blind date and one of the fellows took them home for a private party. She experienced the big flash on the first shot, and thus she needed little coaxing to come back and try it again. She was hooked immediately, a fact she couldn't hide from her family. There were big fights; to escape them she moved in with her girl friend. Life was calm for a while, until the two of them reached the point of needing such huge daily doses of heroin that they couldn't afford it. Then came the sick days of great pain when they couldn't go to work. They lost their jobs and couldn't keep new ones.

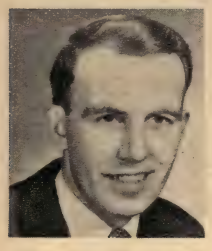
"There was only one answer for me," the girl told me. "I started living with men who were addicts. We didn't have much sex. Addicts can't enjoy sex. When your heroin supply is low, you're too worried to get any fun out of it, or you're too sick. And when you have a fix, you're so glad you feel good enough to sleep for a while or eat a meal you can keep down that you don't want to be bothered. The fellows kept me around mostly because they felt sorry for me, but when I'd begin to use too much of their supplies they'd put me out. The stuff is too hard to get for addicts to be overgenerous."

Between such affairs, she prostituted. "I don't think I was much fun," she admitted. "How could I be in my condition? When some of the men would see my scars, they'd get disgusted and leave. I tried to put a couple of them on because I knew if I hooked them they'd have to buy their heroin through me and then my own pusher might give me a break on the price. But they always got mad when I suggested it."

THE YANKEE WHO TERRORIZED RICHMOND

For days, the Confederate capital lived in deadly fear of a Yankee invasion. But that didn't stop their officers from carrying on at Richmond's plushest bordello which ran on a "business as usual" basis. Then, suddenly, the wildest adventure of the Civil War took place—triggered when a runaway balloon carried a Northern officer right onto the roof of Madame Fifi's Palace of Entertainment.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF STAG



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I asked how she finally got to Doctor Knox.

"Through Addicts Anonymous," she said. "There's an AA cell in most big cities. You meet once a week, always secretly, and you try to help each other. Doctor Knox had a patient who belonged to the Los Angeles cell; that's how he was able to get into a meeting and talk to us."

I asked, "What kind of reception did he get?"

"We didn't believe him," she said. "Once you've tried to kick the habit by yourself you can't forget what it's like, and you don't believe anybody who says he knows a way you can do it without so much as a headache."

YET that was the truth—as she found out, and so have scores of others. The remarkable treatment came about in this way:

When Wylie met Marcia Malsman, she was investigating the body-chemistry relationships between certain psychological disturbances and the physiological conditions that accompany them. Convinced of a link between the two, she felt that if the physical condition could be identified and treated, the parallel work of a psychiatrist would therefore be made much simpler. Wylie became interested and began to collaborate with her.

More and more their work centered on metabolism—the chemistry function which turns foods into energy and body substances. One day they had the occasion to watch a drug addict in withdrawal. They classified the withdrawal symptoms in an effort to discover the metabolic state behind them. Their observation that addicts also developed sugar addiction—living on sweets, sundaes, candy bars, Boston coffee—was the final tip-off to the fact that carbohydrate metabolism was being seriously impaired in addiction.

Searching for a treatment to correct the carbohydrate damage, they came up with Adenosine Triphosphate (A.T.P.), a substance developed in Germany some years ago and now made by several Eastern pharmaceutical houses, including the Schwarz Laboratories of Mt. Vernon, N. Y. Extracted from the muscle tissue of horses, A.T.P. had long been known as a vital enzyme factor in carbohydrate metabolism; four scientists had won Nobel Prizes for work done with it. Even so, nobody was sure exactly what A.T.P. did. Consequently, it was decided that A.T.P. must be marvelous for something, but nobody knew for what.

Malsman and Wylie observed that when A.T.P. was used in physical conditions in which the nervous system was heavily involved it worked wonders; otherwise it did not. From their work with addicts, they knew the nervous system was certainly involved in addiction, but when they applied A.T.P. to their research they found that results were too spotty. Something else was needed. It was then that Charles Wylie suggested bringing E.D. into the picture. Things began to happen.

Malsman and Wylie took all they learned about E.D. and A.T.P., added it to what they already knew about the human body, and came up with this:

1. The nervous system derives all its energy from carbohydrate metabolism—the body function of "burning up" starches and sugars and turning them into energy.

2. Carbohydrate metabolism is made possible by the actions of substances which exist in the body and are called enzymes. They could just as well be called vitamins because they work like vitamins in that they provide the ingredients to effect a specific job.

3. E.D. and A.T.P. are two such enzymes, both of them probably the most powerful of their kind. E.D. is a hydrogen carrier: its molecular structure allows hydrogen to unite rapidly with oxygen to form water, a reaction which liberates large quantities of energy. In order for sugars to undergo the energy-producing process, they apparently have to go through it as phosphates. A substance capable of tacking a phosphate molecular group onto another substance is called a phosphorylating agent, and A.T.P. is the best such agent known.

"I understand he's never lost a prisoner."

4. Malsman and Wylie theorized that in addition the drugs usurp the function of the enzymes—actually knocking them out. The result is an enzyme deficiency which upsets metabolism: the nervous system doesn't get its proper energy and the addict is completely debilitated except for the brief relief from fixes.

5. Thus the two scientists concluded that when deprived of drugs for any length of time, the nervous system goes haywire and the horrible withdrawal symptoms begin.

Malsman and Wylie figured that the answer to the problem was to restore the enzyme factor to the level where the body could undergo normal carbohydrate metabolism. Keeping the level high would prevent withdrawal symptoms because the nervous system would be getting its energy naturally—with the help of enzyme injections. It would then be only a matter of time until the body could function without the crutch of drugs.

With this in mind, Wylie contacted Doctor Knox. From his experience with addicts, Knox had come to put little faith in any of the known treatments, and he had reached the point where he was willing to try anything that looked promising and was not in itself harmful. Past uses of E.D. and A.T.P. in other conditions relieved him of that worry.

Knox tried the treatment on two or three patients already on his list. When finally he went to a meeting of Addicts Anonymous, many of whose members were still practicing addicts, he was able to tell them some startling facts:

Patients who the day before couldn't go an hour without a fix broke their habit immediately upon the first double-injections of E.D. and A.T.P. They suffered no ill effects whatsoever, with the exception that E.D. packed a wallop that produced a severe muscle ache for about 10 minutes. Usually, one pair of injections a day was enough, but it was possible that long-time addicts would require more. On patients tested, the injections were stopped after four or five days. No further treatment was necessary. They were clean.

THE AA members couldn't believe it. All of them who had tried to kick the habit cold or with the help of police knew it was impossible to snap off addiction without going through the hells of withdrawal symptoms. Knox left the meeting feeling that he hadn't accomplished much.

But then his phone began to ring. The addicts were passing the word around; dozens who were not at the meeting wanted to hear the story firsthand. Knox's greatest difficulty was convincing them the treatment was not a trick and the office visit would not be a trap. Assured of safety on both scores, a few addicts began to arrive at Knox's office. It was only a matter of days before they began to arrive in droves.

Each double-shot treatment costs about $15. Few addicts could afford that; most addicts don't even buy food so that they will be able to support their habit. Therefore, so that Knox could proceed with his experimental work, both Spicer Gerhart Company and Schwartz Laboratories donated huge amounts of the enzymes and the addicts got the treatment free.

From the start, Knox had a special worry about his new patients. Simply by being at

large they were subject to arrest under the vagrancy laws. Besides the risk of going into withdrawal in jail they also faced long imprisonment. Knox felt addicts coming to him deserved a break. To get it, he went to the Los Angeles city attorney and told him everything that was going on. It was a delicate step to take: Knox should have been informing the police about the addicts known to him. But the attorney proved to be a different sort of man.

He told Knox, "If there's anything to this treatment, I certainly want to do all I can to help it along. I promise you that any of your patients picked up by the police will be released on identification by you, and we won't bother anybody going in or out of your office."

Almost immediately a Knox patient was arrested and in the middle of the night a police lieutenant telephoned Knox, saying: "We've got a dope addict here who calls himself Bud Jones. Do you know him?"

"Yes," said Knox. "I'm giving him special treatment. Should I come down and identify him?"

"No," the lieutenant said. "When he didn't go into withdrawal after a couple of hours we thought he was up to something but we couldn't figure it out. We finally got him to tell us about you; he didn't want to say anything at first because he was afraid he'd get you into trouble. It's O.K., Doc. We'll turn him loose."

Night-calls came, too, from addicts who, their enzyme shots wearing off, were beginning to get the jitters. Knox was ready for this; he insisted on being called because he knew that otherwise the addicts would resort to a fix and thereby set themselves back. Always the calls followed a pattern:

"Doc? This is Harry. I'm sick, Doc."

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"Do you have any caps?"

"I got one, Doc. I was wondering—"

"Don't touch it. Can you make it to my office?"

"I dunno, Doc. I'm pretty sick. It's a long bus ride."

"Have you got a friend who can drive you over?"

"Gee, Doc, at this time of the night I'm—"

"Call a cab then."

"Hell, Doc, a cab will cost a couple of—"

"Never mind; I'll pay for it. Meet me at the office right away."

Knox realized it would be better all the way around if the addicts could be hospi-

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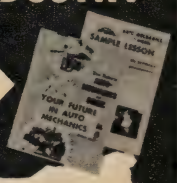

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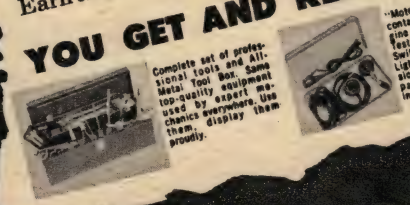

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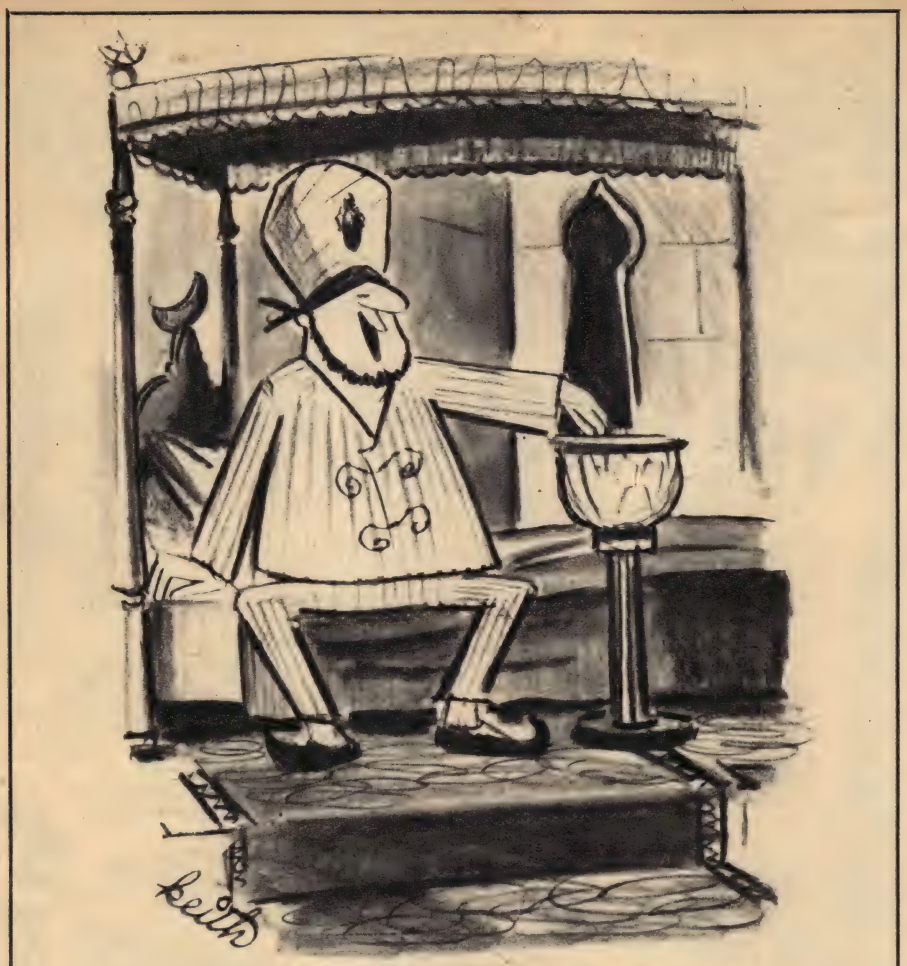

"'Your attention, please, girls! Tonight's winner is . . ."

talized. Controlled treatment would give him more accurate research statistics. But again there was the problem of expenses the addicts couldn't meet. In the past, Knox had done product research for a big Eastern scientific foundation. He notified the foundation of his product and was granted $3,000 for controlled research in a private Pasadena sanatorium.

It was enough to hospitalize 10 addicts for a week. All of them successfully withdrew from addiction within that time limit, and none of them suffered the slightest withdrawal symptom.

AND something else was happening—something tremendously important. Narcotics experts estimate that about 80 per cent of the addicts who undergo withdrawal—by themselves, in jails and government hospitals—return to their habits at the earliest possible moment, most often within two or three days. Knox was collecting impressive data to the contrary. Of his first batch of patients who took the treatment last July he was able to report in November:

1. Of 23 heroin addicts, 16 remained off narcotics, five had disappeared and could not be checked, and two returned to their habits.

2. Of two Demerol addicts, both remained off.

3. Of five barbiturate addicts, three stayed clean.

By now Knox's patients number into the hundreds, and the proportion of permanent breaks with addictions remain the same. I asked one patient, a 25-year-old musician, if he could explain why.

"I can't," he said, "but I'm damned glad. Believe me, man, there's no such thing as a happy addict. Another musician put me on when I was 20, back in my home town, Milwaukee. I was hooked fast, and in a few weeks I didn't even dare go home. I skipped town, leaving behind a wife and kid, and came to California. For three years I rotted away.

"I was up to 10 caps a day and I couldn't keep a job to earn the loot for it. Finally I got so disgusted with myself that I rented a mountain cabin and kicked the habit cold. Man, I was so bugged I had to stay up there a third week just to get the strength to drive back to town.

"But I was clean. I sent for my family and we had another kid. For a year I behaved myself, and that's a record, man. I never felt good, but I was clean.

"Then I got a chance to go on the road with a big-name band. The pay was too good to turn down, so I went. The road is murder, dad, it would drag anybody. Well, it didn't take long to find out that a few guys in the band were on the needle. I swore I wouldn't hit it again, but you don't know the road, man. One day I took a fix, then another, and before long I was up to six caps a day.

"One night back East one of the guys took an overdose and it killed him. It was in all the papers. It scared the hell out of me. I quit the band and came back to Hollywood.

"But it was no use. I couldn't get up the guts to go back to that mountain cabin. I tried to work, but I didn't know which end of my horn I was blowing. I even thought of killing myself. Then I heard about Doctor Knox and I came here. After my first enzyme shots I didn't need drugs any more, and after a few trips I didn't need the shots either.

"The wild bit is that I wasn't afraid of myself. I mean, like the other time I kicked the habit, I was always scared to death I'd get near an addict and I'd succumb just at the sight of the guy, y'know? But not this time. I've seen the stuff around, man, plenty of it, but I'm not the least bit interested in it. It's like I'd never been hooked and I'm too smart to give it a try. Like I say, man, I don't know how this happens, but I'm glad it does."

I decided to put a question to him that had haunted me throughout my interviews. "Do you think that, knowing they can now kick the habit so easily, addicts might be tempted to return to their addiction readily after this kind of treatment? After all, they know they won't be hooked for life."

He shook his head. "Not if they've tried to kick the habit cold once and they've got any memory. You don't forget that experience, dad, and you don't want to go through it again. It's like asking a man who's been hit by a truck if he'd like to try it again. I've known pain, man, and I'm too grateful to be free of it to be a fool."

IN a sanatorium, I talked with a woman who had known many kinds of pain. Besides being an addict, she was also a wino. Once a promising young actress, she got her first fix from her roommate whom she had met through a newspaper ad.

"Addiction cost me my career," she admitted. "There's a theory that people in show business are more tolerant toward addicts, but that isn't true. The only person tolerant toward adddicts is another addict—or the potential addict. The studio didn't want me around and I was out of a job."

She fell apart fast. In a few months there was nothing for her but shoplifting, but soon her personal appearance got so bad she wasn't even allowed in department stores. The next move was obvious: Skid Row. Panhandling didn't provide enough for her to become a heavy addict, but it permitted her to become an alcoholic on cheap sherry. To get drugs, she'd sleep with any Skid Row addict who was willing to split a fix with her.

All this was hard to believe as I sat chatting with her. She still looked seedy, but like any woman who had been seriously ill. She spoke intelligently, and she had concrete plans for herself.

"I'm going home to Iowa," she said. "I've got a sister there. I've told her everything about me, but she doesn't care. I'm going to have another chance at being a decent person."

"Do you think you'll succeed?" I asked pointedly.

"I know it," she said firmly. "It's hard to explain, but I've never been so sure of anything in my life. I'm not afraid. I have escaped from hell—and I am not going back."

This display of superconfidence, coming from people who shortly before were in the gutter, puzzled me.

I asked Marcia Malsman: "How can there be such a change, such demonstrations of

will power that apparently didn't exist before?"

The answer, she said, is in the cortex—that gray matter which surrounds the brain and is the area of the phenomenon we call thinking. "The cerebral cortex," she explained, "is one of the first places that gets gypped when there is a shortage of things like enzymes, vitamins, oxygen or blood. For instance, when we are sick, our hands and feet get cold and we get stupid, and this is because the blood and all that goes with it have rushed to the vital trunk organs and the part of the brain underneath the cortex."

She continued: "The cortex is what makes us human, and if it isn't working right our behavior is naturally affected. But if one saturates a patient with the enzymes which the brain needs the most in order to function normally, and keeps him saturated, more and more of the cortex will come back into play. In the case of addicts, this makes humans out of sort of inhuman messes."

As the cortex gets back to work, more of the mental phenomena that depend on it rather than on the lower brain centers also appear more vividly—such as interest, ability to think and discriminate, to pay attention and to understand. All this results in more intelligence and sanity and a radical change in the patient's relationship with his environment. From this grows the ability to choose what one knows is the right thing and to stick to it: will power.

It will take much such will power to make a serious dent in the narcotics problem that exists in the US today. The Federal Bureau of Narcotics says there are 30,000 addicts in the country, but is willing to concede that maybe the number rises to 60,000. Local police are not so conservative.

An investigation in New York City last December produced an estimate of 18,000 addicts in Manhattan alone. In California, the unofficial estimate is 250,000. But all such estimates must be unofficial because obviously there is no way to take an accurate count. Thus a similar type estimate that the underworld makes a billion dollars a year on narcotics must be viewed in the light of whichever statistics you are trying to defend. Also, the estimate that addicts are responsible for 70 per cent of the small crimes in the country is open to debate—but not much.

Available, but difficult to ascertain, would be statistics on what narcotics addiction costs the average American citizen. There are federal, state, county and municipal narcotics agencies to support, hospitals and prisons at the same levels to maintain. There is the great loss through theft, the loss of man-hours to industry when sick addicts can not get to work, and there is the great expense of public funds to support the families of addicts which lose their income when the addict either goes to jail or becomes helpless. The fortune spent each year on the rehabilitation of addicts who, according to the record, nevertheless return to addiction in hordes should easily be enough to square the national debt in a short time.

All experts admit that addiction is on the increase, and this is inevitable since each new addict must win converts in order to afford the habit by getting discounts from pushers or at least working off part of the price. Addicts told me that pushers never have to worry about customers and rarely bother to seduce newcomers; the addicts take care of that for them. The idea that pushers hang around high schools or soda fountains to entice kids into addiction is ridiculous, the addicts say. No experienced pusher would take such stupid risks. But a desperate addict would—and does.

Flying back to New York, I thought of the tremendous good that is going to come out of this remarkable treatment. Addicts who, until now, have been unable to kick their habits will one day owe a great debt to the two young scientists who devised it and the courageous doctor who pioneered it.

LAST April the California legislature gave Dr. Knox authority to open an outpatient clinic for addicts at White Memorial Hospital, the first step toward a chain of such clinics throughout the state. This was important: it amounted to official approval of the new treatment, and it lifted the Los Angeles addict out of the criminal category and recognized him as a sick person.

But more has to be done. Addicts everywhere must be able to come forward for the treatment without the fear of being labeled as criminals and being locked up. This will require the co-operation of police agencies at all levels and the approval of the sometimes too cautious medical associations. When this happens, the world will at last be freed of a scourge as old as Man himself. A lot of money will be saved and—more important—a lot of lives.

Already I have seen this happen with my own eyes. ♦♦♦

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THE FANTASTIC SAGA OF MAJOR WERMUTH

Continued from page 18

Edmund Lilly, the information he gave his life to gather:

General Homma was getting set to throw a massed tank attack down the flanks of the 15-mile-wide peninsula which pointed into the China Sea toward the rocky island of Corregidor. Behind the tanks would come hordes of jungle-trained troops to mop us up. Build-up headquarters for the poised crusher was at the town of Kalignan.

COLONEL Lilly's pale eyes turned colder The maddening thing was that General Homma was leisurely going about the build-up right under the snouts of our guns. Our gunners, with a few 155-mms placed on Mount Sumat, were looking down his throat. But they couldn't fire on Kalignan during the daytime and General Homma serenely knew it. Japanese reconnaissance planes, circling continuously and unopposed overhead, would spot our gunsmoke immediately and direct Japanese artillery to blast them off the mountain in a minute.

Our situation looked bleak. General Homma was organizing 90,000 troops to throw against our 13,000. His air armada was set; against it we'd send up a single Curtis Trainer and an old P-40 held together with wire. Three out of four of our mortar shells would be duds. Two out of three of our hand grenades wouldn't explode. We had Tommy guns but not enough drums for them.

The Japanese, with plenty of food and quinine, were healthy and primed; we were out of quinine and food rations got shorter every day. Malaria and dysentery rolled through our camp.

Every day we looked up through the jungle at the hot cloudless sky and prayed for rain to slow the Japanese attack. But it did not come. Our last hope was to hold out, by hook and crook, until the seasonal downpours came in May and turned the hard soil of Bataan into a quagmire—then the Japanese could never root us out.

But this was January and General Homma's massive build-up at Kalignan was almost ready to bust out.

Then one of our gunners got an idea: If someone could get through and set fire to Kalignan, it would make a perfect *night* target! And at night, Japanese reconnaissance planes couldn't effectively direct their artillery fire against our cannons.

Colonel Arnold Funk approached Colonel Lilly with the plan.

"Not classical warfare, but it might work," Colonel Lilly said, his ice-blue eyes lighting on me, and I knew my scouts had been picked for the job.

We were fantastically outnumbered. Regular war maneuvers, using regular military units, were out of the question. We couldn't fight a gentlemen's war any more. Our only hope was in guerrilla tactics.

Working in small teams and, more often, alone we figured we were killing 10 Japanese for every one of our men lost. (My own score ran up to 116 kills before we were finally blitzed in April.)

"Pick some of your best scouts for the try," advised Colonel Funk. "If you can get a torch on Kalignan tonight, the gunners on Mount Sumat can blast General Homma's attack into next week . . . or further back."

I went back to my tent and sat down to wait until it got dark.

This would have to be a one-man sortie. I didn't like the idea of wandering around out there alone—you *feel* secure, at least, when you can look around and see your own men. But the odds were short enough, already, and with another man along the odds would be cut in half.

When it got dark I started loading myself down with artillery, ammunition and the dynamite. I only wished I could carry more, in case I had to shoot my way back. Then I hefted the two five-gallon cans of gasoline and slipped out of camp.

I skirted a clump of black camgan and palm trees and eased into a muddy rice paddy, sliding down the bank on my stomach to avoid making any sound. The field looked empty.

I waded slowly through the thick water and worked my way out on the other side, covered with mud. The mud would help keep the mosquitoes off—you can't slap mosquitoes without alerting the enemy.

Somewhere to my left, came a low voice, barking like the Japs.

I flattened on the ground and held my breath, letting it out from time to time in long, low exhalations. My heart, pressing on the side of the low hill, pounded noisily. Steps passed near me in the darkness and faded into the distance: a patrol.

I EDGED along for another mile in a half crouch, staying low so my silhouette wouldn't make too good a sniper's target. My approach was beside the main road up the peninsula, along the Manila Bay coast. Guards would not be expecting such a direct approach—we'd try outguessing them.

I sank to the ground as voices barked on my right, no more than 100 feet away. It sounded like an officer making a check of his sentries. The slap of the soldier's hand on his rifle stock was clearly audible in this "noisy" silence of the quiet battlefield where every sound seems amplified ten times.

Then the officer went away. It was silent. The guard would be much more alert, for a while, so I lay there a few minutes more. I

looked at the night-blue sky. It was still dark at three A.M. But dawn shouldn't catch me on the wrong side of the lines.

I gripped the gasoline cans and edged away from the guard. After 100 yards, I got into a crouch and walked on toward Kalignan.

Off to the right I saw a covered fire at a field kitchen. Metal cups and plates clinked. I crossed an odor trail of the rich food drifting through the night air. It smelled damned good. With our supplies cut off, we lived on monkey meat, shell-riddled bananas and avocados, a handful of rice and, once in a rare while, a wild jackass which crossed our hungry sights.

The nurses at Base Hospital 2 still hoarded a few cans of corned beef which they slipped sparingly into the stew for the sick and wounded lying in the 3,000 open-air beds in the woods near Little Baguio.

Suddenly, in the darkness in front of me, I saw the outline of a Japanese platoon, bayonets stabbing the night sky like a spike fence. I eased to the ground, holding the gasoline cans so they wouldn't make a telltale slosh.

I COULDN'T see how I could worm my way, undetected, through the platoon but I'd have to make the try. With their eyes trained on the distant darkness, maybe they wouldn't see me at their feet.

Sporadic gunfire rattled in the darkness in front of me and behind me.

I tried to hold my breath but it shoved its way out of my throat and dragged in again, sounding like a hoarse carabao. My heart knocked noisily in my chest—if the Japs didn't hear it they must be deaf. I tried to control my breathing.

There was some more jabbering from the soldiers, then a barked command. The men moved into formation and hurried past me at a trot. One stumbled and almost fell over my hand. He caught himself and ran on, cursing under his breath.

I waited until their steps faded in the distance, then edged forward, wet with perspiration, breathing heavily.

At about 3:30 in the morning I crawled over a low ridge and saw hundreds of bamboo huts standing on stilts: Kalignan, nerve center of the Japanese offensive. Across the main road, to my left, was the motor pool and beyond it were the angular tents of General Homma's troops.

Now I had to move in the open. I couldn't count on guards not seeing me.

I hurried toward the main road and the wood bridge which spanned a 20-foot canal in front of the town. I slipped the dynamite sticks between heavy wood beams under the bridge, then stood up and walked across the bridge toward the southeast corner of the town, carrying the gasoline cans.

A strong breeze blew in across Manila Bay. It would keep the fire going if I got it started.

At the corner house I set one can on the ground and opened the other and began sloshing gasoline on the tinder-dry bamboo stilts and palm leaves drooping over the roof.

I could see the glow of candlelight through the cracks in the bamboo wall. It reflected on the high cheekbones of five men bending over a map on a table.

Guards moved through the dirt street in front. One looked in my direction, then hesitated—*it was inconceivable that a lone Yank*

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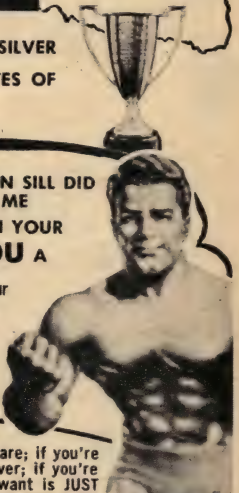

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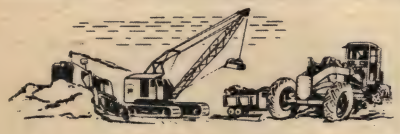

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would dare be in Kalignan tonight. The guard walked on. The absurdity of my actions made him disbelieve his eyes.

I pulled a packet of wood matches, wrapped in a piece of raincoat, from my pocket and tested one. It was dry as pine cones in the fall.

I flicked it across a thumbnail and tossed the little flame onto the gasoline-soaked roof of the house nearest me. I grabbed the other can and threw gasoline on the buildings nearby.

The wind from Manila Bay caught the blaze suddenly. Flames roared over the bamboo houses like a flash fire. I dropped the empty gasoline can and ran for the bridge.

Excited shouts barked behind me. I kept running, the bright fire casting black shadows on the road in front of me.

A fire alarm clanged.

I shot a glance over my shoulder. Men were running through the streets, yelling, dashing about in startled, uncertain confusion. The fire leaped from bamboo house to bamboo house. Soldiers raced out of their tents and headed for the fire—they were gathering in a thick bunch, right where the shells of our 155-mms on Mount Sumat were headed at that moment!

A wild laugh of exultation rose from inside me.

Then a soldier spotted me standing there. He whipped his rifle around and a bullet splatted into the bridge just ahead of me. Then other Japs joined him and the air was whining with death.

I darted from tree to tree.

I lunged for the canal bridge. As my foot hit it, I felt something dig into my left leg, just below the knee. I staggered and kept running.

I swung off the far side of the bridge and struck a match on the concrete piling. I heard drumming footsteps running toward the bridge. I touched the flame to the short fuse, waited until it hissed and caught, then climbed the bank and ran into the night.

The bridge blew up just as the soldiers, framed in the orange and yellow flames of the burning town, raced onto it.

A heavy concussion kicked my backside as the first big shell *whoomped* overhead and landed in burning Kalignan.

I looked back.

Flaming fragments of bamboo houses splashed up into the night. Another 155-mm shell *whoomped* overhead. The town was going up like a flaming Fourth-of-July stunt. As one shell after another fell into the holocaust, bodies and buildings and tents and trucks scattered through the night air as if struck by a massive tornado of flames.

Howling Japanese died by the hundreds.

WITHOUT further dangerous hesitation, I headed toward our lines, six miles south. The fire would undoubtedly alert every guard, patrol and soldier in the Japanese lines. The glow, behind me, would be clearly visible all the way back to our lines.

Something fluttered in the bushes and I saw a bird fly over my head.

The square-hatted silhouette loomed in front of me suddenly, a bayonet thrust forward suspiciously. It was a Japanese soldier and he'd seen me. He chattered something which I couldn't understand.

I stood up, carefully loosening a hand grenade in the darkness. He moved forward, wary as a fox. He chattered again.

"Shhhhh!" I said, handing him the hand grenade from which I'd slipped the firing pin.

The soldier's head bent curiously over it a second too long. At the last moment, I dived over the side of the rice paddy wall, splashing into the muddy water as the grenade blew the soldier to smithereens.

Footsteps pounded from the distance. They halted on the other side of the mud wall. Excited chattering broke out. I eased through the water and dragged myself out on the opposite bank, silent as an alligator, and hurried into the darkness. Behind me

I heard the familiar metallic clank of a machine gun being set on a tripod.

I dropped flat on my belly.

There was an angry grunt near me. I turned my head slowly and saw the silhouette—a wild hog, one of the few which had escaped our meat-hungry gunners. He plodded past me into the night, only slightly annoyed by the warfare going on around him.

Machine-gun fire whined through the darkness just over my head. It played back and forth, spewing death.

I heard bullets thump into something ahead of me and the sound of something falling heavily onto the ground. Then came the dying grunt of the wild hog.

Digging with my heels, I shoved myself away from the machine-gun fire and rolled into a narrow rice paddy canal which was dry. I stayed with its winding course for 100 yards then eased out onto level ground.

Behind me I could see the machine-gun crew against the faint glow of the fire at Kalignan. I eased the safety off my Garand. Then I thought better of it—a flaming Garand is a fine target at night for hand grenades. I slowly worked my way south.

Familiar landmarks showed on the night skyline. The feel of the earth under my stomach was one I recognized. Somewhere, maybe two steps ahead of me, were my own lines—and the cat-eyed scouts who might shoot first and check the identification of the body later.

A shape loomed toward me over my shoulder.

"Tia!" I whispered, using the Filipino word for captain.

The shape loomed closer.

It was my scout Jacob. He glanced over his shoulder at glowing Kalignan, then cupped his hand over his mouth. "You been playing with matches, tonight, *Tia?*" he whispered softly.

I grinned and headed for my tent. I sprinkled sulpha powder over the leg wound and stretched out on the cot, feeling terrifically let down.

It had been a good night and I'd been lucky again.

I slept late—until seven A.M.—then had the doctor take the bullet out of my leg so I could rejoin my scouts.

Now, for a few days at least, the pressure from General Homma would ease up. ♦♦♦

PHOTO CREDITS

Pages 14-15, from the authors; pages 18-19, INP, US Department of Defense; pages 26-29, D. C. Gunn—Carsten-Harris; pages 36-37, FPG, INP; pages 86-97, from the authors. Stag's cover this month was painted by Mort Künstler.

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BOUNTY-HUNGRY GUNS OF EL PASO

Continued from page 40

dull-witted and guileless that the McGowans would have bet their ranch that he would never make a Texas cowpoke.

"I vork cheap," he told them. "To start vid."

The brothers McGowan grinned some more, then one said, "All right, you're hired. But we don't need another hand here at headquarters. You go downriver to our line camp. You'll find a *hombre* named Dee Harkey there. Tell him we said you're to work with him."

M'Rose grinned hugely. "Dank you. Dank you very much."

They watched him stride off—he had neither horse nor saddle—and burst into laughter. "Some joke on old Dee!" one chortled. And the other mimicked the new hand's speech, "Ya! And von't old Dee dank us!"

They couldn't know that the joke was really on them, that the gawky oaf would have the last laugh. They expected Dee Harkey to run the Polander off with a six-shooter but misjudged Harkey as well as M'Rose.

Dee Harkey was neither old nor inclined to be the butt of a practical joke. A wiry, homely little man, extremely earnest of manner, he took himself and everybody else seriously.

"Well, since you want to be a cow hand and the McGowans hired you," he drawled, "I'll make one of you. Can you fork a bronc?"

"Vhat say, Mister Harkey?"

"Can you top a cayuse—ride a horse, for Pete's sake?"

"This Pete, I don't know," Martin M'Rose said. "As for riding, you vill learn me—ya?"

Harkey eyed him in a speculative fashion for a long moment, then spat and said, "I'll learn you to ride—or kill you, trying."

He shook out the loop of his lariat and went to catch the gentlest horse in his string.

SO INSTEAD of sending the Pole packing, Harkey took him under his wing and began the seemingly hopeless task of making a a hand of him. It was hard going, but M'Rose was a challenge. Harkey meant to see that, sooner or later, M'Rose earned his $30 a month and found. And under the earnest little cowboy's tutelage, M'Rose did make a hand. Not a top hand, of course, but a fair-to middling puncher. He also learned to speak English, such English as was spoken by old-time Texas ranch hands. He also transformed his appearance. He got himself decent clothes, shed his shoes for boots, acquired a saddle. And a gun.

He and Harkey hit it off fine. They were all but inseparable during the three years that M'Rose was a McGowan hand. During that time, the Polander had been a good pupil. And upon leaving, he revealed that he had picked up one or two things on his own. One dark night he "borrowed" the best bronc in the McGowans' remuda. He didn't stop riding until he was clear out of Texas.

The theft of the McGowan horse was Martin M'Rose's first step toward the law's guntrap at El Paso, a dozen years later. There were to be many more such steps, each taking him further outside the law. The McGowan brothers were never to see him again, which they could look upon as a stroke of good fortune. But it was Dee Harkey's fate to have M'Rose cross and recross his trail, and finally to help destroy what his tutelage had in part created.

M'Rose left Texas for the wild Pecos River country where he landed a job with the big Eddy-Bissell Cattle Company. This was one of the many large outfits in the Territory of New Mexico. It branded VVN, and was managed by tough Tom Finnessy, a survivor of the Lincoln County War. As Harkey had done before him, Finnessy took a liking to the Polander and within a year promoted him from ordinary cow hand to trail boss. During the next few years, M'Rose trailed herds of VVN cattle to Dodge City and to the firm's Colorado range. It was a rough, tough life, but M'Rose was amazingly adaptable. The land was untamed, as were its cattle and horses and the men who rode it. And Martin M'Rose had a wild streak a mile wide.

This wild streak of his involved him in numerous shooting scrapes, one of which turned out to be something of a farce. On a trail drive to Colorado, he heard that Bob Ford—"the dirty little coward who shot Mr. Howard"—was operating a dance hall in Cripple Creek. He had no rest until he rode into the mining town to have his try at avenging Jesse James.

Encountering Ford outside his business establishment, M'Rose hurled a challenge at him. "It's a back-shooting no-good you are, and I say to your face dat you are a yellow cur. Vhen I count to dree—draw or crawl!"

The dapper and rather frail Bob Ford paled visibly. Backing away, he protested, "You have no quarrel with me, friend."

"Friend!" M'Rose roared. "I vould as soon be friends vid a sidevinder!" He began to count, "One . . . two . . ."

Before he got to "dree," his quarry was in panicky flight. Ford sprinted for the door to his dance hall. M'Rose cut loose with his six-shooter, but missed. Before he could fire again, Ford was inside and had slammed the door. M'Rose tried to batter his way in, but a couple of town constables arrived and collared him. He was hauled off to the lockup, and it remained for someone else to square accounts for old Jesse.

But despite his wildness, M'Rose matured and grew smart. He decided that there was no future in working for wages alone, and later he was to boast to Dee Harkey, "I vent up de trail for old Eddy and vhen ve got to Dodge City, I own more damn cows than him!"

That was his second step, or misstep, toward the law's guntrap at El Paso: stealing from his employer. Once the company wised up, he decided it would be healthier to go into business for himself. The business which seemed best for his talents was rustling—large-scale rustling.

The brand M'Rose chose was a ladder mark. The Golden Ladder, he called it. And golden it was, for a ladder brand could blot out many other brands—which was the use to which M'Rose put his iron.

Southeastern New Mexico was a happy hunting ground for cattle thieves, since there were many big ranches to prey upon, and Eddy County, named for one of M'Rose's former employers, was a perfect setup for the rustlers. The sheriff was Dave Kemp, who happened to be an outlaw on the dodge from Texas. Since they were birds of a feather, he and M'Rose became the best of friends.

THE TOWN of Eddy was a more or less orderly place, but Hagerman, a mile and a half away, was the hangout for the lawless gentry and the sporting element. Sheriff Kemp operated a sporting house at Hagerman, and M'Rose was a frequent caller. He was popular with the gay ladies, partly because of his husky physique and blond good looks and partly because he always had money in the pockets of the fine broadcloth suits he now wore.

M'Rose was a diamond in the rough. He possessed a crude sort of charm which permitted him to make friends and influence people, both men and women. At Hagerman he became friendly with a heavyweight cattleman named Gene MacKenzie, a hard case named Vic Queen, and a sharper named Bill McClendon. These friendships were to stand him in good stead when, later on, the boom was lowered.

But now M'Rose and his friends were prospering at the expense of the big ranchers, and it seemed that they would continue to live high on the hog forever. The future must have appeared rosy indeed to Martin M'Rose, at least, for one fine day he plunged headlong into holy matrimony.

The lady's name was Beula Karns. She came to Hagerman to stay at the sheriff's brothel and be a wife to half the town. But M'Rose saw her first. He happened to meet the stage on the day of her arrival. He took one look at Beula and was smitten.

Beula was wearing a dark green dress that hugged her voluptuous body as though in love with it. Form-fitting of bodice, wasp-waisted, snug over ample hips, the dress actually revealed what it covered. On Beula's gold-touched hair was a saucy little hat, and on her red-ripe lips was a saucy smile. She had baby-blue eyes that could melt the heart of even so case-hardened a man as Martin M'Rose.

He hastened to help her from the stagecoach, his hat in his hand. "Velcome to Hagerman, Miss . . . Vhat's your name, please?" He appeared as bold as any masher while inwardly he quivered like a bashful schoolboy.

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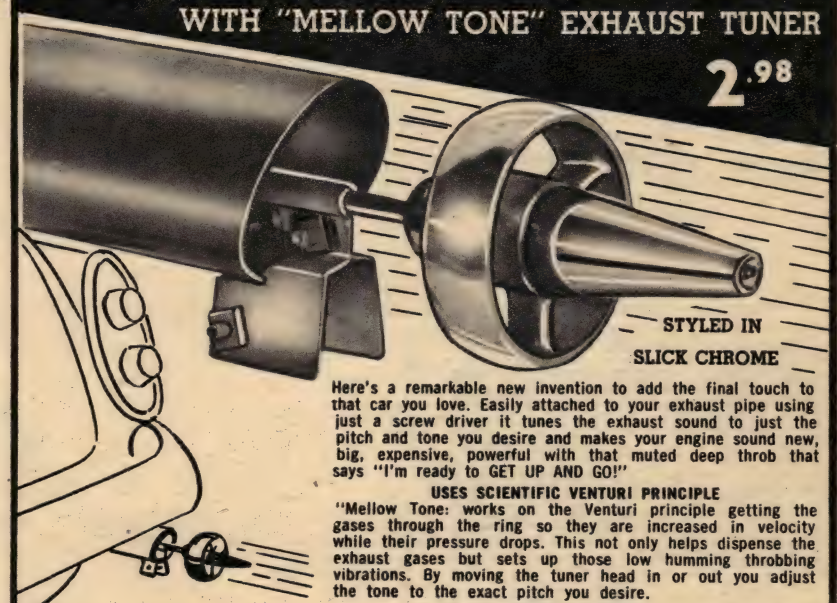

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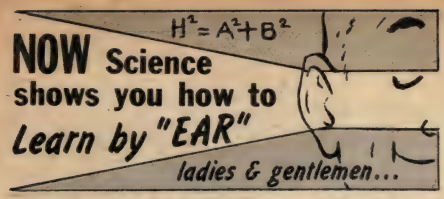

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"Me, I am Martin M'Rose." To impress this choice morsel of femininity, he added, "Martin M'Rose, the cattleman."

The baby-blue eyes were far from innocent. They looked him over, the mind behind them a cash register. Beula noted the "cattleman's" fine broadcloth suit, his pearl-gray Stetson, his fancy boots, the heavy gold watch chain draped across his flower-patterned vest. She saw money on the hoof. Her baby-blue eyes sparked with quick interest. Her saucy smile grew warm, and bestowed its warmth upon the smitten rustler.

SHE told him her name, and added, "Thank you so much for welcoming me to Hagerman, Mr. M'Rose. It's so thrilling to meet a prominent cattleman like yourself. I do hope we are to be friends."

"Friends ve vill be. Good friends."

"I'm so glad, since I know no one here."

"I am de only person you need to know," he told her, offering his arm. "Come along, Miss Beula. Ve vill have dinner and do some talking."

They did have dinner and what they talked about was marriage.

Old records and the testimony of old-timers claim that those women of the bawdy-houses who took to wedded bliss made remarkably good wives. Beula was no exception during the first years of her marriage to Martin M'Rose. Her husband's business took him away from home for long periods, but Beula remained true-blue. On his part, M'Rose liked married life. He took to it like a duck to water, no doubt because he found in Beulah a lusty mate.

He worked all the harder. He had already bragged that he was rich; for Beula, he set out to become richer still. He planned to build and furnish a much larger house than the one in which they started their life together. He also planned to do some traveling in style to interesting places, to see the more civilized world and to show off his lovely, bounteously endowed wife. But he was living in a dream world, and the props were about to be kicked from under it.

Strangely enough, it was little Dee Harkey, the man who had taught M'Rose the cattle business, who was to do the prop-kicking.

M'Rose first heard the bad news from Vic Queen when he and Bill McClendon returned from selling a herd of stolen cattle in Colorado. Queen buttonholed him on his way home to Beula with a head full of pleasantly anticipatory thoughts.

"There's hell to pay, Martin," Queen said, wildly excited. "The big outfits have hired a stock detective and had him appointed deputy United States marshal. This will ruin us!"

"Vhat for dey do dat?" M'Rose wanted to know. "Vhen ve already got a sheriff?"

"They know the sheriff is our man."

"Ya. But he's a good man. He keeps the peace, no?"

Vic Queen became a bit exasperated. "You don't savvy, Martin. Sheriff Kemp closes his eyes to the rustling we do, and the ranchers are up in arms about that. So they're sicking this deputy U.S. marshal onto us!"

"Vhat's his name?"

"Dee Harkey."

"Dee Harkey?" M'Rose laughed. "Den ve got noding to vorry about. I know dis Dee. He is like a brudder to me."

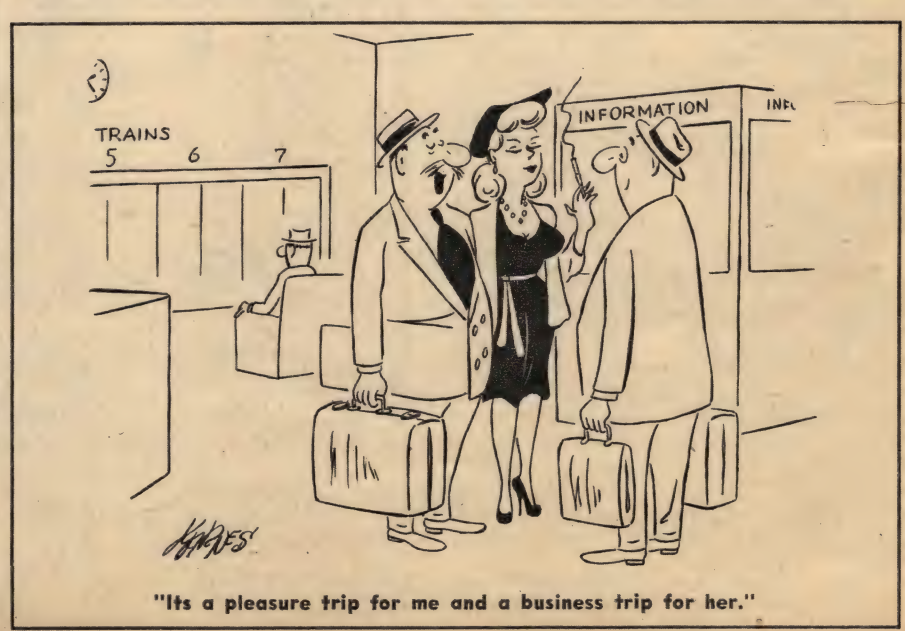
Queen looked hopeful. "You can handle him?"

M'Rose nodded vigorously. "Handle him I can," he said, and went off to let Beula welcome him home.

The attempt to handle the newly appointed deputy United States marshal could have happened only in the West where law enforcement was something of a joke. A meeting was held at the Tansill Building in Eddy, and all the rustler fraternity was present. So was Sheriff Dave Kemp. Martin M'Rose served as chairman. They'd arranged for Dee Harkey to drop by. He showed up, still an unimposing little man who didn't appear to have the get up and go to wear a law badge.

M'ROSE was grandiloquent. "My old friend, ve vant to make you a proposition. Ve have all got rich. Dere is nothing out here but big cattle ranches, most owned by big foreign companies. Now, ve vill pay you as much as dose fellers and besides brand you a dousand calves a year. All you got to do is leave us alone. Vhat you say?"

Even for the cattle-rich Southwest, it was a fantastic bribe. A thousand calves a year would have made Harkey a cattle king. That



"Its a pleasure trip for me and a business trip for her."

M'Rose and his fellow rustlers could make such an offer revealed the vast scope of their activities. It made Dee Harkey blink with surprise, even though he'd been primed by the ranchers. But if he was tempted, he showed no signs of it.

His eyes hard and his voice chill, he said, "Martin, I wouldn't accept your proposition; I can't accept it, anyway. But I'll tell you what I will do. You've told me about your stealing, how you got your money and all your cattle. I am going to do my job, and if you fellows will stop stealing, and you who are renegades will quit—and half of you are —then I will forget the past and we will start over from here."

IT WAS a bit confusing, but Harkey knew what he meant—and so did the nearly 30 other men present. It was an offer of peace backed by a threat of war. For a little while the atmosphere was charged with danger for Harkey. He was a mild-mannered little man amid a crowd of hard cases; if they had decided to settle it then and there, he would have had no more chance than a stray lamb jumped by a pack of wolves.

An angry muttering came from the assembled rustlers, but M'Rose, using his six-shooter for a gavel, rapped for order.

"No dreats, gentlemen!" he shouted. "Dee is here under a flag of truce. Besides, it is my friend he still is. Ve have quiet here, no?"

There was quiet, for M'Rose glowered belligerently at his fellow thieves. Some of the group were not exactly cowed by the boot-tough Polander, but none was eager to tangle with him.

M'Rose continued, to Harkey, "Friends, ve are now. But once you go from dis place, friends ve vill not be."

"So you're turning me down?" Harkey said flatly. "You'll not quit your stealing?"

"Ve steal only from the big outfits, Dee. Dey can afford to lose a few cattle and horses."

Harkey did not argue the point. He merely said, "Then we're no longer friends," and walked out of the meeting.

After the meeting and his failure to handle Harkey, M'Rose ceased operations for the time being. He believed in the old adage that a new broom sweeps clean. He felt that Harkey would be more zealous at the start than later on and thought it wise to let the stock detective work off his zeal on those rustlers who continued their activities. He intended to lie low until Harkey became lax.

During this period, M'Rose became quite a homebody. But even the buxom charms of Beula palled in time, and he grew restless. He had far too much vitality to be content with domestic life. So when Vic Queen approached him with a scheme to run off a bunch of VVN horses, the bored rustler decided to come out of retirement. That decision turned out to be a ruinous mistake, for Harkey was on the trail of the stolen horses before it had time to cool.

Harkey made it so hot for M'Rose that the horse thief had to make plans to move to a more agreeable climate. It took a bit of planning, for he did not want to leave Beula behind. He couldn't imagine any climate being pleasant unless she were there to enjoy it with him. Leaving the horses hidden in a stretch of rough country, he made a furtive visit to Hagerman one dark night to give his wife the bad news.

Beula took it none too graciously. "And just where do you think we'll go that Harkey can't find us?"

"Ve vill go to Mexico."

"Mexico! I wouldn't be found dead there!"

"Dere is no other place dat's safe."

"Maybe not for you," Beula retorted. "But any place is safe for me—so I'm not going to Mexico."

It was the closest they'd ever come to quarreling, and M'Rose was for a moment quite upset. Then he was angered by her defiance. His European heritage came to the fore; instilled in him was the belief that a woman must obey her husband, and he would have none of Beula's free and easy ways now.

His broad, coarsely handsome face hardened. He grasped Beula's arm, so tightly that she winced with pain. "Vhere I go, you go," he told her. "I vill not stand for any foolishment from my own vife!"

Beula was rebellious for only a moment longer. She understood M'Rose's nature too well to risk riling him up further. "All right," she said. "I'll go to Mexico."

If she gave in with mental reservations, he did not notice.

M'Rose's plan was for Beula to take the stagecoach to Pecos and there board the train for Midland, Texas. He set out on horseback, driving the stolen broncs. He crossed 80 miles of sagebrush desert to Jim Daugherty's Half-Circle 84 Ranch. He left the horses with Daugherty, giving him a phony bill of sale for them. He was carrying $6,000, more money than he wanted to take with him on the dodge. He gave $2,500 to Daugherty to hold for him, then rode on to Midland where he found Beula waiting.

He'd given Harkey the slip temporarily and felt sure that he would make good his escape. He and Beula went to El Paso by train. No record is now available to show how the M'Roses happened to become separated in the border town, but no doubt Beula, still resolved not to cross into Mexico, pulled a fast one on her husband. She took a room in El Paso while M'Rose ducked across into Juarez in a hurry because the local officers, alerted by Harkey, were breathing down his neck. There he joined Tom Finnessy and Vic Queen. Those two were also hiding out because Harkey had warrants for them.

IT WAS still Martin M'Rose whom Harkey wanted most of all, and now he had the cattlemen employing him offer a $1,000 reward for the rustler king.

There were in El Paso almost as many lawmen as outlaws, practically all of them bounty-hungry. Harkey reasoned that a reward offer would bestir some of those badge-toters into action. He also hoped that the smell of money would get the Mexican officers to lend a hand. It worked out as he hoped. One of the Texas lawmen, the famed Jeff Milton, was chief of the El Paso police, and he dickered with the Mexican cops. On April 6th, M'Rose and his pal Vic Queen were thrown into the Juarez *juzgado*.

Now the plot thickened, became complicated by intrigue and illicit love. Harkey tried to extradite M'Rose and Queen. Working with him was J. D. Walker, who had replaced the outlaw Dave Kemp as sheriff at Eddy. Their efforts seemed about to bear fruit, for on May 1, 1895, *The El Paso Times* reported that the governor of Chihuahua

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was agreeable to turning the pair over to officers north of the border. Sheriff Walker and Ranger Captain George Baylor stood ready to receive the prisoners.

However, M'Rose and Queen sent word that they planned to kill Walker and the threat, along with a jealousy of Dee Harkey, caused the sheriff to lose interest in the proceedings. At the same time, one of M'Rose's friends, Gene MacKenzie, slipped into Juarez and distributed $4,000 where it would do the most good.

Which caused Harkey to comment disgustedly, "All hell couldn't get M'Rose and Queen out of Mexico then."

HE WAS right. The bribed Mexican authorities released the pair and permitted them the freedom of Juarez. And Harkey stepped aside and watched from a distance while the El Paso officers tried to maneuver the two wanted men into crossing the border.

"It's up to the bounty-hunters now," Harkey said.

In the Mexican city, Martin M'Rose fidgeted. For the first time in his life, he revealed that he had nerves. He became edgy, bad-tempered; he moped around. It wasn't that he disliked Mexico; on the contrary, he was thinking of buying a ranch there. Under other circumstances, he almost certainly would have enjoyed the very real hospitality of Juarez. Beer and tequila were cheap. The Mexicans were born gamblers and could give a gringo as much action as he craved. The *señoritas* were more than friendly. But M'Rose was in no mood to have himself a time. He'd received the worst possible news: his Junoesque blonde wife was unfaithful!

Though she had reneged on accompanying her husband to Juarez, Beula had acted like a dutiful wife—for a time. She had sought legal aid for M'Rose. But she had made a most unlikely choice of mouthpieces. She had chosen John Wesley Hardin.

In those days, mothers used to frighten unruly offspring into behaving by saying, "Be good or Wes Hardin will get you!"

Wes Hardin had killed 39 men before he was 21. He was one Western badman that the law did a little something about; he'd spent 17 years in the pen at Huntsville. While in prison, he'd studied law. Released in 1894, he'd come to El Paso and opened a law office. He hadn't much of a practice, and so whiled away the time drinking and gambling. He could drink most men under the table, but at poker he was no better than at lawyering. And he was a poor loser. One night at the Gem Saloon, upon losing heavily, he'd pulled a six-shooter and declared himself winner. Knowing his reputation as a killer, the other players wisely let him take the pot. Another of his pastimes, according to his landlady, was to practice the fast draw for hours on end in the privacy of his room. Wes Hardin was a two-gun man.

It was this drunkard-gambler-gunman whom Beula M'Rose picked to look out for her husband's legal rights. He took one look at Beula and decided, "That's for me." When he learned that she had in her possession $3,000 of M'Rose's money, reaffirmed his decision: "That's for me, for sure!"

In no time at all he had Beula convinced that she was indeed for him. They shacked up together, and soon all El Paso knew that there was a big passion between them. And across the Rio Grande, the cuckolded husband brooded and sought ways and means of getting his cheating wife back. He also talked of going gunning for Wes Hardin, which showed that he'd become a little unbalanced over losing Beula.

On the north side of the International Boundary, the upholders of law and order were as busy as beavers trying to figure a way to get him across the line so he could be tagged out.

Busiest of all was Jeff Milton who by now had been ousted as chief of police. His ouster should have left him without authority, but he claimed to be operating now as a "special ranger." He made frequent visits to Juarez to spy on M'Rose. He journeyed to Chihuahua City in an effort to get the governor to boot M'Rose across the line. No longer on salary as police chief, Milton was eager to latch onto at least a part of the reward for M'Rose's capture—or death.

Also sniffing after bounty-money was a character named George Scarborough who had once been sheriff of Jones County. Some old-timers claim that Scarborough was wearing the badge of a deputy United States marshal. Others maintain that he was sort of free-lancing when he hit El Paso. Whatever his status, he too busied himself with the M'Rose affair.

It was in June that Scarborough bought chips in the game, and by then M'Rose had been sweating it out in Juarez for nearly three months. Scarborough was over in the Mexican city even more often than Jeff Milton. He was something of a con artist, since it was he who finally enticed M'Rose out of his Mexican sanctuary.

Scarborough conned M'Rose by promising to sneak him past the El Paso officers, by playing upon the wanted man's obsession to kill Wes Hardin, and by dangling as bait the hope that with Hardin dead Beula would once again be a dutiful wife. To have fallen for such a line, the canny rustler king must have been off his rocker with hatred for Hardin and lust for his wayward wife. However, Martin M'Rose was a game one who had always lived dangerously and it was possible that he believed that he had a fair chance of getting past the lawmen, of killing Hardin and of getting back to Juarez with Beula. At any rate, he let Scarborough play him for a chump.

FOR his part, Scarborough was now forced to seek help. By letting others in on the play, he would have to share the reward money with them. But he was afraid of M'Rose and did not want to risk going ia alone. So he got in touch with Jeff Milton who was worrying that Scarborough would hog the show and collect the whole reward.

"He's coming over tonight," Scarborough told Milton. "At 11:30, by way of the Mexican Central bridge. You wait at the Texas end and be ready to jump him." He eyed Milton worriedly. "I'll be with him. When the shooting starts, be sure you don't mistake me for him."

Milton grinned. "I'll be sure, George. Real sure."

Scarborough wasn't entirely reassured. "You wouldn't double-cross me, would you, Jeff?" he asked uneasily.

"Now why would I do such a thing, George?"

"To collect the whole of the reward."

"You scared I'll shoot you?" Milton asked, still grinning.

"I've seen *hombres* killed by stray bullets, Jeff."

"Not stray bullets from my gun," Milton told him. "You just watch out for M'Rose and don't worry about me."

Scarborough was forced to take Milton at his word. But when he returned to Juarez, to make sure M'Rose didn't change his mind, it was with heavy misgivings. He still feared that he would be the target for more than M'Rose's gun when the showdown came.

Like Scarborough, Milton was afraid of M'Rose. And he distrusted Scarborough as much as that worthy distrusted him. He too feared being hit by a stray bullet. So he sought help in the person of Frank McMahon, a Texas Ranger. Later, Milton maintained that he hoped the odds of three to one would force M'Rose to surrender without a fight.

But there was a lot of talk afterward. For example, John Wesley Hardin told it around that he'd hired Scarborough and Milton to kill M'Rose so that he could keep Beula. Milton called Hardin on that, however, and forced him to admit it was a lie.

Anyway, Milton was accompanied that night by Ranger McMahon. They arrived on the bridge at 11:20, waited with their cocked guns in their hands. They hadn't long to wait but almost immediately nervousness gripped both.

McMahon began to shiver. "Chilly up here."

"It is that," Milton agreed.

That wasn't even near the truth, for it was one of El Paso's usual warm summer nights.

After a short silence, McMahon whispered hopefully, "Maybe he won't come."

They talked in whispers as the minutes dragged by, each trying to jack up his sagging courage. After what seemed an eternity, they saw two shadowy figures moving slowly toward them through the sooty darkness of the trestle. Their fear lasted a moment longer, then gave way to a wild excitement.

They leapt to their feet, Milton shouting, "Throw up your hands, M'Rose!"

Utter silence followed, lasted for the space of a half dozen heartbeats, then was shattered by a bellowed curse from M'Rose. And by a shot he fired at the man who had betrayed him. It missed, for Scarborough was already ducking aside in a frantic attempt to save himself.

Milton drove a shot at M'Rose, hitting him. The rustler went down under the impact of the .45 slug. But he would not stay down. Back on his feet, he fired again at Scarborough. But the luck of Martin M'Rose had finally run out. He missed that second shot too. And now three guns blasted at him. He went down again, and this time he was hit too many times to rise. He had eight slugs in him, one through the heart.

SO DIED the man with the unique name. A thief he'd been, but not a craven one. He'd lived dangerously, and died game. The final act of his life seemed like one of utter stupidity, but he had not been led blindly into the trap. He had suspected that he was being betrayed and had anticipated his death, for in his pocket was found a farewell note addressed to Mrs. Beula M'Rose.

It is safe to assume that his dying thought was not of the rustler kingdom he had lost but of the luscious blonde for whom he took such a foolhardy risk. ◆◆◆

"Had a perfect liberty: good food, good drinks, good music, bad girl."

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ESCAPE BY SHOTGUN WEDDING

Continued from page 25

When the German soldiers spoke to her, she answered them frigidly. She was heavy-lidded and full-breasted and had eyes for no one other than the man she had married. Soon, to her joy, she knew that she was with child. As the weeks passed, she worked less strenuously. Only when the arrival of her baby was imminent did she take to her bed. From the beginning she had known of her husband's secret activity, knowing the danger, accepting it calmly. What he was doing was no less than the duty of a Frenchman. Pierre was in nightly wireless communication with Baker Street, London.

When Pierre looped his aerial over the branches of a wisteria and laid his thick farmer's fingers on the Morse tappers, a small boy was always stationed at the gate of the muckyard. His job was to warn Pierre of the approach of any Germans. Up to now, they had never come.

A Gestapo radio-detection van moved unobtrusively into the area. It was controlled by Captain Greisenau, a thin, tight-lipped man with alert, snake-cold eyes. With earphones clamped to his head, he listened, pinpointed, isolated. A converging circle of armed soldiers closed in on the farmhouse. The small boy's warning came just in time. Pierre whipped down his aerial, thrust his radio set into Nicole's bed and regained the farmhouse kitchen just as the inevitable, thunderous knock sounded on the door.

Under the direction of Captain Greisenau, the farm and its outbuildings were searched. The soldiers went over every inch of the attic, the living room, the dairy. They opened cupboards and drawers, they explored the cellar and the wine bins. Nothing was found. At last Captain Greisenau stopped outside a closed oak door.

"What is this room?"

"It is our bedroom, my wife's and mine. She is in bed, expecting a baby. I would consider it a courtesy on your part, Monsieur, if she were left undisturbed."

"Open the door at once."

Pierre shrugged. He said slowly:

"As you say."

Again cupboards were opened, clothes thrown out of drawers. Nicole lay in bed, not looking at the soldiers. Her eyes were closed and she was praying in silence. The search was fruitless. But Captain Greisenau's eyes and ears were acute. They missed neither the slight relaxation of Pierre's taut features as the soldiers trooped to the door nor did they miss the involuntary sigh of relief from Nicole. He strode toward the bed. With a sudden movement, he jerked the huge, billowing eiderdown back. He saw what he saw. For a long moment, there was silence. Then he said in execrable French, smiling at his own wit:

"Madame seems to beat strange children."

The travesty of a military court was held. Major von Klingen was very proper, very formal. The whole affair caused him deep distress because he had come to like Pierre. Also—a purely practical question—who would now supply the officers' mess with milk? Captain Greisenau, on the other hand, was brimming with triumph. He appointed himself clerk of the court, prosecuting officer, chief witness for the prosecution and judge. He would gladly have undertaken the role of executioner as well but that was to be denied him. The proceedings were brief and the sentences inevitable. For the accused Pierre—death by shooting. For the accused Nicole (sentenced *in absentia*)—transportation to the Reich, to Ravensbrück Concentration Camp for Women.

Grudgingly, Captain Greisenau allowed himself to be persuaded to defer the execution of Pierre's sentence until dawn. It was, said Major von Klingen, coldly, the traditional hour for such unhappy events to take place. Equally grudgingly, he agreed that the convicted woman Nicole should remain where she was until such time as she had been delivered of her child. Were she to be sent away at once, it was more than likely that she would bear her brat in a cattle truck en route for Ravensbrück and that would present administrative difficulties with which he did not wish to be bothered. In the meantime, she should be guarded night and day.

Heil Hitler!

THE news of this calamity spread like a petrol fire about the village of Fleuris. The small boy, who had first given warning of the German's approach, strolled with seeming innocence along the narrow road that led to the wooded hills. Once out of sight of the last house, he began to run. He was very small in the vast, thick countryside. His mission was of the greatest urgency and there was not a minute to be lost. In a short space of time, he was breathlessly telling the story of the morning's happenings to a slight, thin-faced man who squatted on a felled pine and smoked incessantly.

Xavier, leader of the Maquis, was a man of action. Within his head he had a map and, while the boy gabbled, he was mentally considering and rejecting a succession of flat fields. Sometimes the Germans came and dug trenches or erected stakes in the night and what had looked like a safe landing place at dusk became a deathtrap by dawn. There was only one way to make sure, to have a last-minute look at the ground. He gave instructions to one of his lieutenants and the man set off. He was back within the hour. The field was flat and unscarred.

But it was woefully small. One might be able to put down a Lysander on it—if the pilot was skilled and prepared to take risks. *Enfin,* the RAF were always ready to take a chance. Xavier wrote a message swiftly and gave it to his wireless officer for coding and transmission to London. It asked for a Lysander pickup that very night on the field whose exact map reference he gave. It was a matter of the greatest importance. There would be two passengers. If the operation was on, the *message personnel* on the French news of the BBC should be:

"A playmate for our Little Lord."

The next task, far the hardest, was to spring Pierre out of prison. Xavier decided on a bold and audacious plan. He told as much of it as necessary to the little boy who, by virtue of his youth, would have access to the distracted Nicole. The little boy frowned in bewilderment.

"But if I tell Madame this, she will consider me an imbecile. All the world knows that she and Pierre are—"

"All the world may know—but not Major von Klingen. Go quickly and do as you are told."

The little boy trotted off, a tiny link in a chain. Surrounded by his staff, Xavier lit a cigarette from the red stub of his last one.

"The time has come," he said, "to do battle with the Boche. We have Sten guns, ammunition and hand grenades in plenty. Tonight we will smoke the Germans out of Fleuris. This is my plan."

He explained it. There were many chuckles among these hard and and eager mountaineers but Xavier's mouth was unsmiling.

"You may not find it so humorous tonight when we strike. The Boches are not without weapons also." He spread out a map. "Now these are my battle orders. You, Jacques, will approach silently from the east of the village with your platoon. You will station your men here and here and here, covering this road with cross fire. You, Paul, will come in by the orchard below the mill, ready to converge . . ." For some minutes, he gave his orders clearly and authoritatively. At the end, he asked for questions. There were none. He looked around. "You all know exactly what you have to do. See that there are no mistakes." For the first time, a sardonic, wolfish grin twisted his lips. "Now I go to play *my* role. *A bientôt.*" Unarmed, the grim smile still on his mouth, he walked through the pines toward the village of Fleuris.

AT the headquarters of Special Operations Executive in Baker Street, Xavier's message was considered of high priority. The operations for that night had already been planned and it would be difficult indeed to mount yet another one. On the other hand, Xavier was known to be a man of the greatest integrity who would not ask for a pickup at the last moment if the matter were not desperate. A map of the area was studied and the reference checked. The officers scratched their heads. To put a Lysander down on that tiny, hill-folded space would require skilful hands and a stout heart. But the very difficulty emphasized Xavier's need. Here the strong personal trust between those in Baker Street and those in the field became apparent. It was decided to mount the operation. The whole elaborate machinery was set in motion and the French Section of the BBC warned to await confirmation of a probable code message which would read:

"A playmate for our Little Lord."

At Tempsford, a pilot was picked and briefed. Squadron-Leader Northcote—this is not his name—had done many Lysander jobs and was due for leave. He grumbled a little and rang up one or two popsies to cancel appointments. Then he began meticulously to study the map.

This was not—repeat not—going to be even a crumb of cake.

Xavier came by circuitous woodland paths into the village of Fleuris. Those of the villagers who saw him looked at him askance for they knew who he was and they marveled at his daring. He wore a preoccupied look and walked as a man might look who had weighty matters on his mind. Courteously, he touched his beret to the German sentries stationed at the street corners. They let him pass, surprised that any Frenchman should give them greeting. He went to the

"Oh, yeah! Step out and up to my apartment and say that!"

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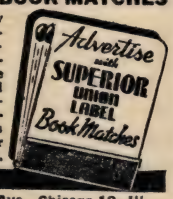

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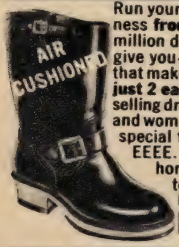

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house of Father Jean, curé of the village. The door was opened by Marie-Louise, the priest's fat and frightened housekeeper. Her face blanched at the sight of her visitor and she gasped for breath.

"Control yourself, woman. A word with *Monsieur le Curé,* please, on an affair of urgency."

"That you, of all people, should come at a time like this."

"It is because of that that I come. Please inform the good Father that I am here."

Only too well did Xavier know the simple workings of the simple priest's mind and that this matter could only properly be approached after the preliminaries of confession. He tapped with his foot on the floor, whistling between his teeth, sorting out a few sins from his considerable selection, minor sins that would be subject to swift absolution. The priest's voice spoke from the door.

"You come at an evil time, my son."

"I have come for two things, Father. The first," he said slyly, "to confess my sins."

The priest sighed. He was an old man and he was deeply troubled. He lifted one hand, let it fall. His heart was heavy at the thought of the dawn.

"Come to the church."

TOGETHER the two men walked to the church. It was hollow and echoing in the sunny afternoon and smelled of incense and disinfectant. To Xavier, it was a forgotten, sharply remembered smell. He stood by the confession box while the old priest walked into the sacristy. He reappeared, adjusting his stole, and went to the altar rails and knelt in prayer. He took an unconscionable time and Xavier fretted as the minutes crawled by, At long last, the priest rose, genuflected and walked to the box. Xavier saw a glimmer of light and entered the box. The hatch slid open.

"In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti."

"Bless me, Father, for I have sinned," said Xavier swiftly. He gabbled over the dimly remembered words of the Confiteor. When he came to the end, he paused making his final selection. There was no time to bring up the affairs of Françoise . . . or Marguerite . . . or even Fleur.

"Since my last confession I have—"

"When *was* your last confession, Xavier?"

"Oh, some time ago, Father. Let us talk of that later. In the meantime . . ."

In under three minutes he was finished. Father Jean said in some surprise, "Is that all?"

"That's all." He coughed. "Well, practically all. And time presses."

He was given reluctant absolution, subject to a number of Hail Marys. No penance was ever gabbled at greater speed. Priest and penitent walked back to the house. Cake and cognac were produced by Marie-Louise. The curé said slowly, "You said that you had a second matter to discuss. If it could be postponed until after . . . after tomorrow—"

"Impossible, Father. You are a priest but you are also a Frenchman. In your heart, you are one with us of the Maquis—and in the hills we have need of a . . . er . . . a private chaplain. Were you to consent to do what I ask, the vengeance of the Boche would be heavy and you would be well advised to join us. Pierre has been arrested and sentenced to death. He dies at dawn tomorrow—unless . . ."

"Unless what?"

"It is you and you alone who can save him, his wife and unborn child. Now I talk to a priest and a Frenchman. I have a plan . . ."

Half an hour later, Xavier left the priest's house. He had explained his plan and the priest, when he had understood its purpose and its audacity, had seen no reason for witholding his complicity, *En effet,* he was only asked to repeat once again a religious ceremony which he had already performed some 12 months ago. Such an act could only be acceptable to God. But, as Xavier had said, the vengeance of the Boche would be heavy. He began to get together his meager belongings. It was sad indeed to have to leave the house where he had lived for so many years and life in the hills among the Maquis would be hard and dangerous. But it was amongst these men that his duty lay.

The small boy was waiting at the corner of the street. He fell into step beside Xavier.

"Well?"

"I have seen Madame and I have given her your message. The Germans permitted me to see her alone. They are fools. She told me to tell you that she will do anything for Monsieur Pierre, for her unborn baby and for France."

"You have done well, my little one. Now I go to see the German commandant. Tonight, when the firing starts, you should go to the cellar and stay there until the battle is over. Tomorrow, it may be that the Germans will ask you questions. You know nothing. It is understood? You are not suspected and no harm will come to you."

"Yes. It is understood. *Bonne chance, Monsieur."*

"And to you. Now go. It is better that we are not seen together."

Xavier walked on. He made his way to the gates of the commandeered château that was now the headquarters of the German garrison. Two sentries barred his entry. To them he explained with great humility that he wished to have an interview with *Monsieur le Commandant.* It was, he said, twisting his beret in his hands, a matter of the gravest importance and urgency. No. He could not tell what he wished to see the commandant about. It was a very delicate affair and could only be revealed to the commandant personally, but with the hint of a grin at the corner of his mouth, he submitted to being searched. He bore no weapon. One of the sentries accompanied him up to the château. He was shown into a small room and told to wait. The minutes ticked away, each one of unendurable slowness. At long last, a noncommissioned officer told Xavier gruffly to follow and he was shown into the office of Major Otto von Klingen, commandant of the garrison of Fleuris.

MAJOR von Klingen sat at a paper-littered table. Behind him stood Captain Greisenau of the Gestapo. He was wearing a civilian suit of French cut. The major looked strained and tired. He looked like what he was, an honourable soldier, whose distasteful duty it was to kill an enemy, not in battle but in cold blood. He said curtly:

"I try to make myself available at all times to those who wish to see me. But your visit is inopportune. Please state your business shortly."

Xavier passed his hand over his face. He said humbly, "Have I *Monsieur le Commandant's* permission to be seated?"

Captain Greisenau's voice spoke sharply from behind the table.

"Certainly not. You will remain standing in the presence of the commandant."

Major von Klingen glanced at Captain Greisenau. In that glance Xavier saw surprise and resentment. He felt rather than saw the major's back stiffen. When he spoke his voice was cold.

"You may be seated if you wish. But I am a busy man and my time is short."

"Thank you, *Monsieur le Commandant.*" He sat down. He longed passionately for a cigarette, but to light one now would be trying the commandant too high. He said, slowly, wearily:

"My business concerns the prisoner, Pierre and . . . and another."

"Another?"

Xavier drew a deep breath.

"Yes. Another. My daughter Nicole."

"You are the father of Madame?"

"Yes."

The lie came easily. During the time he had waited in the small room, he had rehearsed the role of outraged parent over and over again until he had almost come to believe that Nicole was his daughter. Now the curtain had gone up in very truth. He threw himself into his part with zest. His face flushed and he spoke with heat.

"You ask me if I am the father of Nicole. The answer is 'Yes.' But if you ask me if I am the father-in-law of Pierre, the answer is 'No.'"

Major von Klingen shook his head.

"I do not understand. Pray explain yourself."

"It is all too simple. Pierre, whom you hold in prison under sentence of death, is the unspeakable seducer of my daughter. The pair have lived together but they are not married. That is my daughter's shame. But her greater shame is that she is with child." He leaned forward, his face working. "Consider *my* position, *Monsieur le Commandant,* when that child is born. Am I, who spring from the loins of honourable ancestors, to be pointed out as the grandfather of a bastard?"

There was a snigger from behind the major's table. Captain Greisenau said with a chuckle:

"You may remember, *Herr Major,* the view I expressed to you an hour ago concerning Frenchwomen. They are only good for two things. The first of these is cooking. The other they practice freely—even here in the village of Fleuris, it seems. Let us be done with this sentimental rigmarole. It is no affair of ours if the convicted man is the husband or lover of the convicted woman—nor is it our affair if our friend here is the grandfather of seven bastards. We have more serious matters to attend to, *Herr Major,* and I suggest—"

"Be silent, Captain. I command you to be silent."

Major von Klingen looked at Xavier, his face a maze of wrinkles. He saw before him a lean, sunburned man who twisted his beret humbly in his fingers. The father of Nicole! Lord God, but the daughter was better-looking than her father. At this moment, with her man about to die, he was aware of

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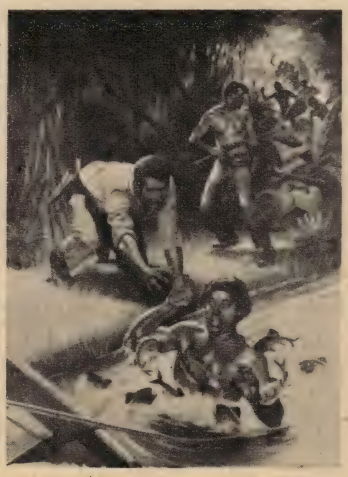

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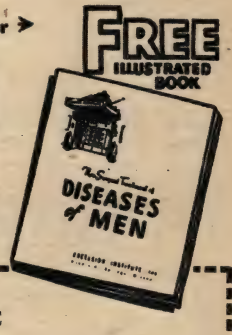

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a gush of sympathy for her and for her unborn child. When he spoke again, the harshness had gone from his voice.

"You will realise that the unhappy position in which your daughter finds herself is none of my making." He cleared his throat. "Nor, I regret, is it in my power to mitigate the sentence of the court which has been passed on the man."

"That I do not ask. *Monsieur le Commandant.*"

"Then what do you ask?" said Captain Greisenau sharply.

Xavier looked at him with loathing. Before the night was out, please God, he would have an opportunity to deal with him in a proper manner. For the German commandant, he had no personal enmity. Because he was a German, he was the foe of France. But, in this instance, and in this instance alone, Xavier sensed a possible ally. Later . . . he would see to it that no harm came to this German.

"I address myself to you, *Monsieur le Commandant,* not to this other gentleman. Pierre has been arrested by you and has been condemned to die. For months past, he has promised to make my daughter his wife. He has not done so. There are now only a few hours before he faces the firing squad. I would like to put those hours to good use. I ask that you permit Pierre to marry my daughter before sentence of death be carried out."

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Captain Greisenau laughed. It was not a pretty sound.

"Before this woman is taken to Ravensbrück, you ask that she should spend her honeymoon in a cemetery! You ask that her nuptial bed be her husband's grave."

"Of you I ask nothing," said Xavier shortly. He turned to von Klingen. "Nothing but good can come of your granting my wish. It is in your power to solve a problem which profoundly affects the honour of my family. I think of the future, not of the past, the innocent and not of the guilty. I think not of Pierre nor even of Nicole. I think of the unborn and"—he shrugged—"and I confess to you that I also think of myself in the role of the wronged grandfather."

"But surely," said von Klingen dryly, "it is your daughter who has been wronged, not you!"

"It is I. *Monsieur le Commandant* can know little of the family life of France if he believes otherwise." He paused. He gazed directly at Major von Klingen. He said softly: "It is possible that *Monsieur le Commandant* is himself married. It is possible that he has a daughter. Suppose that *Monsieur's* own daughter were to find herself—"

"Silence. You are being insolent."

"It is not my wish to be insolent. I have spoken to Father Jean who is prepared to perform the ceremony. Pierre could be taken to the church under guard, as many as *Monsieur le Commandant* pleases and I . . . I would contribute a bottle of wine to drink the health of my grandchild—born in and not out of wedlock. I beg of you . . ."

"You will wait outside."

"As Monsieur commands."

Xavier was back in the small room. He wiped the sweat from his brow. My faith, that had been a bad half-hour. As long as Pierre remained in the prison and Nicole in her bed, their doom was sure. Once get them out and into the open air and they were as good as on their way to England. The RAF, an aircraft from the Moon Squadron would surely come. The RAF had never failed him yet. He grinned. Already, his Maquis would be on the move, creeping silently down from the hills. And from the next room, from Major von Klingen's office he could hear the confused sound of angry voices. The gulf which yawned between the Army and the Gestapo was widening.

"You will of course refuse this impudent request," said Captain Greisenau curtly.

MAJOR von Klingen lit a cigarette. He smoked slowly, gazing into the far corner of the room. It was true what the Frenchman, this imminent grandfather, had said. Suppose he, Major von Klingen, had a daughter . . . Well, he had. Trude must be 20 now. He had seen her on his last leave and had been astounded at how, suddenly, she had become a woman, full-breasted, nubile, infinitely vulnerable. He translated the words "Mademoiselle Nicole" (for Mademoiselle she had surprisingly become) into the words "Fraulein Trude," seeing the problem as relating to one he loved. Suppose Trude, gay, blonde, impetuous Trude, were to give herself to a man and become with child and that man were to be condemned to death? What would Major von Klingen do then? There was an unspoken bond between grandfathers which transcended the military aspect of a bizarre situation. He would plead with his daughter's seducer's executioners—just as this Frenchman had done. In the maelstrom of war and victory and defeat, there was surely a time for remembering the ancient humanities and this was that hour. Major von Klingen had few illusions left about the eventual outcome of the war. He judged as he himself would want to be judged. He crushed out his cigarette.

"I have decided, Captain," he said, "to grant this request."

Captain Greisenau stepped from behind the table. He said angrily:

"Then I suggest that you are unfit to command this garrison. The man should be shot out of hand and the woman—"

Major von Klingen sprang to his feet. He banged on the table with his fist.

"How dare you! Do I have to remind you that I outrank you?"

"You do—technically. But if you persist in this sentimental tomfoolery, I warn you that I shall see to it that you are relieved of your command."

"Do you presume to threaten me, Captain?"

"I am warning you that you will hear more of this—from Berlin."

"And I am informing you that if you utter one more insubordinate word, I will put you in close arrest." He rang a bell. A sergeant answered its ring.

"Bring the Frenchman in."

XAVIER stood before him. Major von Klingen's eyes were steel blue.

"Your request is granted. Provided the curé can make the necessary arrangements in time, the prisoner will be brought to the church under armed guard. I leave it to you to escort your daughter, but she too will be guarded. That is all. I propose to attend the ceremony myself."

"I think," said Xavier slowly, "that *Monsieur le Commandant* will have reason to be thankful for his decision."

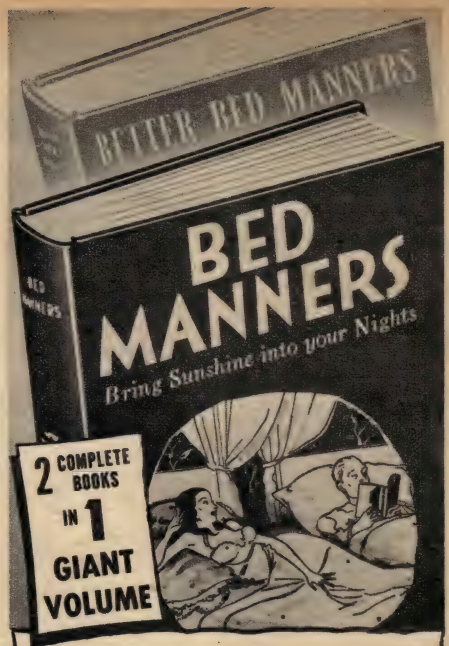
"I seek no favours from you or from anybody else. I do my duty as I see it. I am an officer of the German Army and I wage no war against the unborn."

"It is usual," said Captain Greisenau silkily, "to conclude an interview with a spoken greeting to the Führer." He flung up his hand in salute. "Heil Hitler."

"Vive la France," said Xavier under his breath. *"Tout va bien."*

Pierre sat on a wooden chair in his cell in the prison of Fleuris. An armed German sentry paced up and down the stone corridor outside, stopping every now and then to slide back the little oval slat that covered the spyhole and peer inside. Pierre was aware with impotent anger of the gaze of that single, solicitous eye. His thoughts were not of himself or the fate that the dawn would bring. When he had first undertaken to operate a secret radio set, he had realized that discovery by the Germans would only bring one verdict. *Enfin,* many Frenchmen had died before him. Many would die after him. He would be one of a gallant company. Please God, he would go to join them with dignity. His thoughts were all on Nicole. How would she fare when he had gone? At his trial, he had told the Germans again and again that his wife knew nothing of what he was doing, nothing. He told them that, at the last moment when he thrust the wireless set into her bed, she didn't know what it was and that she had been too frightened to speak. The Gestapo captain, the *salaud* with the thin mouth, had grinned at this and whispered to the major and the major had shaken his head. There was no love lost between those two. Sometimes, when pregnant women had a shock, it induced a premature birth. It was even possible that the child was already born, born and alive and crying while he sat within these four dirty walls waiting to die. He stood up. He looked around him, reading but not realising the meaning of words scratched on the wall by others who had been here before him. *A bas les Boches; adieu maman; au revoir chérie; vive la France* . . . These were not the words

"I hear you're in the Navy."



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of despair but of courage. He sat down again and buried his head in his hands. Oh, Nicole, Nicole, Nicole—

He heard the stamp of the sentry's boots and the sound of other footsteps on the stone. A key rattled sharply in the lock and he looked up as the door swung open. Major von Klingen stood by the doorway. One of the sentries spoke sharply:

"Stand up in the presence of the *Herr Kommandant*."

Slowly Pierre rose to his feet. Major von Klingen frowned. He said:

"An hour ago, I had a visit from the father of Madame Nicole."

Pierre shook his head in bewilderment. What madness was this? The father of Nicole was dead. He had died under the interrogations of the Gestapo in the prison of Fresnes more than two years ago, so how in the name of God could this German officer have had a visit from one whose bones lay in Paris? He said confusedly:

"But what you say is impossible. The father of Nicole—"

"Silence. You will neither interrupt nor contradict the *Herr Kommandant*."

"But—"

"Hold your tongue."

Major von Klingen drew a deep breath. What he had to say he found distasteful in the extreme.

"The story told to me by this gentleman reflects no credit on you. But there is still time to rectify the wrong you have done to an honourable woman. The sentence of death passed on you by the court must stand and you will be executed at dawn. In the meantime, Father Jean, curé of this village, has consented to regularize the improper union that has existed between you and the woman whom I have always believed to be your wife. Arrangements have been made for the marriage service to be performed within the hour."

Again Pierre shook his head. The German officer must have taken leave of his senses—or had he, Pierre, already died and been cast into the hell of nameless nightmare? He began, stumbling over the words.

"But . . . but there is no need for me to marry Nicole. None at all—"

Major von Klingen drew himself up. He said icily:

"I have no doubt that you will die like a gentleman. Try, in these your last hours, to live like one."

In the late afternoon in London, word was passed from the Headquarters of SOE in Baker Street to the French Section of the BBC. There was one more code message to go out after the transmission of the news. The words of the message were: A playmate for our Little Lord. "I will repeat that at dictation speed. 'A—playmate—for—our—Little—Lord.'"

At Tempsford, Squadron-Leader Northcote was given his route. The earlier part was familiar to him and he could be reasonably sure of dodging the flak positions. Of course they might have been moved overnight. But the last hour and a quarter would be over strange, hilly country with scattered forests of pines. Not so good. Pinpointed within those dark forests was the target area, a narrow south-sloping strip. Studying the map, the words "postage stamp" came back and back into his mind. If the pines at

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FOR MEN ONLY

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the end of the runway were full-grown and tall, it would be quite a job to lift the Lizzie over them. On his last trip he had come back with large portions of a French forest trailing from his undercarriage and he didn't want that again. No fear. Two passengers to come back. He only hoped they didn't weigh much! Once he had carried a woman who could readily qualify for the job of Fat Lady in any circus. Not so funny at the time.

The Met. report was far from reassuring. Though the weather was fairly clear over England, he must expect gusty headwinds, but the chance of down-drafts over the target area.

Taking the trip all round, he couldn't have a worse job. Still, these ones that look god-awful had a way of turning out all right. It was the nice easy ones that went wrong. He tested his Lysander and was satisfied. Then he went into the Mess to read a dog-eared copy of *Men Only* until the rising of the moon. A good hour passed before he was summoned.

"Operation Playmate?"

"That's me."

"Time to push off."

"Right."

Squadron-Leader Northcote went out to his aircraft. The young moon was clear of the horizon and shining on the long levels of the beet and the kale, casting shadows from the Gannocks, the earthworks of the Vikings. Tempsford was a good place. Might be an idea to have a cottage somewhere near here —after the war. That was, of course, if there was going to be an after for him. He climbed into his Lysander and touched the little St. Christopher on the instrument panel with his fingertip. "Do your stuff, chum," he said, as he always did before takeoff. He shouted down from the cockpit: "What's the latest Met. gen?"

"Wind's getting up from the southwest. Look out for gusts."

"O.K."

Squadron-Leader Northcote jerked up one thumb and pressed the self-starter. Bumping and swaying, he taxied to the end of the runway. The beat of his engine was confident and true. He took off dead on time into the rising moon and the flat fields of Tempsford flowed away darkly beneath his wings.

FLEURIS.

It was an extraordinary thing for Pierre to sit between two sentries in the front pew of the church that he knew so well and wait for Nicole, for his wife, to come in so that they should be married. His mind was in a turmoil of confusion and he could see no purpose behind this macabre pantomime. Armed guards stood at the door of the church and half a dozen Boches had ranged themselves along the back pews. They squinted at the altar, shuffling their feet, embarrassed to be not only in the presence of God but also in the presence of one who would soon die at the impact of their bullets. There was silence except for the sound of the Germans' boots and the evening twittering of birds outside. Father Jean came into the sanctuary and lighted the candles. He went out again and Pierre gazed at the steady spear points of orange flame. He had not looked at Pierre, not once. There was a clatter at the door and the sound of slow footsteps coming up the aisle. Pierre swung round and his heart leapt.

He saw Nicole, her head bent. She was heavy with child and faltering. But what drove the breath from Pierre's body was the sight of the man on whose arm she leaned. It was Xavier, thin-faced, sardonic, a flower in his buttonhole. The corners of his wolfish mouth down, his darting eyes seeming to count the numbers of those who had come to witness this . . . this carbon copy of a marriage. Xavier would not come down from the hills other than for a purpose. God knows what plan lay in that audacious man's mind, but that there was a plan was certain. He stood up. He took half a step toward Nicole, felt a strong hand on his arm, restraining him. She knelt in the front pew on the other side of the aisle and began to pray.

Father Jean entered the church and stood at the foot of the altar.

"In nomine Patris et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti . . . introibo ad altare Dei . . ."

Pierre moved toward the altar. The two sentries stood behind him. He was joined by Nicole, by his wife. So close was she to him that he could feel the warmth of her full body. He prayed as he had never prayed before, his heart thumping, his mind seething with the hope of salvation.

FATHER Jean's words were a low, hurried gabble . . . *Uxor tua sicut vitis abundans in lateribus domus tuae* . . . Thy wife shall be as a fruitful vine on the sides of thy house . . .

The words of the Nuptial Mass were in rhythm with the beat of Squadron-Leader Northcote's engine. Peering down, he saw the first pines of the lower slopes of the Jura. In the moonlight they seemed to scurry like nuns hurrying to join the dark congregation of their sisters in the high hills. And from those same hills, the men of Xavier's Maquis moved silently down to throw a living loop around the silent streets of Fleuris.

The Mass was over. Bride and bridegroom had been blessed. For the second time, names had been written in the ancient book in the vestry. Major von Klingen touched Pierre on the shoulder.

"I am sorry," he said, "but I must now command you to bid your wife farewell."

"Here—in this place?"

"Yes. Here."

Pierre gazed at Nicole. He had been buoyant with hope, believing that something would happen. But nothing had happened. Nothing. She looked at him steadily, as if she were trying with all her strength to convey a message to him. He shook his head. He could find no word. He leaned forward and kissed her lips. They were as cold as ice. Captain Greisenau gave his short, neighing laugh.

"It is obvious to all that the consummation of this marriage has already taken place nine months ago, we need delay no longer. March the prisoner back to the cells."

"It is I who give orders to members of the Wehrmacht—not you, Captain."

"When my report of this affair reaches Berlin, you will be in no position to give orders ever again—Major."

"That is as it may be." Major von Klingen turned to Nicole. "It would be hypocritical on my part to wish you future happiness, Madam. I find it in my heart to regret the grim necessities of war."

Xavier spoke softly.

"What you have done tonight will be remembered in your honour, *Monsieur le Commandant*. Nor will your words be forgotten,

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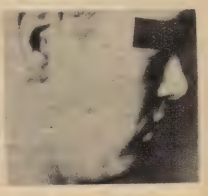
BEFORE

This young man suffered from a severe case of acne for years and tried all the usual "remedies" without success.



AFTER

Same young man after using KERAPLEX twice a day for just one week. Notice the decided improvement—pimples completely gone!

NO COST Unless It *ACTUALLY DOES* Clear Up Your Skin!

An analysis of results, taken from the "case history" records, indicates that Keraplex is successful in clearing up six out of seven cases of externally caused pimples.

What Users Say:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne . . . and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex . . . was completely relieved."—P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lotion to help clear up the pimples on my face."—K. W.

"I have used Keraplex and for the first time in my life my pimples are clearing up in good shape."—E. S.

And men — if you suffer from pimples on shoulders and back, KERAPLEX does an amazingly effective job of clearing them up FAST — without soiling clothes, without messiness or greasiness!

Mail the convenient coupon below now, for a bottle of Keraplex. Then use it as directed for a full week. If you don't SEE results that delight you within that time, simply return empty bottle and your money will be refunded at once. Don't delay a single minute. Clip and mail the coupon NOW. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.

— MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE —

UNDERWOOD LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 191, STRATFORD, CONN.

Yes! I want to try Keraplex ON APPROVAL. Send size checked below in plain wrapper marked "personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with postman amount indicated below, plus postage. If not delighted with the RESULTS, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

☐ Regular Size, $1.98

☐ Double Quantity (Two Bottles), $3.50

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Address_____

City_____ Zone_____ State_____

☐ SAVE POSTAGE. Check here if you ENCLOSE payment, in which case we pay postage. Same money-back Guarantee applies!

Payment must be sent with all orders to be shipped to A.P.O.'s, Canada and foreign countries.

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Amazing New Easy Way
PUTS ON POUNDS
Inches, Firm Solid Flesh

Women, men and children who are skinny, thin and underweight because of poor appetite or poor eating habits should try WATE-ON. There's no overeating. Yet cheeks fill out, neck and bust-line gain . . . arms, legs, thighs, ankles, skinny underweight figures fill out all over the body. Take WATE-ON and in normal health you, too, may quickly gain 5-10-20 pounds and more so fast it's amazing. WATE-ON is concentrated with calories and is easily used by the system in building wonderful body weight. WATE-ON is fortified with essential vitamins and minerals and other body nutrients.

Besides putting on weight, WATE-ON makes for better digestion of fats, improves the appetite, gives quick energy, guards against fatigue, sleepless nights, poor endurance and the low resistance which often accompanies underweight. If underweight is due to disease take WATE-ON under direction of your doctor. So don't be skinny . . . get WATE-ON Homogenized Liquid Emulsion or WATE-ON Condensed FOOD TABLETS today. Put on weight fast this easy healthy way or money back. Ask for WATE-ON. $3 and $5.50 sizes at druggists.

WATE-ON

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Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with **Tobacco Redeemer.** Write **Today** for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people.

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Captain." He glanced at his watch and grinned. "As for you, son-in-law, *au revoir. A bientôt.*"

The two sentries closed in. Pierre turned. Flanked on either side by his guards, he walked down the aisle. The door was opened. The little group stepped into the gusty moonlight. Then, in the windy half-dark, Pierre heard a sound, the distant hum and surge of an aircraft's engine, fitful in the flurries. He looked up toward the sky. He took half a step forward and stopped. From right and left, there burst suddenly the shattering staccato of Sten-gun bursts. He flung himself on the ground as one of the sentries crumpled and spun, clutching his stomach. Firing broke out ahead of him and, from the direction of the German roadblock, he heard the thump and explosion of hand grenades. The voice of Xavier spoke in his ear.

"Nicole awaits you at the vestry door in a car. Run, son-in-law. I go to deal with the good Captain Greisenau. My compliments to the RAF."

Squadron-Leader Northcote saw the wink and flicker of three torches. They shone from what looked like the depths of a pine forest. He circled once, whistling through his teeth the first bars of "Horsey, keep your tail up." Then he cut his engine speed, put his flaps down and went in. The Lysander touched down, bounced like a golf ball on asphalt, came down again and slewed its way drunkenly along the pitted path. Somewhere not far away it sounded as if a bloody great battle was going on, Sten guns, grenades, the lot. He braked hard, swung the Lysander round and bumped back to the extreme end of the strip, using the last inch of ground, pulling up and turning so that his tail was actually within the trees. There was a group of four people waiting. One of them was a woman. A man's arm was around her shoulders and, in the glimmer of the torch, Northcote could not fail to see that she was pregnant. She came forward slowly. Helped by the man, she got into the aircraft and Northcote said, "You'd better lie down there, Madam. There are blankets and a thermos of coffee." Gratefully she lay down and one of the men crouched beside her, holding her hand. From the cockpit Northcote shouted to the other two:

"Either of you chaps speak English?"

"Yes, I speak."

"Fine. How long is this strip?"

"Three 'undred and seventy meters."

"Any obstructions?"

"No. Only at the end—the pine trees."

"I've seen 'em. What's the wind strength?"

"Twenty-six, 30 meters an hour."

"Right. Is the lady ill?"

"Ill—no. But soon, very soon, she will 'ave a baby."

"Crumbs! How soon?"

The man shrugged in the torchlight.

"I think you 'ad better go very quick. The man with 'er, 'e is 'er 'usband."

Northcote revved up his engine. The Lysander shot forward like an arrow. The sounds of the distant battle were drowned in the roar of his engine. The aircraft was up and over the tops of the pines with inches to spare. Now came the fearful necessity of absolutely steady flying. This was a Lysander —not the delivery room of Queen Charlotte's Hospital. . . .

NICOLE'S baby was born within a few hours of her parents' arrival at Tempsford. It was a girl and at her christening—at which Squadron-Leader Northcote undertook the responsibilities of godfather—the child was named Nicolette. She was known, however—and still is known—by the affectionate name of *Mademoiselle Mitrailleuse.* ♦♦♦

"I do love you, Renna. It's just that I can't make that long swim upstream again."

LOSING YOUR HAIR?

Amazing Medical Discovery From West Germany Offers New Proven Help For Baldness!

If Your Hair is a Problem, Read about MEDUCRIN, the Startling Formula that can Change Your Appearance, Your Personality — Your ENTIRE Life!

RENOWNED WEST GERMAN MEDICAL DOCTOR DEVELOPS SCALP CONDITIONER THAT PROMOTES HEALTHIER, THICKER HAIR GROWTH... NOW AVAILABLE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR THE FIRST TIME.

Meducrin, like so many other great medical triumphs, is not the result of just one doctor's work. Many able men have worked on the problem of baldness for many years; however, it remained for Dr. Kurt Riethmuller, M.D., the well-known physician of Gevelsberg, West Germany, to sift the results of previous experimentation and to scientifically coordinate these findings with his own experiments. After thousands of tests covering over 14 years, Dr. Riethmuller finally achieved his goal — Meducrin! Testing his new formula on all types of baldness, including the rare alopecia areata, he proved beyond a shadow of a doubt that his amazing discovery does grow hair — in some cases on heads that had been totally bald for over 20 years! This wonderful formula that holds such promising hope for baldness is now, for the first time, made available to Americans!

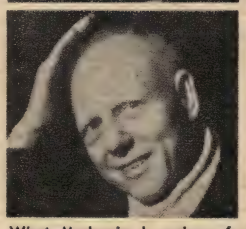
NEVER BEFORE A MORE EFFECTIVE DISCOVERY FOR BALDNESS . . .

Perhaps you are starting to lose your hair and have noticed one or more of the typical symptoms that all too soon lead to baldness — hair thinning at your temples or on top of your head, excessive dryness or oiliness of your hair and scalp, tightness and itch of the scalp, dandruff, excessive hair loss . . . or perhaps you have been told that you are suffering from alopecia areata and there's nothing that can be done for you. DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT! Something can be done! Something WILL be done if you let miraculous MEDUCRIN help you as it has helped so many other bald and balding people "for whom there was no hope." MEDUCRIN can give you a healthy scalp with a thick growth of hair once again. It *can* check the symptoms that lead to baldness if neglected. It *can* increase the life expectancy of your hair. It *can* improve your appearance, and all self-consciousness about your lack of hair — and give you a bright new outlook on life. MEDUCRIN can do all these things because it has been doing them for years — *is doing it* right this very minute — for many folks who had actually surrendered to baldness!

WHAT THIS DISCOVERY MEANS TO YOU

Meducrin means that now, at long last, something can be done — case histories show that hair can actually be re-grown — even on scalps that have been totally bald for years. It means that you can say goodbye to your fears of impending baldness because now — thanks to MEDUCRIN — baldness symptoms can be controlled. Although results may vary, a very gratifying proportion of MEDUCRIN users report re-growth of hair and total elimination of the tell-tale warning signals. And so well-proved are the results of MEDUCRIN, that you can try it for yourself — with absolutely no risk whatsoever, with absolutely no cost to you — unless it actually helps you!

NOTE TO DOCTORS: Many doctors and dermatologists are now using Meducrin in Patient treatment. Doctors, clinics and hospitals engaged in working on scalp disorders are invited to write for additional literature on Meducrin.



IS MEDUCRIN EFFECTIVE?

LOOK AT THESE ACTUAL UN-RETOUCHED PHOTOS

What Meducrin has done for others, it can do for you. No matter what the cause of your hair problem, MEDUCRIN holds out promising new hope for you. See what it did for Mr. W.B., who had tried all kinds of treatments for 7 years without success. Look at the new hair growth after three weeks with MEDUCRIN!

WATCH FOR THESE 5 DANGER SIGNALS

Fortunately, most cases of baldness do not come on without warning. Nature notifies us while there is still time to do something to prevent baldness, while the hair follicles are still alive and capable of being stimulated once again. If you are suffering from any of the following symptoms, the time to act is RIGHT NOW!

1. **Excessively dry hair and scalp**
2. **Excessive oiliness of hair and scalp**
3. **Dandruff**
4. **Tight, sore, itchy scalp**
5. **Excessive hair loss as revealed in your comb or brush, in your receding hair line, in thinning at the crown**

SPECIAL BARGAIN INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Your opportunity to SAVE $3.00 before MEDUCRIN is sold in stores!

REGULAR STORE PRICE $18.00

NOW! By mail only $15.00

for limited time only

YOUR HAIR WON'T WAIT

ACT NOW

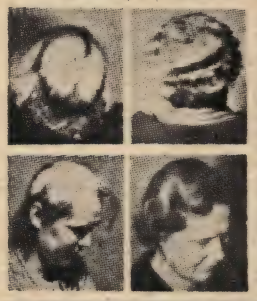
ORDER MEDUCRIN TODAY!

CAN MEDUCRIN HELP YOU? READ WHAT "HOPELESSLY BALD" USERS SAY

- "After about 3 to 4 months, the growth of hair has advanced so much that . . . all the bald spots are covered." Mrs. I.V.
- "I was totally bald. After 1 week, the first signs of hair appeared. I have now been treated for eight weeks . . . I have hair of normal thickness all over my head." F.U.
- "After four weeks, I noticed the first signs of new hair. Over the whole head there are signs of new hair." P.N.
- "After three weeks, there was a slight growth of white hair. By the end of May, this showed a fully normal growth of my natural dark hair." A.L.

Other case histories testify to results of new hair growth as quickly as one week . . . up to 8 months. NOTE: Complete names and addresses of persons quoted are on file and may be obtained by writing to the U.S. distributor, Hartel, Inc., 904 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., Miami 32, Fla.

HELPS WOMEN AS WELL



Meducrin offers hope for women, too — even for those suffering from troublesome, hard-to-cure alopecia areata. Dr. Riethmuller's scientifically-sound discovery has helped many despairing women to save their hair, gain new hair, new beauty, new self-confidence! It can do the same for you! Non-greasy ... ...not oily!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

If not completely satisfied after thorough and proper use according to the simple, easy-to-follow directions, your entire purchase price will be refunded to you upon the return of the unused portion within 30 days.

NO COSTLY OFFICE CALLS!

Benefit from MEDUCRIN in the privacy of your own home.

MEDUCRIN MUST HELP YOU OR YOUR MONEY BACK

You can find out how much Meducrin can do for you — without any risk whatsoever. It is guaranteed to help the condition of your hair and scalp or you can return the unused portion for a FULL AND IMMEDIATE CASH REFUND of the entire purchase price — no delay, no questions asked (if returned within 30 days). What can you lose by trying? Nothing! What can you lose by NOT trying? Your hair or your hope for re-growing hair once again. ORDER MEDUCRIN — and a new, healthier head of hair — RIGHT NOW!

ORDER NOW—SAVE $3.00

HARTEL INC. Dept. SM8
904 Chamber of Commerce Bldg. Miami 32, Fla.

Please send me a five-week's supply of Meducrin Lotion and Meducrin Creme, with easy-to-follow instructions for use.

☐ I am enclosing $15.00 which covers all mailing costs and taxes.

☐ Please send C.O.D. I will pay the postman $15.00 plus mailing charges.

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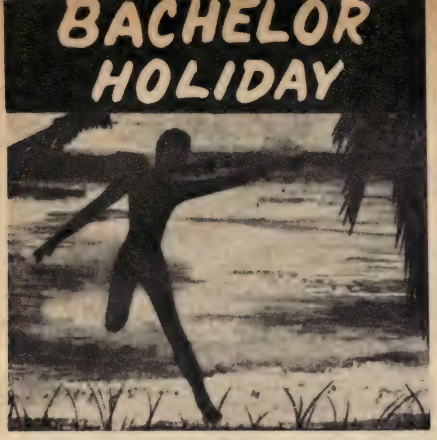
ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

ORDERS FROM ANYWHERE IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE FILLED PROMPTLY



Take your *bachelor holiday* in a place where women far outnumber the men. Where lissom girls, golden-hued beauties, enliven the hour with laughter and coquetry. Where the food is good, drinks cheap, and you get *days of abandon* — for a dollar or two a day.

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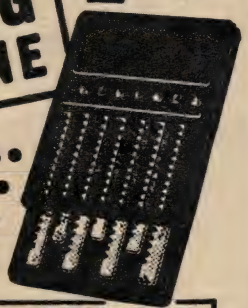

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ORDER NOW!

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114 E. 32 St., N. Y. 16, N. Y.

WHADDYA THINK WE ARE?

To the Editor:

I know the editors of STAG are looking out for our interests, but I think you overdid it in the *Stag Confidential* department for the month of May.

The last item of the *Inside for Men* paragraph reads, "nothing for a Peruvian girl of 10 to have a baby . . ." And immediately under that, beginning the section *A Man's Job*, "Three-year contracts being given out to heavy duty mechanics for work in Peru . . ." The mechanics at my plant have voted it the blooper of the year.

Ralph Johnson
New Orleans, La.

▶ You credit the editors with a more macabre sense of humor than they actually have. The juxtaposition was purely unintentional.

BATTLE OF THE FRAULEINS

To the Editor:

All I can say about the article, *City of Lonely Women* (by Alex Austin STAG, May, 1958) is "wow." I think it probably will increase American male tourism to Germany by several hundred per cent.

But I've got what I think is a good idea: Instead of all of us running over there, why not send some of these American gals who won't talk to a guy unless he has a big new car, and who won't go out with him unless he's willing to spend a small fortune, to Berlin to take lessons from these great girls? I think we should forewarn them, too, that if they don't start mending their ridiculous ways, we guys are going to be importing more than German beer soon.

Roland Saphir
Minneapolis, Minn.

To the Editor:

As an ex-GI who spent two years in Germany, part of it in Berlin, let me tell you that the author of *City of Lonely Women* doesn't know what he's talking about. Sure, there are *fräuleins* who'll pick you up on the streets, or drink at your table, and even go to a hotel room with you, but you should get a look at some of these dames and you'll wish you never left the good old USA. Let's put it this way, short and sweet: You always get what you pay for!

Samuel Grisha
Boston, Mass.

▶ The above are just two of the hundreds of letters we received on Mr. Austin's report about the serious shortage of men in Berlin and the desperate lengths it drives the girls to.

GASOLINE ALLY

To the Editor:

I've got to hand it to STAG. I was in the Navy for 22 years and the first I ever heard about SACO (Sino-American Co-operative Organization, made up of US Navy men and members of the Chinese underground during WW II—ed.) was what I read in your June issue ("America's Top-Secret What-The-Hell Army" by Emile C. Schurmacher).

It was a very interesting article all around, but what really intrigued me was Commander Roy O. Stratton using "an eerie mixture of vegetable and pine oil" to run his trucks when his supplies were cut off. Now what kind of combustion engine can take anything like that? Or was Mr. Schurmacher kidding?

Orin A. Sanderson
St. Petersburg, Fla.

▶ Commander Stratton's "eerie mixture" remains a secret to this day, but we suspect that it would be a suitable substitute for diesel fuel rather than gasoline.

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3 INCHES OF STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES TO YOUR ARMS

IN ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY 3 TIMES A WEEK IN THE PRIVACY OF YOUR OWN HOME

Joe Weider "The Muscle Builder"
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Only 7 weeks to that rugged, dynamic, he-man build you always wanted

In half the time, with twice the ease, in the privacy of your own home, in just a few minutes daily, I will, through my TRIPLE-PROGRESSION COURSE, slap inches of steel muscles to your pipe-stem arms, pack your chest with power and size, give you life-guard shoulders, dynamic, speedy athletic legs — add jet-charged strength to every muscle in your body. I don't care if you're short or tall, skinny or fat, office-worker, laborer, school-boy, or businessman, I must make a new virile he-man out of you, and also . . . help build "inner strength" that will give you that virile look, that women admire and men envy. Here's what I did for Gilles Poirier, one of the many thousands of weaklings I turned into He-Men.

THE $10,000 CHALLENGE ONLY JOE WEIDER DARES TO MAKE!

I guarantee to show you how to add twice as much muscle — triple your power — gain more weight twice as fast through my system of training than you could through any other method, and **IN HALF THE TIME.** I challenge any other physical instructor in the world who teaches through the mails, to accept my challenge!

Joe Weider

The Muscle Builder —
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HERE'S LIVING PROOF — GILLES POIRIER

Before Mailing This Coupon
What a skinny 109-pound run-down wreck! Miserable puny 10-inch arms — a flat 34 inch chest — tiny spindly thighs of 17 inches! What a pathetic case of weakness before he mailed me this coupon!

After Weider Training
What A Change! What A Build!
TO-DAY — a mountain of mighty muscles, 200 pounds of them, with Herculean 18-inch arms — magnificent 50-inch chest, and shoulders a yard wide. Here you see power oozing out of every pore in his "Mr. Canada" title-winner body. Another dream come true! A Weider Champion.

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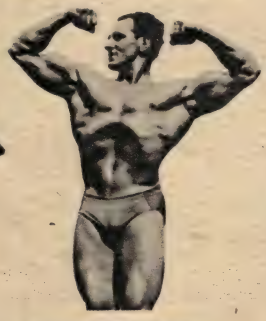

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WHAT I DID FOR HIM I CAN DO FOR YOU!

"Mr. America" "Mr. Universe"
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The world's best developed Athlete of All Times, says . . .

"Joe Weider can help you develop mountains of mighty muscles, just as he did for me. That free course trial offer is the best deal I ever heard of! Be smart — do as I did — Follow 'Weider As Your Leader' and rush in your coupon now, Get This amazing free course while it lasts!"

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LET ME PROVE TO YOU, AT MY OWN EXPENSE, EVERYTHING I SAY CAN BE DONE!

FREE MUSCLE BUILDING TRIAL OFFER. Fill out coupon and mail to me. I'll rush you my GIANT 32 page course, filled with exercises, training secrets, Heroic photos of mighty champions and private advice on how you can become a muscle star fast! This sensational offer is good only to males between 13 and 65 in normal good health.

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My Free Trial Offer is Now Yours As A Free Gift! No Obligation On your Part — Just Rush me this Coupon Now . . .

A-C-T-I-O-N IS THE KEY TO STRENGTH!

MAKE YOUR FIRST HE-MAN DECISION TO-DAY! Rush in this coupon for your free trial course. You have nothing to lose but your weakness.

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Shoot the works, Joe! Rush me my **FREE** INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED, MUSCLE-BUILDING COURSE. (I enclose only 10¢ to cover cost of handling and mailing.) I am under no obligation.

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CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

In Canada Mail to: Joe Weider 4466 Colonial Ave., Mont. Que. Canada.

THE AMAZING SURVIVORS

continued from page 15

Should reach you by daylight Wednesday."

Daylight *Wednesday!* This was early Monday. Two or three more days of dangerous waiting ahead! That the ship could no longer sink was little comfort. A sudden storm might break her up beneath their feet.

At first several passengers were for abandoning the *Dunedin Star* at any cost and waiting comfortably on dry land for the promised rescue vessels to pick them up. But when they noticed J. Burn Wood, the ship's doctor, and Commander Brian Hewitt, R.N., who was along as a passenger, and several of the ship's officers shaking their heads at the half mile of boiling surf between ship and shore, they weakened.

Captain Lee would talk earnestly with his officers for a few minutes, then walk off by himself and mop his face with his handkerchief—only to come back with another thought.

Be at least two days before they reach us, he was reasoning! Weather uncertain! Storm might break her back overnight! Small chance then for anyone to stay alive. Better off on the beach—especially the women and kids. Yes, safer on shore—if we can get there.

Without letting his mind dwell on the danger of the surf, he stepped briskly to the little knot of officers.

"Gentlemen, I have reached my decision. You will prepare to—to—abandon ship."

IT spread through the vessel, and stirred up a hum of voices wherever heard. There was plenty of disagreement. How could anybody row a heavy lifeboat through surf like that? It would broach to, dump everyone overboard. Jones, the steward's boy, confided to a deckhand, "It's those devilfish things I'm scared of. Water's full of 'em around here, they say."

But Captain Lee was no fool. He was pinning his hopes on getting ashore in their one big motor-driven lifeboat. While his officers hurried off to carry out orders, he called the passengers into the main lounge.

"Ladies and gentlemen! Under the circumstances I have decided that we'll be safer—more comfortable, that is—on shore. Whatever small inconvenience may be caused by a day or so on the beach will be worth the greater security we'll have there.

"Our big power lifeboat is being watered and provisioned now," he continued, more businesslike. "Passengers will be put ashore first. Chief Officer Davies will be in charge until I can join you on the beach later in the day. Each passenger may take one bag. So get ready, please."

Ten minutes later tattooed arms were helping passengers into the big power lifeboat, which had been slung outboard, its gunwales level with the boat deck of the *Dunedin Star*.

Lowered from its davits, evenly, inch by inch, the loaded lifeboat reached the water at last. Here it lay, rising and falling in the lee of the liner's hull, while two members of the volunteer crew struggled to start the motor. Two others, in the stern, manned a manila line, the other end of which was secured to a deck cleat on the *Dunedin Star*. Their duty would be to pay out the line slowly, yet always keep it tight to prevent the lifeboat's being swept sideways into the trough of the sea.

The motor coughed a few times, suddenly started with a roar. The bow swung around until it pointed to land. There was hardly need for a stern guideline to keep it aimed at the distant shore.

But the comparative smoothness of those first hundred yards or so was misleading. Commander Hewitt was studying a strange ridgelike demarcation ahead. Beyond it, surf rolled up out of nowhere in a great swell, paused, and took off in a mad race for shore.

Chief Officer Davies, in charge of the boatload, read Hewitt's mind and nodded understandingly. "They go by threes, Commander," he yelled. "Three big ones, then an interval of smaller ones. Watch out for the big ones."

Hewitt nodded. "Hang on, everybody!" he shouted, as they neared the watery chaos.

Their boat, easily handled until then, suddenly behaved as if gripped by some immeasurable force. Up shot the stern, high in air. It hung a long moment, propeller racing, then began a breath-taking slide down a mountain of pea-green water. Only a taut guideline kept it from spinning out of control.

Hoarse shouts mingled with women's screams. As the boat dropped, mothers shielded their babies with their bodies.

Chief Officer Davies warned, *"Hold tight,* everybody!"

Again they went through the dizzy cycle—stern in air—engine racing—breath held—the plunge down the side of a green canyon—up once more, still afloat. Enough water came over the stern to soak everybody.

Mrs. Taylor, a sprightly, cheerful woman, pushed back her wet hair and glanced apprehensively at the white-faced woman by her side who clumsily shifted position.

"You all right, Lydia?" she asked, keeping her voice matter-of-fact. She had reason to be concerned: the young woman at her side was pregnant.

Lydia Saad-Mousa, gripping the side of the boat with white knuckles, smiled back wanly as the stern started skyward for another breath-taking plunge.

Gradually this routine grew more familiar. The passengers learned to anticipate each rise and fall. There came a time when the shore line looked definitely closer. Suddenly the beach was only yards away.

"Men over the side, please!"

At the chief officer's order, they leaped overboard into the chest-high rollers and grabbed the gunwale to steady the boat.

The men lifted the women out of the boat and set them down on the dry, burning sand. Water-soaked suitcases and provisions and cans of fresh water followed.

Meanwhile the crewmen who manned the boat had been shifting the guideline from stern to bow, preparatory to going back. All hands now worked the lifeboat around in the shallows until it pointed once more to the *Dunedin Star*. Waiting their chance between

They watched helplessly as a huge wave smashed

combers, they shoved it out into water deep enough for the crew to get their motor going.

"They'll make it easy," said Davies at last.

"In that case," said Commander Hewitt, with one of his rare grins, "shall we join the ladies?"

The castaways looked about curiously. It was their first critical close-up of Skeleton Coast. The outlook was not encouraging. A range of hills miles inland was the only elevation in sight. The beach itself seemed far wider than it had looked from the ship. Treeless, smooth as a billiard table and fairly level, it sloped up gently from the water, its soft depth making walking slow and exhausting.

Some hundreds of yards back from the sea the beach was fringed by dunes. In a general north and south direction, however, the sand stretched out in a monotonous, shimmering expanse as far as the eye could reach.

Davies shielded his eyes from the painful glare and looked around. He pointed to one of the larger hillocks some 200 yards from the water.

"That's high enough to cast a spot of shade. Wait here, I'll have a look."

They watched him plough heavily through the sand, saw his steps grow slower and slower as he neared the dune. What he shouted back to them against the southwest wind was muffled. But they understood when he beckoned.

The men picked up some of the supplies and moved slowly towards the dune. It was almost like walking in quicksand—especially for the women, who soon strung out behind.

The shade on one side of the dune was little more than a spot, yet the women huddled there thankfully.

Only Hewitt and the chief officer realized that in sending this first boatload ashore, Captain Lee had set an ominous pattern for future rescue attempts. No longer would it be possible for a vessel, carefully choosing her weather, to come alongside the wrecked liner and take all hands off.

They had become divided. One group was marooned on shore—with nothing but a vulnerable motorboat "life line" connecting it with the rest out there clinging to a bumping, waterlogged wreck.

MEANWHILE, the "life line," manned by its volunteer crew, was making slow headway back to the wreck to take off a second boatload.

This time, members of the crew prepared to quit the wreck, carrying what they considered to be necessary luggage. They were stopped by the captain's "No time for that extra gear. I want everyone ashore before dark."

The lifeboat carried the first group of crewmen through the surf with little more than a thorough wetting. Burn Wood, in this load by the captain's orders, had thrown himself across his emergency kit. Soaked to the skin, he waded ashore carrying the kit in his arms, jubilant at having kept his medical supplies dry.

By midafternoon the lifeboat again was wallowing toward the beach with its second party of crewmen. By Captain Lee's orders, this contingent included the ship's stocky 54-year-old chief refrigerating engineer officer; also Purser Johnston. The purser had with

the lifeboat, and with it their hopes for any more supplies from the Dunedin Star.

him all company documents, Admiralty papers and cash from the safe. The men were quite gay. They had little doubt of making land safely. What changed their minds was the granddaddy of all waves that loomed up high behind them.

Its size was unbelievable. Men blinked twice to see it rising higher, higher over their stern. There it hung for seconds, motionless, menacing.

SUDDENLY, tons of solid water crashed down on the lifeboat. The craft spun sidewise and flipped upside down like a shingle in a millrace. The men were practically catapulted the remaining yards to the beach.

The lifeboat, cast far up on the beach, lay on its side. Whether due to the soaking or because of a broken part, its engine refused to give so much as a sputter when cranked.

The low-hanging sun had spilled much of its fierce midday fire. Already a chill was in the air. Darkness would soon be on them. Any thought of getting the rest of the crew ashore that day was abandoned.

The last men cast ashore joined their shipmates in dragging the soggy red sails of the useless lifeboat, as well as its mast and tackle and emergency oars, over the 200 yards of deep sand to where the other castaways awaited them.

By the time Davies, Burn Wood and Commander Hewitt had fashioned the sails into a crude overhead protection held up by oars stuck in the sand, it was apparent that *side* protection was equally important. Something was happening that nobody had thought of —much less expected. Only a fresh breeze from the sea! But it was starting to stir up the sand on the beach in little eddies that lodged particles of grit in the eyes, ears and noses of everyone.

"How are we off for water?" one of the passengers asked. "I could drink a gallon of cold, fresh—"

"Shut up!" hissed Davies in his ear. "We have enough for a few days," he told the others, smiling. "Only reason I'm rationing it is—well, just for safety, y'understand. Same with food. We'll find a spring or river or something tomorrow."

He tried to speak lightly, but he was really worried Sixty-three people—among them women, children and a sprinkling of elderly men—left on an exposed beach without shelter! Only a little food and water to share among them! No prospect of outside help for at least two more days—perhaps longer!

He picked up a fistful of sand and squeezed it hard as the other side of the picture flashed over him. For out there, 600 yards away in the boiling surf, were his captain and 42 other men marooned on a wreck battering itself to pieces, with no motorboat left them in which to reach land!

He flung the sand down, gathered his thoughts and ordered six of the liner's crew to search along the beach and gather driftwood for a fire.

That first meal, bully beef and crackers, was nothing to brag about. True, it took the edge off hunger, but only to shift attention to the clammy chill that grew more penetrating as dusk deepened into night. By the time darkness settled on Skeleton Coast, the castaways sat on the sand silent, depressed, brooding. The chief officer noticed this. Burn Wood's medical viewpoint made him uneasy over the new mood.

The camp tried to settle down—women and babies shivering in the slight shelter of the dune, men trying vainly to make themselves comfortable in the open by huddling together in twos, threes or fours. Eddying sand added to the general misery.

Daylight brought them back to sickening reality. Men and women awoke, aching, soaked with heavy dew, the steady roar of surf in their ears.

Breakfast, depressingly like last night's supper, was eaten with little enthusiasm. Chief Officer Davies began assigning jobs to the men. He was careful to mix passengers and crew, regardless of social or professional station.

"Bosun, send out three men from the passengers and six seamen. They're to gather driftwood. . . . Some of you others form parties and see if you find any trace of fresh water in this Godforsaken desert. Take it easy, men," he called after them, "or the sun will get you sure."

One duty Burn Wood took on himself without consulting Davies or anyone else. As doctor of the party he introduced frank but needful sanitary measures. He had a crude sign set up in the sand and lettered LADIES—GENTLEMEN, with appropriate arrows pointing into the desert. It was surprising how quickly the sight of women plodding off in one direction, men in another, became a normal, accepted part of shipwreck life.

Harder to accept were the pinpricks of sand blown by the southwest wind; sand that filled hair and ears and kept eyes half closed. The survivors hadn't realized the extent of the discomfort until later that morning when they gathered at the water's edge to watch the chief officer attempt to signal the wreck. Every square inch of unprotected skin was red and raw from the constant pelting of the sand.

After a pause, Captain Lee signaled back by heliograph that he was going to launch his two oar-propelled lifeboats in a desperate attempt to get to shore. He asked that those on the beach get ready to help them land.

The castaways squinted silently seaward at the two oar-propelled lifeboats being put overboard from the wreck. They saw men dropping into them, one by one. They watched oars being shipped, rowers bending to their work.

Between the surf, the undertow and the treacherous Benguella Current, the boats invariably spun out of control. Repeated attempts to reach land failed. Several times the exhausted rowers inched their way back toward the calmer waters in the lee of the wreck only with the greatest difficulty.

Then some new activity was begun on the *Dunedin Star*. Men seemed to be working on a cable. Finally it slid over the edge of the well deck into the sea.

"Breeches buoy!" shouted Davies, when at last he guessed what they were doing. "It's a *breeches buoy* they're rigging." He got to his feet, calling to those around him: "Watch sharp, everybody, for a line floating ashore. They'll be wanting us to fasten it at this end."

HE EXPLAINED rapidly how one end of a line was made fast to the ship, the other end to something on shore. The land end had to be high enough to keep the sagging middle part from dragging through the breakers. Otherwise, the person being hauled ashore in a rope sling would be drowned.

"Here she comes!" cried Commander Hewitt, 20 minutes later.

By some miracle, the end of a line from the wreck—a stout manila rope an inch and a half in diameter—had escaped the deep, powerful grip of the Benguella Current, and swept on toward the beach until it was almost within reach of the castaways.

Hewitt, followed by Davies and a number of seamen, waded out among the breakers. After two unsuccessful tries at the writhing rope end, they seized it at last and hung on desperately while wading ashore. Additional hands took hold and helped haul it a safe distance up the sloping sand.

"Everybody lay hold now!" Davies directed. *"Pull!"*

Their combined efforts, badly synchronized by ragged cheers, moved the breeches buoy line a few feet in the general direction of a sandy mound about 70 yards up from the water. But they didn't get very far with the project as one man after another began to weaken under the strain. None had sufficient

Their first day on the island they spent huddled together. like frightened animals.

head covering. The heat sickened them as they hauled desperately on the heavy wet line, trying to obey orders and counter-orders. They dragged it up and down. They jerked it across and back the other way, feet sinking ankle-deep into sand, eyes smarting from sand whipped up by the wind and flung into their faces. "This heat is more dangerous than—" Burn Wood was saying when, as if to bolster his words, the ship's donkey-engine man—a gentle, 200-pound professional boxer with the strength of 10 ordinary men—sighed like a baby and slumped slowly to the ground. Burn Wood revived the man with chlorodyne and a makeshift cold pack filled with sea water.

At this point Davies called off the hopeless struggle with the breeches buoy.

The castaways straggled over to Davies and asked for water. "We're dry clear through," they declared. "You say we'll be out of this in another day. Then why so tight with the water?"

He understood the signs of heat exhaustion all about him. He knew how people felt. He felt that way, too. Nevertheless he consulted Burn Wood before giving out any more water.

"Half a cupful, Chief," Burn Wood advised. "We'll have to take some chance."

The water ration doled out from their shrinking supply seemed, to Davies, to make them crave more. If only he knew how long they'd be marooned he could calculate better; perhaps even double their allowance. Meantime, he'd have to stick to the severest of rationing, unless they could find water somewhere along the coast. Again he spoke to Burn Wood.

"Doctor," he said, earnestly. "we've got to find water somewhere. I want a dozen volunteers to start out south and examine the shore for a couple of miles. I—I'd like you to go along, Doctor, if you feel able."

"Of course I feel able," the 68-year-old Burn Wood assured him, somewhat curtly. Suddenly the doctor grinned. "I've wanted to take a look around myself."

The party set out along shore, watching closely for some sign of a river bed; even a dry one. The men gradually slowed their pace as the heat and heavy going began to tell. Nowhere was there a tree, a blade of grass, the slightest indication of fresh water. They trudged along for an hour in silence except for the squeaking of the sand at every step. Suddenly they came upon a spar sticking up from the sand.

"This," said Hewitt, as they drew closer, "looks to me like a ship's topmast. . . . *And there's the ship!*"

HE pointed excitedly to a few gaunt, weathered timbers thrust up above the sand near the water's edge.

Without doubt they were the bottom timbers of a large vessel, disintegrated by the action of the sea, and rotting with age. There was nothing to show its identity.

The first member of the party to reach the spar was young Jones who had been a few paces ahead.

"Look here!" He was pointing to something at his feet.

The rest saw for themselves and stared at one another. Half buried in the sand were a number of hutlike structures.

Forgetting their own unenviable position, Hewitt, followed by the others, dropped to his knees and started to scoop away sand. First they uncovered a round wooden bucket. A large book four inches thick followed. The brass clasp suggested that it was a family Bible. Jones reached out eagerly.

"Wait!" said Hewitt.

Too late. With a gasp of surprise, the boy sat back on his haunches, eyes bulging, mouth hanging open. His hand held the brass clasp. The rest of the book lay at the bottom of the scooped-out sand—a heap of dust.

Jones' hands shook. The others understood. What they were seeing, each in his mind's eye, came too close to their own case for complacency. They kept on almost reluctantly enlarging the opening in the sand. Some mutilated shoes appeared—their uppers sheared from the soles as if with a seaman's sheath knife.

"How long," muttered Jones through chattering teeth, "can you live on—on *shoe leather?*"

"Take it easy, lad," said Burn Wood. "Remember, all this happened long before you were born."

Suddenly a skeleton seemed to push up toward them as the sand was dug away. Soon another skeleton was laid bare. Another and another. *Twelve in all!*

With a shrug, Commander Hewitt dismissed the whole thing and gave a last futile glance around the desert for some overlooked sign of water. There was none. The little party silently began its painful three-mile trek back to camp.

A quarter mile from camp Burn Wood called a halt. Hewitt came up to him, alarmed. "You all right, Doctor?"

The older man brushed aside any suggestion of needing rest himself.

"While you chaps are catching your breath," he said, with a patronizing grin, "I want to say this as a physician. Sure, tell the women about our finding the wreck back there, and maybe a few bones. But don't go into details!"

Dusk was bringing with it the first chill of evening when they staggered into camp and threw themselves down on the sand, panting and streaming with sweat. But before they could begin a toned-down account of their findings, it was clear that a new frame of mind possessed the camp. There was relief, smiles, a dozen voices eagerly trying to say something.

Presently the new arrivals found themselves listening to the exciting news that had been relayed to shore by heliograph from the *Dunedin Star*.

Her emergency wireless, it seemed, had called Walvis Bay once more and finally received a reply. Such definite help was now promised that the beach party had practically been living in the clouds since.

"Only a few hours now!" the survivors told one another, exultantly.

During the night the wind, called the "sooop-wa" because of its strange sound, rose from the desolate sighing note to a menacing scream. Sleepers were awakened by the sting of sand hitting faces and hands. Every whirling grain was equipped with cutting edges that bored into the hair and worked deep into every exposed crevice of the body. A natural impulse to rub the eyes brought excruciating pain.

When the sky grew light, people sat up, looked around and saw the chief standing by the ashes of the all-night fire, talking to Burn Wood and Commander Hewitt. They caught the phrases "about time" and "rescue."

The chief officer handed his binoculars to

Each day almost every man, woman and child reported for Dr. Wood's "sick call."

raising welts on their faces and causing their eyelids to fill with pus.

Burn Wood for a look, and smiled broadly at the tense questioning faces surrounding him. His own looked years younger.

"There are your ships!" he told them, triumphantly, pointing out two distant vessels that seemed glued to the horizon. One was the Norwegian *Temeraire,* the other was the *Manchester Division,* a big British freighter.

A general migration began toward the water's edge. Women with babies clasped tight, men old and young, passengers and crew—all who could move—walked, hobbled or crawled toward the water.

"Come back here, everybody!" yelled the chief officer. "May be hours before they can take us off. Come back and eat something."

THEY straggled back for food. As usual, their breakfast toilet was confined to digging sand out of mouths, nostrils, ears and eyes in lieu of the forgotten luxury of washing or shaving. At breakfast each mouthful of bully beef felt gritty. There was sand in the tea.

Nothing like that mattered now. The sight of actual vessels on the horizon brought an uplift of spirits that made such things unimportant.

While Burn Wood was not one to belittle the value of morale, he was bothered by the steadily increasing physical weakness which his professional eye saw creeping over everybody. Blistered skins and raw sores were more evident today than yesterday. Those women whose legs lacked the protection of long dresses were suffering intensely. The men who had thoughtlessly rolled up their trousers when landing in the surf three days before found walking in the burning sand almost unbearable.

He was in bad shape himself. Only this morning, on first mingling with the others, he knew from their expressions that some of them had recognized him with difficulty because of his blistered face, and the swollen eyelids with pus oozing from beneath.

But with 62 people of all ages and both sexes in his care, he would have to keep going. He worked out a camp routine. The morning began with "sick parade." From his limited stock of medicine he ground up "M and B" tablets and dusted the powder on open sores and wounds caused by sunburn irritated by sand.

Dr. Wood noticed that the people were all squinting painfully out toward the rescue vessels and endangering what was left of their eyesight, so he fashioned visorlike eyeshades for everybody, using the last of his gauze dressings. With eye-shades more or less in place, soon all the more active of the castaways had excitedly dragged their baggage down to the beach, where they sat squatted or reclined as they waited confidently to be taken off. Half an hour passed. Suddenly Chief Officer Davies, who had been watching the vessels through his binoculars, called: "Weighing anchor now. Getting ready to do something."

Soon both ships could be seen approaching land slowly, apparently taking soundings as they inched ahead. The British freighter finally anchored a good two miles west of the wreck, the Norwegian *Temeraire* some three miles southwest of it. The castaways stirred uneasily. It was the steward's boy who finally blurted out what all were wondering:

"How do they expect to help us from *there?"*

"They can't risk running aground, Jones." The chief officer spoke kindly, but with just enough curtness to discourage further comments from the moody youth.

As they watched, a motorboat, manned by a yellow life-jacketed crew, left the side of the Norwegian ship. Battling rough seas all the while, the little boat shuttled back and forth between the wreck and the freighter until all the men from the *Dunedin Star* had been taken off.

Then it returned to its Norwegian mother ship and was hoisted aboard. After which, the *Temeraire* immediately weighed anchor, and, to the dismay of the beach party, put to sea.

With only the *Manchester Division* now standing by, a new wave of despair swept over them. Why had no attempt been made to rescue *them?*

"I'm as disappointed as any of you men," the chief officer told them, "but I'm not surprised. It would be suicide to try and land a small boat so long as this surf keeps up."

"Why couldn't they wait till it went down, then?" Jones wanted to know.

"U-boats, son," he explained. "A vessel like the *Temeraire* can't afford to be a sitting duck any longer than necessary." He turned to the others, and added, consolingly, "Well, the *Manchester Division* is still there."

The castaways dragged their baggage painfully back to camp where they lay about in the sand, too exhausted to talk. Their "big day," which had dawned so hopefully, seemed headed only for another day on Skeleton Coast, followed by another—and another. Where would it end?

THE *Manchester Division* heliographed some news she had just picked up from Cape Town. Aircraft, they said, would drop provisions on the beach. Also a police convoy from the interior should reach them next day.

The message concluded by ordering them, meantime, to stay near the wreck. "Above all," the letters spelled out, "you are advised to keep together. Repeat, *keep together."*

The sun went down, a flaming ball, its top and bottom flattening out as it punctured the horizon. Darkness closed in fast. The castaways prepared for one more uncomfortable night on the beach before being returned to civilization by the overland police convoy.

Suddenly a pinpoint of light flashed rapidly from the direction of the British freighter. The chief officer took down the message, looked serious and swallowed hard. He tried to think how to break it lightly.

"Manchester Division just sent us word from the Powers That Be," he said, casually. "Seems that police convoy has been slightly delayed. They say now it can't reach us for another five days."

"Another *five—?"*

"Another five days—*or more,"* he repeated, blurting it out.

There was a stifled sob from the pregnant woman, accompanied by unintelligible curses from her husband.

"Sick parade" next morning was a grim, hollowed-eyed affair. The entire camp was weakening alarmingly. One proof was the skimpy amount of driftwood the men were bringing in. They refused to walk far enough along the shore to collect a fair load, much less drag it back to the fire. It was a pitiable display of weakness by men whose initiative was fast being baked out of them by a cruel sun.

The castaways had been "rescued" too many times to get excited when another ship, a minesweeper, appeared. Not even her signaled intention of floating food and water ashore to the survivors aroused much interest. That was what frightened Burn Wood most. He had no medicine for a disease like that.

They expressed no surprise—nor much disappointment—when the current caught up the little rafts onto which the minesweeper had lashed supplies and swept them past the watchers, tumbling and bobbing about in the boiling surf until they disappeared.

THEN, above the "soo-oop-wa," came a sound that none of the castaways had heard since leaving England. *The sound of a plane!*

For 15 seconds the group listened, silent as wooden people. Purser Johnston broke the hypnotic spell.

Getting to his feet, he stammered something lost in the wind, and pointed. Everybody adjusted eye-shades and squinted into the southwest from which the wind was bringing the sound.

All could see the plane now—a birdlike speck out over the sea, and coming fast. The pilot swept over them in great circles, each lower than the one before. Finally he headed directly for the camp and passed overhead low enough to lean out the cabin window.

"Look out *be-low-w-w!"* he yelled.

Several small objects came hurtling down like bombs. While these fell in soft sand, the plane's speed gave them such impact on landing that they burst open. Each was a one-gallon can. But only a momentary damp spot in the parched sand remained of the fresh water it had contained.

"Look out, everybody!" ordered Chief Officer Davies when it was apparent that the pilot was preparing for another and even lower run.

This time he released food packages at 20 feet.

Again the plane approached, this time at a height of 100 feet or more. A new maneuver! The four 10-gallon containers of water disgorged from the plane's bomb bay had small parachutes attached. People cheered and wept when the tin receptacles hit the sand without breaking.

Purser Johnston made a quick mental calculation: 40 gallons—160 quarts—320 pints. To divide this among 63 dehydrated humans meant about five pints each, hardly more than two quarts. But that would help.

In six runs the plane unloaded, besides the water, condensed milk, tea, dried fruit, canned fruit, bread, coffee, sugar, canned vegetables, bully beef and medical supplies.

Now the pilot seemed to be looking for a place to land. There were no salt pans near the camp, no level stretches of hard sand; nothing. Finally he flew off inland, his plane shrinking to a mere speck in the distance. As

Sanitation was important and the desert beach bore two signs: MEN; WOMEN.

they watched, the speck dropped lower, as if to make a landing. Suddenly it disappeared behind a far rise in the desert.

Chief Officer Davies turned to Hewitt: "I think he's down, Commander. Probably found some sand that looked hard. We'd better try to find them."

A knot of survivors together at the edge of the camp saw the search party off. Others watched from where they sat or lay, too listless to move unnecessarily, until the five men sank from view behind a shimmering hillock.

"Mr. Davies, sir?"

The chief officer nearly dropped his binoculars at finding Steward Alexander standing unobtrusively at his side.

"I believe the *Manchester Division* wants you, sir," said the old man, blandly polite.

"Thanks, Steward," Davies said, and strolled casually toward the water to catch the signals through the sandy mist.

"Am ordered to proceed to Cape Town with rescued men," he made out. "Minesweeper will stand by you."

He glanced around him. The attention of the camp was still focused the other way, where Hewitt and his men had disappeared.

A tense hour passed for the castaways; an hour of quiet warnings by Burn Wood against getting their hopes of rescue by plane up too high. He had seen too many "sure-fire" plans go wrong.

"Here come the men!" Jones announced. He had been watching steadily for their reappearance ever since they left.

Davies peered through his binoculars. "Two only," he corrected. "Where are Hewitt and the other two?"

"The plane's stuck in soft sand," wheezed one man who had been sent back. "Commander Hewitt, he says to send him some more of the boys to lend a hand."

FIVE fresh volunteers set out to help dig the big plane free from the sand.

It was getting dark when Hewitt and the others got back to camp. They were covered with sweat turned cold by the evening chill.

"No use, so long as this blow lasts," said Hewitt, and dropped down limply. "We'll try again in the morning. The stuff fills back in as fast as you dig it out. Like sweeping the ocean back with a broom."

During the evening meal, a grimly silent one in spite of the luxury of additional food dropped from the plane, one of the passengers bitterly condemned the *Manchester Division* for "sneaking away." That was the first some of the survivors knew of it. Others, including Purser Johnston and Mrs. Taylor and her daughter, had noticed the freighter weighing anchor, but had kept still for fear of causing needless worry.

The freighter's strange behavior made little impression at first. But gradually, with the coming of darkness and cold, it assumed undue importance in the minds of many. Deserted by sea, abandoned by air, held prisoner by land, the women were trying to settle down to the thought of another night on the sand when a man's voice rang out in the dark: "Anybody seen Jones?"

Voices from all over the camp crisscrossed in the dark:

"Where's th' bloke at, anyhow?"

"He left *hours* ago. Said he wanted to see the plane. Isn't he back *yet?*"

"Turn out, some of you!" shouted the chief officer, wearily. "We've got to find Jones!"

Davies, Hewitt, Burn Wood and a dozen others fashioned crude torches at the campfire, and fanned out into the inky desert to cover as wide a swath as possible.

Flickering shadows danced among the dunes. "Jones! Jones!" the call went out, after which the caller would stop to listen—and rest.

There was never an answer.

"A needle in a haystack," one of the men declared, disgustedly, between furtive backward glances to make sure the pinpoint of light that was their campfire was still in sight.

Suddenly one of the torches farthest inland revealed the profile of a figure. Seated on a small hillock of sand, it was leaning forward, immovable as stone.

"That you, boy?" called Hewitt, casually.

"Sh-h-h! Keep away from the cannibals," Jones warned in a loud whisper. "I got lost. We're *all* lost, you know," he added.

"Why, Jones," said Burn Wood, walking up to the boy, "nobody's lost. See our campfire way over there?"

The remark struck terror. "That's the *cannibal's* fire!" Jones shrieked. "Let me go—LET ME—" He kicked viciously at Burn Wood. Before he could lash out again, several men grabbed him. They half-carried half-dragged the boy back, spelling one another when exhausted. The whole camp was up and about and waiting anxiously when they dragged him in.

"We've got him," the chief officer called out. "Nothing to worry about. Better all turn in and get some sleep."

Burn Wood quieted the boy with an injection of hyoscine and two grains of luminal.

The next afternoon, Hewitt and four men returned from the plane. They were accompanied by the pilot, Captain Naude, and his crew of three. All were hot, dirty, exhausted and—from their expressions—thoroughly discouraged.

Naude stood out among the airmen as tallest and thinnest. He introduced his crew sketchily: "My copilot, Lieutenant Paddy Nicolay. Meet Lieutenant Johann Doms here—he's our observer. And here's the radio operator, Sergeant Chapman."

After a few quick questions and answers, those just back from the plane threw themselves on the sand before trying to explain their failure to free the big Ventura bomber from her sand trap.

"The wind kept rocking the plane all night," said Naude, "working it deeper and deeper into the sand. This morning—well, you were there, Commander."

Hewitt agreed that it was hopeless.

"No chance of getting into the air, then, eh?" asked Davies.

"Not without proper equipment from outside."

The group around Captain Naude fell silent. Naude got up and, taking Burn Wood by the arm, led him purposefully away from the rest.

"I came over to get more help," he said, "but you're worse off than I thought."

"Luckily, we have some people who can take it on the chin. Their example helps the rest."

They walked down to the water's adge where Commander Hewitt and a small crowd of castaways sat on the sand, idly squinting seaward. The minesweeper *Nerine* was making another fruitless attempt to float supplies ashore.

"You seem about as excited," Naude observed to Hewitt, "as you would be watching the same play twice."

"You see, we know how the plot comes out," the commander told him with a wry smile. "She tried the same thing yesterday and it didn't work. It won't now. The rafts always keep off shore and are carried past us. That Benguella Current is our nemesis, if you ask me."

By now the little rafts, recently launched, could be seen far out, bobbing about in the surf and being carried past the camp by the Benguella Current. Naude was astonished by the show of indifference all about him. He called Davies over:

"You going to let all that stuff get away, Chief?"

"What can we do?"

"Those litle rafts will probably come ashore somewhere," Naude persisted.

The other nodded, gloomily: "We're in no condition to chase 'em up the coast for God knows how far. Most of the boys can hardly hobble, as it is." Suddenly he turned his binoculars toward the *Nerine*. "Trying to signal us. Wait." He leaned slightly forward to concentrate on the words being spelled out across the water.

"Shortage of fuel and supplies," he translated aloud, "forces us to return to Walvis Bay. More help coming soon. Cheer up."

THE news threw a deeper cloud over the castaways.

"Mr. Davies," Naude said, quietly, "some of your men can still walk, can't they?"

"A little, perhaps, if they have to. Why?"

"My crew and I are in pretty fair shape. Let's get three or four of your best people together and follow the rafts north a ways."

The chief officer thought a minute. "Check," he said. "We'll get started at once."

Shortly after midday, the search party set out northward along the shore—Davies, Hewitt, Cadet Officer Jimmy Thompson, a deckhand named Pendell, and the four airmen.

They plodded heavily through the sand which squealed beneath them, all eyes turned toward the sea to keep the rafts in sight so long as possible. They took to walking at the edge of the water. Here the sand was moist and fairly firm. It was refreshing, too, to keep the soles of their feet damp.

Even so, their pace gradually slackened. Sweat poured from their bodies. Their parched tongues felt like thick, dry wool. The sight of salt water grew maddening. Every few yards they stopped and glanced expectantly at one another, each ashamed to be the first to quit.

They forced themselves on mechanically, the airmen slowly drawing ahead. Copilot Nicolay finally took the lead. Suddenly he started yelling and motioning the others to hurry.

"*Here—here* y'are!" he was shouting, and gesticulating crazily. "LOOK HERE!"

Around a small point of land lay a shallow indentation in the shore. It formed a

They cheered when the second batch of receptacles hit the sand without breaking.

pocket which caught some of the flotsam being carried north by the Benguella Current. There, in a tangle of driftwood, the last rafts set adrift by the *Nerine* had finally come to rest. To each was lashed a box of biscuits, several cans of bully beef and a five-gallon can of water—the whole covered with canvas.

The men, yelling, spashed into the shallows and dragged the makeshift rafts up on the sand, as if terror-stricken at the thought of their slipping back into the current.

They opened one of the cans with a pocket knife and took turns drinking. Strengthened and refreshed, they searched another hundred yards. It paid. Scattered about in the driftwood tangle were more five-gallon water cans. Each man picked up as much food, canvas and water as he thought he could carry.

Buoyed not only by the water they had drunk, but by the new spurt of energy that came with a first measure of success in days, the men started south, bending against the wind that had aided them at their backs before. It was exhausting work.

Nobody spoke. To do so meant sand in your mouth. At times they tried lifting their feet in marching rhythm. This helped for a few minutes. But they quickly went back each man to his own gait, plodding blindly ahead like a machine. On and on they walked. It grew dark.

Captain Naude felt Paddy Nicolay's hand on his shoulder. He looked up. His copilot's other hand was pointing to a slight glow in the south.

"There she is, sir!" the man was shouting into his ear. "Just ahead—the *fire!*"

Growing concern over the men's prolonged absence had whipped the camp up into a state of nervous tension. Nobody could keep still. Occasionally one would venture out beyond the rim of firelight to peer hopefully into the blackness. Once Burn Wood bumped into Mrs Taylor's 17-year-old daughter, Annabel, wandering among the nearby dunes.

"Don't worry, Miss Annabel. Nobody's lost, you know," he said.

"Of course not," she agreed, doubtfully, "but—"

"Especially not that young cadet fellow, Jimmy—what's his name?" he teased.

She laughed a little, but refused to go back with him to the fire.

A few minutes later it was her shrill "Jimmy—Jim-*mee!*" cutting through the darkness that brought men and women stumbling out to meet the exploring party.

Purser Johnston's voice rose above the din, assuming necessary authority:

"Here, Cook, take charge of this water. Ration it out to everybody," he ordered, "but only four mouthfuls apiece, mind."

The exhausted men dragged themselves into the firelight and promptly dropped to the ground.

Sweltering days followed teeth-chattering nights in a pattern of suffering so monotonous that time itself grew confused.

One of the things that kept stepping down camp morale day by day was lack of anything to do but sit and wait—and hope. Nobody washed or shaved with fresh water. A five-gallon can didn't go far among more than 60 people. Even to wash in salt water entailed more than a quarter-mile walk over the sand. Heat, searing wind and exposure to the deadly sun, combined with listlessness from an inadequate diet, kept people from making that journey more often than could be avoided. Some had gone for days without a wash of any kind. A week's growth of beard had turned most of the men into storybook pirates.

Sunday morning a woman's shrill cry rang out.

"Ship—ship—a *ship! Coming up from the south!*"

"It's that minesweeper back again," said Hewitt, after a quick glance. "I wonder what—"

"That isn't the *Nerine,*" Davies corrected, after the strange craft had drawn nearer. "It's another minesweeper, though. Maybe *she'll* stand by us."

The new arrival, anchoring well off shore, identified herself as the *Natalia,* sent to take the *Nerine*'s place.

"Watch out for raft," the ship signalled, "loaded with food, water and a tarpaulin. This will be floated ashore to you."

Again, a party had to be sent north along the shore to bring back the supplies.

The *Natalia* stayed with them for a few days until she developed boiler trouble and had to return to Cape Town for repairs.

AGES had passed, it seemed, since that first disappointment when they flocked down to the water's edge, expecting immediate rescue by the *Manchester Division* or one of the other vessels sent to their aid.

Now the castaways were heading for the water's edge again. Their skins were burned an angrier red. Their garments were torn. Whiskers, long untouched by steel, made men of all ages look much alike.

As they neared the thundering breakers, all eyes were fixed on the little minesweeper *Nerine*. She had returned and was anchoring southwest of the wreck. Apparently, it was as near shore as her commanding officer dared come. The center of interest, however, was a surfboat she was bringing; the marvelous craft built specially for surf like this.

"There goes a boat overboard," Davies announced excitedly. Then his face fell: "No, that's just an ordinary lifeboat. I haven't seen the surfboat yet. Maybe they're— Wait, here it is. . . . What th'? . . . Look at the surfboat they've brought!"

What was being lowered over the side of the *Nerine* appeared to the chief officer to be little more than a flat-bottom, transom-stern skiff 15 or 16 feet long.

Gradually, however, curiosity grew over the minesweeper's next move. By 10 o'clock her lifeboat was being manned. But instead of coming in for the castaways her crew started rowing toward the wreck of the *Dunedin Star,* the so-called surfboat yawing and bobbing behind.

"Are they crazy?" sputtered Davies, turning to Burn Wood.

"Those chaps have something in mind," the Doctor answered, and took the glass.

Through it he saw both boats from the *Nerine* reach the sheltered side of the *Dunedin Star* after a rough trip; saw the men swarm aboard the wrecked liner and begin some strange activity on her deck.

Davies tried hard to imagine what *he* would do out there beyond the surf if charged with getting a flimsy, square-sterned skiff to shore. Suddenly, a half-formed plan of action popped into his head.

They were attaching a number of lifebuoys to a long cable, or lifeline, he explained to the others. "Probably going to anchor one of the wreck's big lifeboats somewhere outside of the dangerous surf—use it to fasten their cable to—get the other end ashore somehow—pull their little surfboat

along the cable until it reaches us. . . . Yes, that's about it. They're lowering one of the big lifeboats from the davits now—there goes the coil of cable down into it—the men, too."

Knowing the general idea, others besides the chief could follow what was going on. The castaways saw them anchor the lifeboat about 150 yards off shore, with the empty surfboat still attached. A couple of men then secured one end of the cable to the lifeboat's stern.

"But how can they ever get the other end in to us, Mr. Davies?" asked Mrs. Taylor, who had been watching every move. "They must know it won't *float* in—any more than those little rafts did. The Benguella Current is simply awful. Won't it sweep the cable right past us and up the coast?"

"Could be one of them is going to try swimming ashore with a line," he answered. "I can't think what else— That's it! That's it! He's going to swim. . . There, did you see him go over the side?"

The chief officer's sudden excitement spread through the knot of men and women. All sprang to their feet, tense, eyes on a tiny black speck being tossed about in the outer surf.

About two thirds of the way to shore, his head sank from sight.

Thirty seconds passed.

"Is—is he *gone?*" gasped Davies.

Fifteen more seconds.

"There!" screamed a woman. *"There he is!— See?"*

"He's swimming again! Coming right along, too!" yelled Comander Hewitt.

Hastily forming a human chain, he led the way as far out into the surf as he could keep his feet.

Those men nearest the exhausted swimmer saw now that was only a boy of perhaps 16; a boy with red hair and terrified eyes.

A light line was still tied around his middle when they dragged him up on the beach, and let him rest limply on the sand, his eyes closed, his powerful young chest heaving.

Suddenly the boy shuddered as though reliving some nameless horror. He kicked out vigorously with his right leg.

"A great swim," Davies assured him, undoing the line about his slender waist. "You from the minesweeper's crew?"

The boy sat up at the words, then staggered to his feet. "Yes, sir, from the *Nerine*. Scully's my name. Signalman, sir."

"We thought once you were gone," Hewitt put in.

The youngster's eyes closed. "So did I, sir, about two thirds of the way in. I'm a fair swimmer, sir, but—" He stopped.

"What happened?"

"Something seemed to coil around my right leg. I figured the line had slipped down and got tangled. So I went under to free it, sir."

"I see."

"But it wasn't the line, sir. That was still tied around my waist where it belonged. So I started to kick. And I kicked until I got rid of whatever was pulling me down. What—what d'y' think it was, sir?"

"Devilfish!" came a voice from back in the group.

Jones, the steward's boy, hadn't been noticed until then. There had been rumors of octopuses lurking on the bottom with tentacles set to encircle any luckless swimmer passing too close to their rocky lair.

The chief officer turned to Burn Wood. "Could have been a small one, Doctor, I suppose. They say this coast is alive with 'em."

"Big ones, too!" came from Jones.

No time was left the survivors for further brooding over what had nearly pulled the young signalman down to his death. There was immediate work to be done. The vital cable, its outer end secured to the lifeboat, must be hauled ashore.

Profiting by their dismal failure to set up the breeches buoy days before, this time they fastened their end of the cable to a combination of mast, oars and tent poles laboriously dragged down from camp and embedded deep in the sand.

After an hour of this everyone dropped down exhausted—but not before a permanent "life line" stretched between them and the rolling, pitching lifeboat anchored out beyond the surf.

DECKHAND Pendell volunteered to be first on the cable.

"Go ahead," Davies said, but added a final "Don't let anything tear you off that cable, y'understand? *Anything at all.*"

Pendell pulled off his torn shirt, took a firm hold on the cable and walked out into ocean until he lost his footing.

They watched anxiously when a towering breaker engulfed him and tore one of his arms loose from the cable. For an instant he seemed poised between sky and water. But he managed to hang on with the other arm until the breaker had swept by. They saw him grip the cable again with both hands and brace himself for the next onslaught. Several times they lost sight of him, yet his head always bobbed up again alongside the cable and they knew hs had gained a few more feet in his desperate bid for safety.

A spontaneous cheer arose at the sight of arms reaching out from the distant lifeboat and hauling the nearly-spent man over the side.

By midafternoon three seamen, five oilers, two gunners and four deckhands—14 in all—had followed Pendell out to the lifeboat. There they waited, nursing their bruises and speculating on the next move.

Those left on shore speculated, too.

"What about the women and children, sir?" Purser Johnston asked the chief. "You can't expect them to haul themselves along that cable. They haven't the strength."

"This time," he answered. "it's women and children *last*. That's why the crew has been keeping their silly little skiff tied to the lifeboat all this time, I suppose. Otherwise, what's it good for? . . . I believe they're getting ready to send it in now."

Men could be seen pulling the empty craft up alongside the big lifeboat. Then one was stepping over into it, attaching a line to the bow.

"Going to let it wash in to us stern first. That man will probably try to guide it along the cable. What d'y' think, Commander?" Davies handed the glass to Hewitt who took a quick look.

"That's it, Chief. The lifeboat crew will pay out the light line just fast enough to keep the bow of the little boat pointing into the surf."

As if to confirm it, the occupant of the small craft began edging it shoreward along the cable, making progress between waves, gripping the cable desperately each time a sea threatened to sweep the boat out from under him.

But in one respect the view from shore was misleading. Instead of continually shipping water, as appeared to some, the light craft was actually floating in on top of the waves, leaving the inside comparatively dry.

"Ahoy, there!" the chief shouted to the man who had brought the boat through and now was slowly wading ashore for a few minutes of badly-needed rest. "We have three women here with babies. Two better go on this load. Their mothers will hold 'em. I'm sending six more."

"Eight women and two kids? Nine people with myself? Be pretty crowded, sir—lifejackets and everything." He pointed to a dozen lifejackets lashed to the seats of the surfboat.

Davies nodded abruptly. "We'll put 'em on everyone, big and little." He turned to the group behind him: "Now which of you ladies . . . ?"

Eight women and two babies were helped into clumsy lifejackets and assigned places in the little craft.

On a sudden thought Chief Officer Davies turned to the Egyptian husband of the young pregnant woman. With some difficulty she had taken her place in the boat with the other women, and now sat in the stern.

"You sure you want her to go?" he called to the Egyptian. "In her condition, and all?"

"Of *course* I'm going, Mr. Davies," she spoke up calmly and added, smiling, "Don't mind him."

THE perilous trip began—with 11 lives at stake.

Naude and Chapman stood waist-deep in water for a few minutes, watching intently. Then they turned and sloshed ashore.

When Naude looked again, the overloaded craft was making surprisingly good progress. The tension on shore eased.

When it was farther out he watched in sudden alarm a mammoth breaker bearing down on the little craft as if to swamp it completely. He could see spray tossed high as its bow met the breaker.

Shaking itself like a dog coming out of water, the surfboat kept on its course. A few more anxious minutes and it apparently had come alongside the larger boat, and everyone on shore was cheering and yelling:

"They're *there!*"

"Easy now, *easy*—EASY—!" Davies could see the women preparing to transfer to the larger craft, and safety. . . .

All at once his lips tightened. The cheering behind him became gasps of horror. Far out a line of surf higher than all others was sweeping down on both boats. He watched, frozen, as it neared the helpless pair. He saw the big lifeboat lift, pitch, dip, reel dizzily from side to side—yet ride the wave successfully.

All that could be seen of the other boat and its life-jacketed passengers was a churn-

and they seemed in a hurry to leave. "U-boats," the chief explained.

ing chaos of water and spray, and a little surfboat tossed in the air, falling backward, landing bottom-up in a welter of white water.

Naude was quick to sense the extent of the catastrophe. Followed by Chapman and half a dozen others, he dashed into the water and pulled himself along by the cable. Falling, rising, pummeled by white-tipped combers, he staggered out through the shallows, buffeted his way into deep water. Half swimming, half hauling himself along, he made intermittent progress toward the disaster. The people on shore watched anxiously as he and Chapman somehow fought their way back to land, each holding a choking, sputtering woman in his cramped grasp. On their heels came the empty surfboat turning over and over in the boiling water. A final breaker hurled it far up on the sand, a mass of splintered wood.

Burn Wood mechanically tended the two exhausted airmen and the women they had brought ashore. None seemed so badly off as had appeared. He had hardly assured the chief officer of this when another woman scrambled awkwardly from the water unaided. It was the young future mother. And she was smiling.

Other women neared shore, among them Mrs. Taylor and Annabel. Spotting them clinging to the cable, men rushed into the sea and guided them through the shallows and onto the beach.

Purser Johnston was busy identifying the women who had got back to land and now lay sprawled on the beach, the center of everyone's concern. He spoke sharply to the chief officer:

"Where are the other two?" he demanded. "Two are missing. *Those women with babies!*"

The Taylors reassured him. They had seen both mothers and their babies pulled from the water by the men in the lifeboat.

The chief officer passed his hand across his eyes as if brushing away a bad dream and dropped on the sand in utter relief. "Thank God!" they heard him say fervently. *"Thank God!"*

Another hurried check by the purser confirmed the good news. All 11 persons who had started out in the little surfboat had either managed to get back to land or, like the two women and children, been pulled over into the lifeboat.

"If the surf goes down tomorrow, ladies," Davies shouted, "maybe we can all get out to the lifeboat along that cable."

In the fading daylight the crew of the lifeboat had pulled up their anchor and were busy with the floating end of the cable which they had lifted out of the water.

"What are they doing now?" one of the women wanted to know.

"Guess they've unhitched their anchor from the lifeboat and are attaching it to the cable instead. Probably intend to bring the lifeboat back and anchor it in the same spot in the morning—especially if the surf goes down and there's a chance for us to pull ourselves out along the cable, the way the men did today."

"With the bloody little surfboat smashed good," the cook said in an aside to Purser Johnston, " 'twill be our only chance."

The group watched glumly as those out in the lifeboat finished anchoring the cable, then started rowing the crowded craft back to the *Nerine* with all they had rescued during the day.

"Fewer mouths to feed here," the purser told the cook, "if you want to look at it that way."

"If help doesn't come soon we'll all go nuts," he thought as they brought Jones in.

Mrs. Taylor, overhearing, was quick to catch her cue. "We'll have more covering at night, too," she pointed out. "Personally, I could stand one night without being kept awake by my teeth chattering."

Daylight the next morning showed angry seas. Their sullen roar beat a tattoo on the eardrums and formed the background music for breakfast and sick parade.

"How is it," Annabel remarked to Jimmy Thompson that morning, "things always seem to get worse without sometimes getting better?"

She pointed to great parallel lines of surf rolling on the coast, as far as the eye could see.

"Don't be foolish," he answered, in the slightly proprietary tone that both found not unpleasant. "It's better right *now* than during those days when the 'soo-oop-wa' stirred up that sandstorm."

By early afternoon, however, the surf had subsided noticeably. At three o'clock a woman's sudden cry, "They're coming in for us!" shook the partly dozing camp into the wildest excitement.

A LIFEBOAT was leaving the minesweeper, its oarsmen hidden one moment, rising into view the next as the little craft wallowed and lurched in the seas. However, it was not heading for land to take them off, but anchoring at its old moorings outside the surf—picking up the floating end of the cable. The stage was being set for another rescue by cable, if possible.

Signalman Scully was especially anxious to get away and rejoin his *Nerine* comrades. He stepped up to the chief officer at the first opportunity and announced, simply,

"I'd like to be first on the cable, sir."

Davies looked him over and said, "Go ahead, son."

He watched the youngster splash out into deep water, then bellowed after him a belated *"And good luck."*

Next to haul himself out through the breakers was the lone seaman who had made his way back to land after the surfboat he was manning yesterday had dumped its occupants into the sea.

The chief officer kept his glass on the two men as they pulled themselves out through the breakers—swept back, gaining a few feet, bobbing about, always with a hand grasping the cable—until he saw them reach the lifeboat at last. As they were being hauled over the side he drew the first full, deep breath he'd taken in some minutes.

After that he worried less about his own men, and permitted any of them to try who wished. One after another made the hazardous trip until nine had been pulled into the lifeboat, seemingly no worse for their struggle. The chief officer began to wonder if some of the women shouldn't try the cable after all. He was thinking how best to argue them into it when a cry burst from Mrs. Taylor. Turning, he saw her pointing a shaking forefinger out to sea. . . .

What he hadn't realized was that the surf had been rising slowly, steadily; that the last few men to reach the waiting boat had been dragged over the side limp and half-drowned. Two more—the twelfth and thirteenth to attempt the feat that afternoon—had gone only part way when a particularly vicious

Their rescue plane got stuck in the sand and couldn't be dug out. The

sea had ripped them away from their grasp on the cable.

Two oilers standing in the shallows ready to take their turn noticed something wrong with the pair who had preceded them. Both oilers flung themselves into the surf and started swimming and pulling themselves out along the cable. Suddenly they let go, turned, and lunged in the direction of their two comrades.

The next Davies realized was that he and Hewitt, followed by the other shouting men, had hold of the cable and were hauling themselves desperately out toward the four men in trouble.

His impressions that followed took on a dreamlike quality—grabbing somebody's hair—swallowing an ocean of brine—pummeled and buffeted and flung about by seas which nevertheless were gradually sweeping him toward a gleaming white beach with little people running excitedly up and down the sand. . . .

A hundred yards north of where they had entered the water, rescued and rescuers, coughing and choking, crawled ashore.

"Everyone all—right—Doctor?" gasped Davies, raising himself on one elbow.

"Be all right in a few minutes," he was assured.

"Don't—let any more—go," he ordered.

One thought was uppermost in his mind. He was humbly thankful to remember that he hadn't urged the women to try.

Even the anchored lifeboat was making bad weather of it. The crew finally abandoned its dangerous moorings and rowed out to the *Nerine* with the afternoon's "catch" of rescued men.

What surprised everybody on shore was the behavior of the *Nerine* itself. While they were resting and drying out and wondering how many more men could be taken off tomorrow in the same way, suddenly the mine sweeper weighed anchor, blew a long farewell blast and steamed off to the south.

The crowd was stunned.

Commander Hewitt was first to recover. "Did they signal us?" he called out. "Anybody see 'em signal before they left?"

Nobody had.

The 36 remaining survivors, together with the four airmen, were plodding disconsolately back to camp. At one point, Davies stopped and started to excuse the *Nerine's* action in the plain language of one mariner loyally upholding another.

"A minesweeper has no place for passengers," he growled. "If I commanded the *Nerine,*" he explained "—with 28 men and women and babies dumped on me and no place to stow 'em—and fuel running low—seas getting higher—you bet I'd head for home."

As they straggled silently back into camp, some of the men couldn't help recalling their second day on shore when they explored as far south as that ship's mast sticking up out of the sand.

If their own weeks stretched into months, months into years, they too would end like that ancient crew of shipwrecked men whose skeletons they had uncovered at the base of the mast.

This frightening prospect gained realism at supper when it came as a shock to all hands that the cook had been instructed to cut their allowances of food and water at once.

NEVERTHELESS, Annabel and Jimmy Thompson strolled out beyond the firelight, as they often did now after the evening meal, to enjoy the short interval of pleasant coolness before the night turned shivery. Both were more serious than usual.

"Jimmy," she said, following a silence, "it doesn't look very good, does it?"

"You mean cutting rations on us again?" he said. "Well, you can't blame the chief for playing safe, can you? What we have won't last forever, and—" He stopped. His blue eyes half closed. He seemed to be peering through the girl, like a man suddenly struck by a new idea.

"And what?"

"Wait, Annabel! I've got to see the chief about this."

He hurried off to find Davies.

His idea was simple; merely inflate a rubber dinghy which Naude had taken from his plane, row out to the *Dunedin Star,* cut loose two big life rafts and tow them back loaded with all the food and water that could be salvaged from the wreck. Davies told him he could try it the next day.

Choosing Airman Nicolay for his swimming ability, the cook for his knowledge of the wreck's larder layout, and, for brute strength, the donkey-engine giant now fully recovered from his sunstroke, Jimmy assembled his helpers. The four carried the dinghy down to the water's edge. There it was inflated and pushed out through the first of the combers. Suddenly its crew wriggled over the gunwales, grabbed oars and swung its blunt bow in the general direction of the *Dunedin Star.*

For an hour nobody on shore took eyes off the rubber dinghy as it made snail-like progress toward the distant goal. Gyrating wildly, the little boat now poised on top of a swell, now disappeared completely, sliding broadside, whirling one way then another, each crisis drawing groans and exclamations from the tense spectators.

Minutes later they saw the unwieldy craft swing alongside the hulk, men scramble up the side of the steel wall, disappear inside.

"They're bringing up a lot of material of some sort," the chief reported after a while. He handed the glass to Hewitt who announced, a few minutes later, that they had cut both life rafts loose from where they had rested on the foremast shrouds.

"I saw the port raft skid down into the water," he said. "They'll float the other around the stern of the ship, I expect. . . . Yes, there it comes."

One of the wreck's oar-propelled lifeboats still hung in its davits on the port side. The glass showed them loading this boat with a great number of packages and containers. Manning the falls, the four men lowered it to the water, slid down the falls themselves into the craft and secured the rafts to its stern.

Then began the slow process of stocking each raft with the rest of the supplies salvaged from the partly-submerged interior of the wreck. Soon, there was the flash of four dipping oars in the sun as the men pushed off from the wreck—the lifeboat entering the outer edge of the surf towing the two heavily-loaded rafts strung out behind!

"Never work that way, *never!*" declared Davies, his face suddenly anxious once more.

"That way's suicide," Davies gasped. "We'll just have to wait till they get to us."

HE HAD hardly spoken when something out there went very wrong. Instead of obediently following the lifeboat, the rafts, swept sidewise by the Benguella Current, slued around and drifted northward, pulling the stern of the lifeboat after them. Now the rafts were towing the lifeboat!

The men tugged frantically at the oars, trying to prevent their heavy-laden craft from falling into the trough of the sea and upsetting. Those on shore momentarily expected it to capsize. Yet each time a desperate effort by the crew got it back under control in time.

Suddenly only three of the four men could be seen. Commander Hewitt turned excitedly to Davies who had the glass at his eye: "Did that big fellow go overboard, Chief? I don't see the big fellow!"

"I do. He fell over backwards in the boat. Broke his oar."

One of the men crawled aft and slashed

crew's presence meant that four more had to share the diminishing rations.

furiously at the taut towline that was pulling them around broadside to the seas.

The rafts, suddenly released, started to drift north, leaving the heavy lifeboat wallowing sluggishly in the dangerous trough. The crew was handicapped by having only three oars. They seemed to be straining hard, struggling to bring their craft under control.

A few minutes more showed this to be impossible. No one on shore spoke. Naude snatched the glass from the chief, got it focused at last, braced himself for—anything. As they watched, helpless to aid, the lifeboat slid down into another trough—it seemed to some for the last time. Oddly, the crew did nothing now to pull it out. Instead, they appeared determined to *keep* it there despite the risk of turning upside down.

"They've quit even trying to point our way," Hewitt exclaimed, puzzled. A moment later: "I believe they're making for the cable!"

"Their best chance, too," cried Davies, "if they can keep right side up in the trough until they get there."

The donkey-engine man—the giant who had snapped his oar in two—could be seen crawling forward. A minute more and he hung out halfway across the bow, both hands reaching for the cable. . . . He grasped it. For long seconds he clung there above the water, horizontal—a human link stretched to breaking point between boat and cable. . . . Slowly the stern of the low-lying craft started to swing around.

Back—back—the boat crawled, crablike. As it neared land, those who had watched the whole risky maneuver in tense silence broke into yells of encouragement.

The landing itself was marred at the last moment by the man in the bow letting go of the cable too soon. The craft slued around, heeled over toward land and shipped considerable water. The next breaker shoved it up into shallow water like a huge battering ram. Here it lay on its side parallel to shore, spray flying high, half its cargo of cans, packages and water containers ready to spill overboard. The crew scrambled out and joined the beach party in rescuing everything that soon would have washed out to sea in the undertow.

THE last of the potatoes, cabbages, pork and beans, canned butter and condensed milk—not to mention boxes of cigars, cartons of cigarettes and even a quantity of Spanish wine—finally landed in a great heap far beyond the utmost thrusts of sea or wind-driven spume.

The line that queued up for supper was shorter now, with 28 fewer mouths to feed. But Chief Officer Davies was sure he detected a louder, more cheery note than he had heard since being shipwrecked on Skeleton Coast had lost its novelty so long ago. There was more light talk, the voices of passengers and crewmen rising together, ending often in a burst of laughter.

Glancing about for possible absentees, he noticed Steward Alexander off in the dusk, bending over somebody sitting on the sand with legs stuck straight out in front.

From his own place in line, Burn Wood had observed the pair at the same time. With illness always in mind, he immediately stepped out of the queue and walked towards them. The old man saw the doctor approaching and hurried to meet him.

"It's Jones again, Doctor," he said.

"What's wrong with him now?"

"He won't touch a mouthful of this new food. He keeps mumbling something about its being what he calls a *portent of catastrophe*. Oh, he's bad this time, Doctor, very bad."

"DON'T let this get out, Steward," the doctor ordered in low tones. "It would sound foolish in Cape Town or London. But in this eerie Godforsaken spot everyone is jumpy and—well, you understand."

"I understand," the other nodded. Hesitating a moment, he added, "You should know that the poor fellow has voodoo on the brain, too."

"Voodoo!"

"It's all jumbled in his mind, sir. But he seems to have convinced himself that the only way to escape the approaching catastrophe is through a—sort of—spell."

Burn Wood said, "Not a word, Steward. Not even to the chief officer. We've got to keep this from the others."

"Aye-aye, sir. Not a word."

Despite an unusual amount of sand blowing into the food, the meal that night was fully as gratifying as the chief officer had hoped it would be. The campfire was bright and very real. When Jimmy and Lieutenant Nicolay suddenly heaped on extra driftwood and called loudly for a "sing," it needed little urging to start a medley of mixed voices.

"Roll Out the Barrel" ended in a long-drawn discord, followed by roars of laughter and shouted raillery. The brief silence of breaths being drawn in for another try was split by a fanatical voice, half-shout, half-scream:

"STOP, YOU FOOLS! THIS IS NO TIME—!"

A hand over a mouth muffled the rest of the warning.

Burn Wood and the chief officer recovered first. They rushed back in time to help white-faced Alexander drag his boy, Jones, farther off where any more dire predictions would at least be softened by distance.

But the night's magic spell was broken.

Their next few days were spent in relative comfort. They had food, water and canvas shelters. However, gloom and despair were again appearing among the castaways.

One afternoon Davies and Burn Wood were discussing their chances when a far-off shout made them leap to their feet. A series of cries followed, drawing nearer and nearer.

"Jones again—damn him!" groaned Davies.

"We'd better shut him up before the whole camp panics. Come on!"

As the pair hurried through the sand to meet him, Jones redoubled his cries until they merged into one long scream of terror—terror in which the word "cannibals" could be recognized.

Suddenly, the lad began waving his arms frantically and pointing to something in the south. Davies saw it and stopped. Burn Wood stopped, too. Neither man could speak. Then Davies' voice cracked in his excitement:

"Doctor! Tell me quick, Doctor, do *you* see—what *I*—?"

Two strange white men were ploughing slowly, wearily toward them through the deep, soft sand.

At once the other castaways back at camp were aroused to the fact that something incredible was taking place. One by one they dragged themselves out from beneath propped-up canvas "roofs" and away from favorite dozing spots in the sand, and stared southward in frozen silence. The sight of any strange human on that lifeless stretch of African coast was beyond their powers of belief.

BURN Wood and Davies were still a long way off when an unintelligible shout from their visitors brought everyone to a halt. Another shout. Now the words came gaspingly:

"Got—any—water—to—spare?"

To save breath, Davies' only answer was to hurry forward. Burn Wood, panting, managed to keep up in spite of his years. A few yards more and Davies was grabbed fiercely around the waist by a bearded man. Both of them laughed hysterically. The bearded man's companion gripped Burn Wood's hand and pumped it silently for many seconds.

"Hutchinson's my name. Captain Hutchinson. This," he said, pointing, "is Captain Smith of the Southwest African Police. He's in charge."

"And this is Mr. Davies, chief officer of the wrecked *Dunedin Star,*" Burn Wood explained. "He's in charge of the survivors here. My name's Wood. I'm the ship's surgeon—or was," he corrected, with a faint smile.

Hutchinson beamed back. "I'm a doctor myself," he said. "Army Medical Corps."

The two shook hands over again.

Davies turned to Smith with a start. "You're in charge? Of *what,* Captain?"

"Why, the convoy."

"You mean that lost police convoy from Windhoek?"

Smith nodded, grimly. "We've been trying to reach you for nearly two weeks."

"Where are your trucks now?" asked Burn Wood.

Smith pointed south along the coast. "Two or three miles down there. Stuck! They're down to their differentials. Our men are completely worn out. We could see the wreck of your vessel in the distance. So Hutchinson and I decided to come the rest of the way afoot and let you know we're here at last."

A few minutes later the four men were surrounded by Captain Naude and others who had come out from camp to verify as fact what at first had seemed a tantalizing dream.

As they walked back to camp through the ankle-deep sand Burn Wood, glancing sidewise, had a better chance to size up their visitors. Captain Smith, middle-aged, with face burned black by the sun, wore a pith helmet with dark goggles pushed up on it; a sweaty, short-sleeved shirt torn at the throat; a pair of khaki shorts.

The taller man, Dr. Hutchinson, was outfitted much the same except that he was bareheaded and his shoes seemed less battered. What impressed Burn Wood most about the pair was the haggard look in their sunken eyes—a look that could come only from extreme physical exhaustion. They

might easily have passed for survivors of a shipwreck themselves.

Long drinks of the camp's precious water and a little wine refreshed the two convoy men. For a while they rested at the campfire while the castaways gathered around, hardly daring to believe that human beings had actually crossed the Kaokoveld to rescue them.

"How many vehicles have you, Captain?" Davies asked.

"Eight." The answer came listlessly, as if the speaker were too utterly weary to recall anything connected with their experience. "We have six three-ton Ford troop carriers, two two-ton lorries and a 100-gallon water trailer on rubber tires."

"There are quite a number of men with you, I presume," observed Commander Hewitt.

"I have two police constables, and Dr. Hutchinson here from the Army. The trucks are manned by Army personnel—a dozen noncommissioned officers and men."

"Don't forget our Hottentots," Hutchinson prompted.

"That's right. Six of them attached themselves to us back at Zesfontein. Oh, we're a mixed outfit, all right," he grinned.

The evening chill was beginning to be felt. It was like opening the door of a refrigerator on a hot day.

"You're all wondering what took us so long, I suppose," Smith said, looking around.

Burn Wood answered with a light touch, "We gave you up for lost, strayed or stolen."

"Right enough about the lost and strayed," Smith agreed, bitterly, "but not the stolen. We weren't *worth* stealing—especially not for the last three or four hundred miles."

"The *last* three or four hundred!" gasped Mrs. Taylor. "Good heavens! How many miles have you men come?"

"Somewhere between six and seven hundred," he answered. "It was quite a trip. But then you'll see for yourselves when we go back. And that reminds me, right now we ought to be deciding on what's best to do."

Most of the castaways moved back, leaving Davies, Naude and Smith to exchange views and plan ahead for the entire party. Davies motioned Burn Wood to join them. . . .

The conference broke up. Davies explained their decision to the other survivors who had watched curiously from a respectful distance.

"Captain Smith thinks our supplies should be added to his own. The trucks are stuck too far from here for many of you to walk—especially carrying blankets and food. But he says his own men are too played out to move the trucks an inch closer. They need help. So here's what we'll do. A few of us who are in the best condition will go there in the morning and see what we can do to help. Agreed?"

A general buzz of approval followed, during which Smith and Hutchinson waved friendly goodnights.

Little by little the excited bursts of conversation throughout the camp grew less and less. Finally they ceased. A majority of the survivors slept heavily, worn out by the tensions of a long day climaxed by the emotional heights of the last few hours.

After breakfast Davies selected a small party, including the four airmen, to make their way to the stalled trucks.

"No, not *you,* Doctor," Davies declared, waving him back.

"Why not me? I'm as fit as any of you," the other protested.

"Of course, of course," Davies hastily agreed, "but really, Doctor—"

"Doctor's orders, Chief," said Burn Wood, showing his teeth in an impish grin.

Davies threw up his hands. Everybody in the party laughed.

It was the first laugh heard during that tramp across the burning dunes. It was also the last.

Sand soon filled everyone's shoes, which grew heavier and more painful with each step. One after another, the men began taking their shoes off and walking barefoot.

For Burn Wood, carrying his shoes and socks in his hand, the heat and exertion were almost too much. He ploughed ahead just the same.

The bogged-down convoy first came into view as a distant speck on the sandscape. Gradually it turned into a dark spot which finally separated into eight vehicles, all without wheels. But it wasn't until the party was close enough to see how deeply the wheels had sunk into the sand that anybody fully understood one of the almost unsurmountable difficulties that Smith had tried to describe the night before.

When within a few yards of the trucks, they saw Smith and Hutchinson smiling and waving them welcome.

Working together, though seldom co-ordinating to advantage, the two groups of men spent until early afternoon struggling to force the convoy across three miles of sand dunes to the castaways' camp. Their combined efforts were the more heartbreaking because unsuccessful. After a truck was finally dug out with spades, ropes and wire netting, and manhandled onto firmer ground, it would travel a few yards only to bury itself in the sand again.

"Look!" Naude said, finally, leading Smith and Davies to one side. "These men are tearing themselves to pieces for nothing. There's a knack about driving heavy vehicles in the sand, and they haven't got it. I don't say I'm too good myself, but I've done some big game hunting with lorries in the Kalahari Desert east of the Kaokoveld, and if you gentlemen give the word—"

Smith and Davies "gave the word"—in unison.

Taking the wheel of one of the trucks, Naude displayed a driving skill that threw new light on the fine art of maneuvering motor vehicles in deep sand. His presence at the wheel imbued that truck with new life. At the same time he succeeded in getting the men to work together for the first time. With much spreading of tarpaulins and laying of wire-netting pathways—supplemented by manual teamwork—they got one truck clear through to the camp of the wildly-cheering survivors.

Several, too weak to give much help in loading the camp stores, eagerly pointed out the cache of food and water. Those in better condition began at once to carry the supplies out to the truck.

"COME on, everybody!" Davies shouted. *"We're breaking camp!"*

Laughing, smiling, choking up, tears streaking down grimy faces, the castaways converged towards the truck. Some tried to run but couldn't. Some helped those too weak to hurry. The huge donkey-engine man appeared gently supporting the pregnant woman. Luckily, the larger number of men were either fit to do the three miles slowly on foot or, keyed up by excitement, eager to try.

It took two trips to get them all back to the convoy, but they maneuvered the truck more skillfully each time.

Several hours later—and three miles farther south—survivors and rescuers alike helped themselves to blankets carried by the convoy, and made ready to camp among the sand dunes surrounding the eight trucks.

All 57 whites were practically as dark as the six undernourished Hottentots. In general appearance there was little to distinguish the convoy men from the castaways. Dirty, bedraggled, unshaved and unwashed, both parties had lived and slept in the same clothes for nearly two weeks.

As soon as it was dark, small driftwood fires marked the scattered groups of survivors talking over the events of a day they once had thought might never come. Smith had taken away their dread of having to go back by the frightening route over which the convoy had come. His plan for returning

After eight years the *Dunedin Star* was still on the reef, being pounded by the seas.

over—the trucks would move only a few yards, then sink to their hubcaps.

them to the outside world was easier. Their immediate destination, it seemed, was Rocky Point, a high, solid-looking ridge of sand only 80 miles southward along the shore. Planes could land on the ridge and fly them out.

"Landing a bomber on a high ridge of sand sounds like taking quite a chance," Naude admitted, as they huddled among the dunes in the glow of the little bonfires, "but if that pilot is from my own squadron, as I think likely, it's a chance worth taking."

Feeling that whatever lay ahead now would be simple compared to life on the beach, the survivors went to sleep with minds at ease and bodies relaxed. The women made themselves as comfortable as possible in one of the troop carriers. The men, wrapped in blankets, curled up around the embers of their small fires on the sand.

They awoke before dawn, eager to begin the first leg of their 80-mile trek to Rocky Point—and civilization. At the chief officers's suggestion, the castaways assigned leadership of the expedition from now on to Captain Smith. His first official act was to allot definite places for everybody.

"It isn't going to be easy," he warned them cheerfully. "We'll ride as much as we can."

The castaways answered with cheers and smiles. Their blistered feet and swollen legs made any kind of riding sound good. The soldiers, knowing from experience what to expect, said nothing.

It was eight o'clock before the six big trucks and the two smaller ones creaked into motion, swung in a semicircle, and began their southward crawl.

The big troop carriers were uncomfortably crowded. Not all six could be used for passengers, since food, water, gas and oil, as well as bedding and spares, required stowage space.

The eight vehicles had ground ahead laboriously for perhaps a quarter mile when, without warning, the foremost truck dropped through the crust of a salt pan into sea sand and water that seemed to have no solid bottom. The whole caravan came to a dead stop. Half an hour was lost before the leading truck could be dug out and the others detoured around.

BURN Wood and Hutchinson were grateful for the interval of rest. The doctors had anxiously watched the pregnant woman try in vain to lessen the sharp jolting to which she was being subjected. They saw that something had to be done for her. After talking it over, they placed two mattresses, one above the other, on the floor of a truck directly behind the driver's seat. Then they hung a strap from the roof above.

"If you'll stand on *these* and hang on to *this*," they explained, "you'll be more comfortable."

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed thankfully, the lines of suffering on her face reshaping themselves into a smile. "Some day," she added, "my baby will thank you, too."

That half-hour delay was the first, but not the longest, of the steady succession of halts throughout the day. Riding gave little rest for the women and none for the men. It was a continuous case of, "Out you get and help dig!" That they were on their way to safety in no wise compensated for the misery suffered by all while the trucks were in motion.

They spent agonizing days jouncing in the trucks. Then, on the afternoon of the sixth day, they came to a stop near a hazy ridge of sand. Men and women climbed down stiffly and rubbed minute particles of windblown quartz out of their eyes.

"That," said Smith, pointing at the ridge, "is Rocky Point."

One thing was sure. It was higher than anything else in sight.

"This your 'landing field?'" Captain Naude asked Smith.

The police officer nodded. "It's Rocky Point, all right. For a second I wasn't sure myself. Looks different in this haze."

ACCOMPANIED by Smith, Hewitt, Chief Officer Davies and a group of others, Naude turned and led the way back for a closer view of this odd landing field. As they drew near, the last of the haze was swept away by a fresh sea breeze, revealing the great mound of sand in stark detail.

Set back 70 yards from the water, roughly parallel to the coastline, the ridge sloped gradually to the sea on one side. The other—the landward side—fell away abruptly in a drop of 80 feet. The crest of the ridge itself, scarcely 40 yards wide on the average, offered the only fairly level stretch of sand for miles around on which a plane might conceivably land and take off.

What concerned Naude was not the width so much as the length. He climbed the elevation and paced off its length twice to make sure. The rest of the party looked on silently.

"How long is it?" Smith called out as the Captain rejoined the group.

"Seven hundred yards. Not an inch more."

"Didn't you say you'd want 1,000 yourself?"

There was a pause.

"An airman," Naude countered, slowly, "doesn't always get what he wants or *needs*, any more than a seaman does."

"You mean," pressed one of the women, stepping up, "that the chances aren't good for a plane to land here?"

"A good pilot could do it, with a little bit of luck."

They waited.

At noon the castaways, who had crawled into the welcome shade of the trucks, reappeared for little-wanted food and much-wanted drinks of water. The cook prepared a sketchy meal. They ate it without enthusiasm. They ended by slowly, thoughtfully sipping the lukewarm water allowed for that meal. Water was the one supply still being doled out.

Burn Wood, since he was planning to accompany the convoy back anyhow, retired to one of the vehicles and killed time by overhauling the medicines and surgical supplies left him, then listing the contents of Dr. Hutchinson's medical kit. He was so deep in the work that a few scattered shouts outside went unnoticed. When they merged into a mighty roar of men's and women's voices, he swung down from the truck and staggered rapidly through the deep sand to where the crowd huddled close together, all looking one way.

Carried on the southwest wind, the hum that reached him seemed much too loud to be connected with the distant black speck approaching from the direction of Walvis Bay.

"That's Uys! I'm sure it's Major Uys!" Naude yelled to Doms and his other two airmen as the plane skimmed low for a dry run.

While Major Uys was making two more dry runs before risking a landing, Naude explained the tricky nature of the maneuver.

"No, it isn't so much the narrowness of the ridge that's bad—it's this devilish crosswind whipping in from the sea—can't swerve an inch—once his wheels touch the soft sand he's got to hold her *dead straight until she stops*—otherwise the wind will push him sideways over that 80-foot drop *sure*. . . . Here he comes again! May try for a landing this time. . . ."

The crowd, fascinated, watched the plane loom nearer as before. But instead of skimming the ridge, it dropped lower and lower. Suddenly its landing wheels flicked the sand. The plane bounced into the air—came down 100 yards farther along—*stopped only 10 yards from the south end of the runway.*

All who could manage it followed Naude and his airmen up the seaward slope of the ridge to welcome the plane's crew. First to swing down from the cabin was a cheerful, brown-haired youngster in his early twenties.

"Matt!"

"Immins Naude!"

"I hoped it was you!" Naude said.

"Am I glad to see you alive!" cried Uys. "We knew from Major Robbs that you were down. Your crew all right?"

Following the briefest exchange of news, no time was lost unloading assorted supplies which the plane had brought. These were for Smith and the convoy in its hazardous trek back through the Kaokoveld.

After the last of the food and water containers had been dumped out on the sand, the lightened plane was swung around by hand, then taxied back to the north end of the runway. Here the men turned it around once more so that it pointed south, and partly into the wind, for the takeoff.

There was a general exchange of "Good luck," "See you in Cape Town" between the people who were to leave by plane and the ones who were to continue in the convoy. At last all of the flight passengers were stowed away in the plane.

UYS revved up his engines. The plane started sluggishly along the narrow ridge. To the watchers below it looked like a giant bug on a tightrope, its profile sharp against the hot blue of the sky.

The engines roared louder. The "bug" gained speed. Faster, faster it bumped along the tenuous runway. There could be no faltering now—no error of judgment. Skillfully Uys countered with his rudders the crosswind trying to push him over that 80-foot cliff to port.

His engines, going all out at last, seemed unable to lift the heavy plane. The end of the runway rushed at him—faster—faster. Those packed into the plane's cargo space, as well as those watching breathlessly below, knew that it was *now*—or not at all. With the end of the runway only a few yards off, the ground watchers caught a flash of daylight between wheels and sand. They had made it. ♦♦♦

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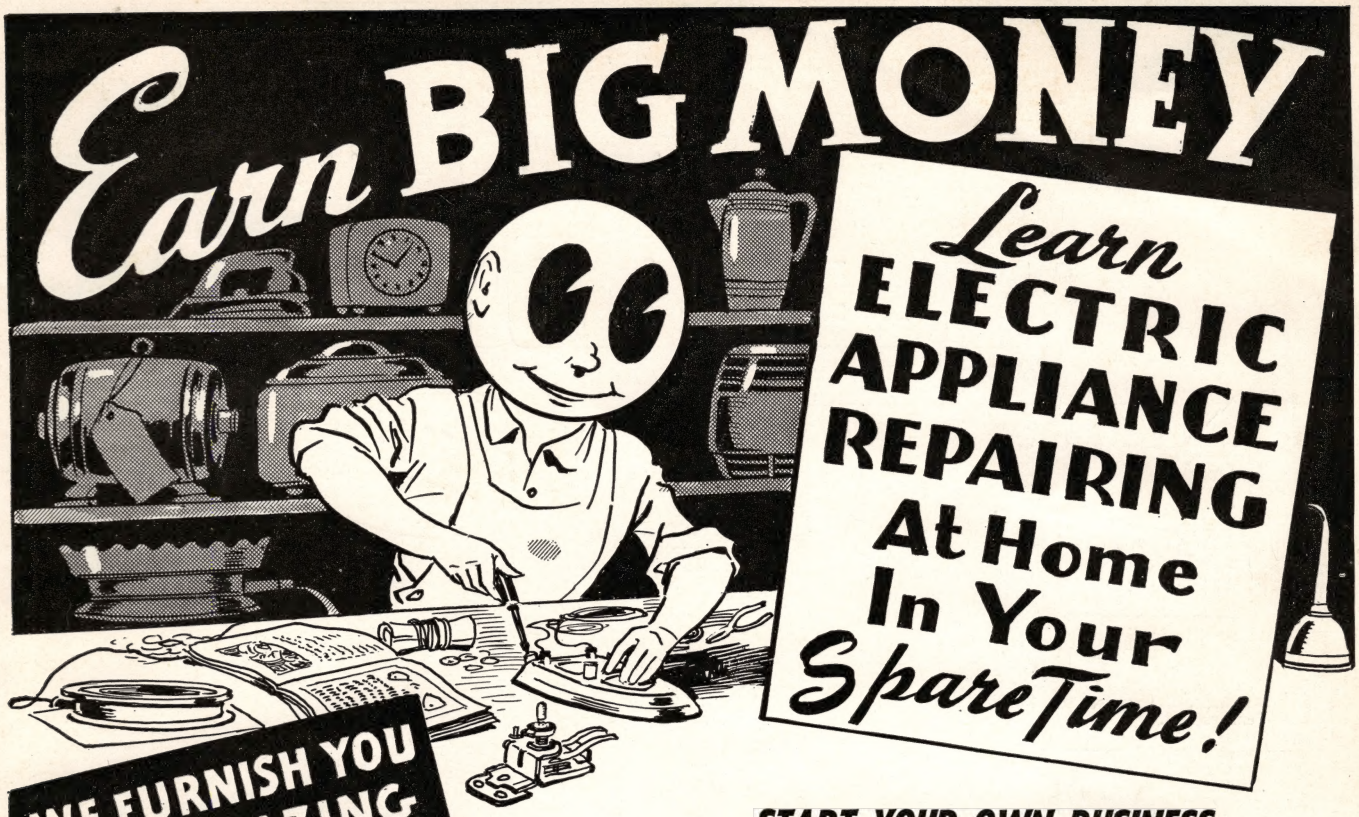

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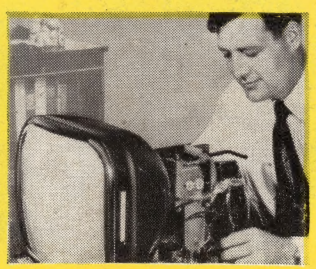

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